



# ROME AND THE ABBEY:

A TALE OF CONSCIENCE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF GERALDINE

*A sequel  
to Geraldine*  
*Emily L. Agnew*



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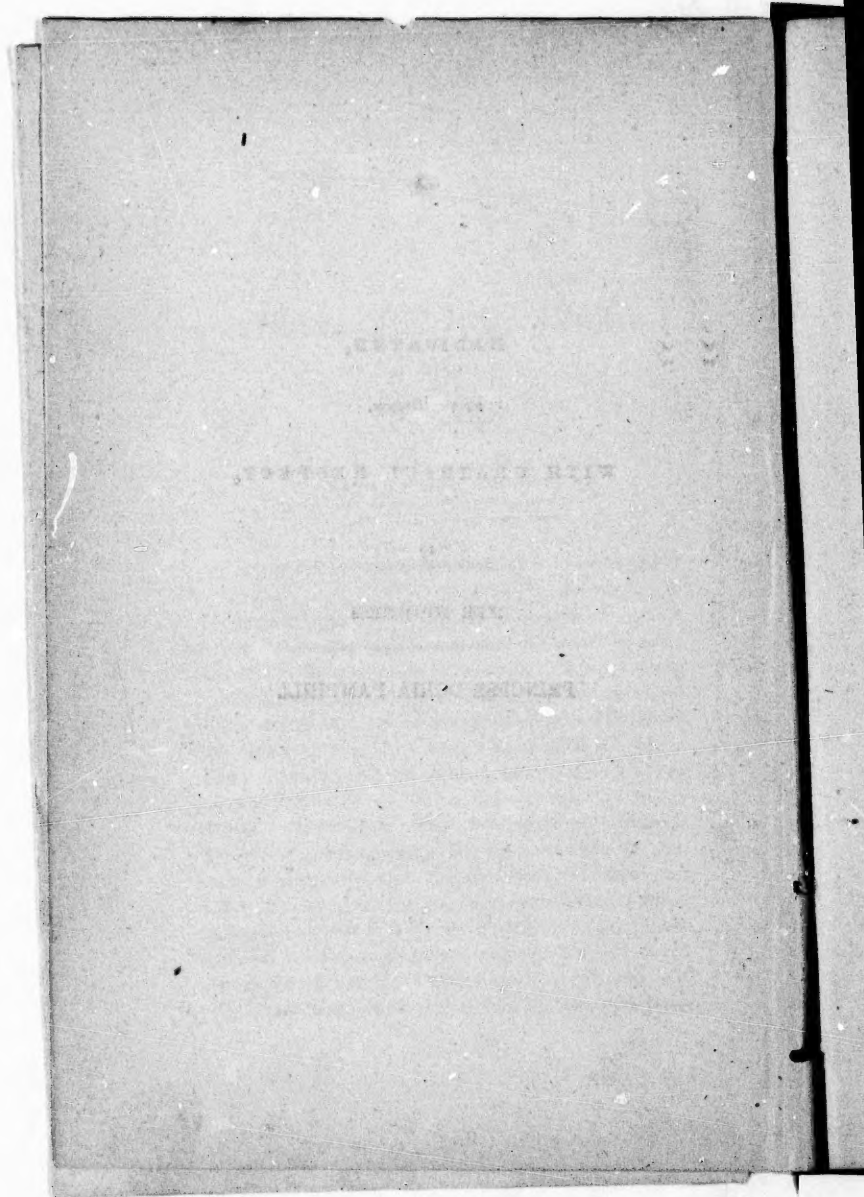
WITH GRATEFUL RESPECT,

TO

HER HIGHNESS

PRINCESS DORIA PAMPHILL





## ROME AND THE ABBEY.

### CHAPTER I.

Once youthful actors they, with hearts as keen,  
And spirits buoyant as these strangers are :  
Now, meek spectators of the stirring scene,  
They warn, or sympathise unseen, afar.

Near the head of the Lake of Geneva, in the pretty garden of the inn at Vevey, in the evening of the 18th of August, 1845, sat an English party ; who, desiring privacy, as far as circumstances might permit, were in a group apart from the assembled inmates of that favourite and joyous house, and were gazing in pleased silence on the mimic ocean before them, with its ebb and flow of tide, its sands and shingles. A priest, two religious, and a female servant occupied a long bench, overshadowed by acacias ; while, on the low wall which encloses the garden from the road by the lake, leaned a beautiful girl, who, from her age and animated looks, might well have borne her part in the gay dance now going forward in the principal room : and sometimes she beat time and smiled approval to the music ; but it was more familiar to her and had less power over her attention than the new and lovely scene before her : and as she turned more fully round from time to time, exclaiming, "Oh,

what happiness!" no one could have deemed that Lilla was a supposed incorrigibly naughty girl who, at seven teen, was as wilful and as childish as she had been at seven, and whose last onslaught on all the authorities at home had been a determination to go with her brothers and their tutor, to fish in Norway!

After a long pause, Lilla had just exclaimed, "Oh, beautiful nature! made by God alone—" when her attention was attracted by the discussion on the garden bench, respecting the two best modes of reaching the Mediterranean: and Lilla, as she listened, at one time wished she might glide on the now placid and far-famed lake before her, to the city of Geneva, thence by diligence to Lyons, and down the Rhone to Avignon—Petrarch's Avignon, to Marseilles: then preferred, and became quite excited, to cross the Simplon, to identify the sublime scenes of the Alps, hitherto known only by books and prints;—to descend to the lovely Lago Maggiore;—to be in Italy! Oh, what delight! and then, as she lamented that they had brought with them no map or book of local reference, a youth, who also had been leaning on the low wall and imperceptibly lessening the distance between them, now approached with an elder friend, and addressing himself to the two religious ladies, requested their acceptance for the use of their young charge, of a little work, exactly such as she seemed to require. The young stranger's address was in English, but, modestly hesitating, he recapitulated it in the most perfect accent of his native French; and on the nuns expressing their regret that he should deprive himself of the little book at the very time when it would be so

useful to him, he replied, with the easy grace of his nation, that if, each time he was reminded of his trifling loss, he could hope that some passing utility or pleasure had been given to Mademoiselle, he should be more than rewarded.

The conversation continued. The youth discovered that the final destination of the English party was Rome, and announced himself to be a student in the Collegio Nobile in the Eternal City, and expecting to return thither about November, after making a tour of visits to old friends in the South of France. "So that I may hope," said he, "to see you, my reverend mothers, with your interesting charge again, at least at a distance, in Saint Peter's, or elsewhere." The two young Frenchmen then withdrew; and immediately after one of the attendants at the inn took the priest aside to inform him that a well-known and respectable vetturino, named Antonio di Brescia, being about to return from Vevey to Genoa, would take the party on reasonable terms. Lillia, full of renewed excitement, begged the senior religious, who held the newly-presented guide-book, to find the page in which that route was described; and then turned to the reverend arbitrator in breathless suspense. The religious opened the volume, but did not immediately seek the part requested. Her eye had rested on a crest and coat of arms long since familiar to her: a coronet surmounted them, and beneath was printed in italic characters the name "Comte Arthur de Gréy." The nun, then closing the book, passed it to her religious sister, desired her to find for Lillia the pass of the Simplon, and remained absorbed in thought. The graceful boy, who had just left

them was then the young Count de Gréy, the representative of the French branch of that family; and his existence, which had been doubted, and was a point of some importance, was now placed beyond a doubt.

The mysterious course of Divine Providence was a subject of meditation not new to the religious: but it is a theme inexhaustible, and on which she now continued to ponder, dwelling on details in the present case which were known to herself alone. She continued to admire the mysterious plan, that, having been forced from her religious seclusion to undertake a journey to Rome, hoping, among other secrets of her mission, to be rid of the responsibility of an inheritance which, in the present state of the Church in England, she had been compelled by her religious superiors to retain, she should, in spite of her own wishes, which led her to the quieter inn, have been overruled to pass the evening and night in the chief hotel of the place, and to sit in the garden instead of her room, which had hitherto been her custom on the journey. She had thus seen the last of the Counts de Gréy, of Languedoc. She had further learned that he was a student in the college of nobles in Rome, and should be enabled, through the testimony of the Jesuit fathers who governed that establishment, to ascertain whether the young Arthur were worthy to be recognised and made the possessor of an estate which the English branch of his family had held since the Norman Conquest.

The younger religious had now found the desired route in the guide-book, and Lilla read aloud that their journey would be by the head of the lake and celebrated prison of Chillon, through the valley of the Rhone to Mar-



signi, over the Simplon to Duomo d'Ossola, and by the Lago Maggiore to Arona, Novara and Alessandria to Genoa. They were to start every morning at five o'clock, repose two hours in the heat of the day, and put up for the night at an hour, more or less, after sunset. To this they willingly agreed; and, after receiving in their quiet bower the priest's blessing, the four female travellers retired to their private devotions, and repose in their rooms.

The following morning beheld them on their destined way at the early hour appointed; looking forward to the renewal of Catholic privileges, above all to hearing mass, and receiving holy Communion, before each day's journey, blessings from which they had been debarred through the Protestant part of Switzerland that lay on their route from Basle to Vevey. They now said the Litany of our Lady aloud, and then their rosaries in silence: the young Lilla addressing her effusions of happiness to whichever of the party seemed the most at leisure to attend to her; but if no one were disposed to listen, the happy girl was equally contented with her own thoughts, having been accustomed from her infancy to be independent of the notice of others. She was one of a large family amongst whom she had been nearly overlooked. Her beauty, so striking and rare to strangers, was nearly that of all her brothers and sisters; and if, to the flaxen or light auburn hair of all the nine children, Lilla alone presented the contrast of long, dark lashes to a deep blue eye, with pencilled brows of the same dark brown, this advantage was counterbalanced in the family estimation by her paleness, which cast her in the shade, when surrounded by the bright colouring of the rest, particularly of her eldest

twin sisters, who were called "the Rosebuds of the Valley."

These pretty Rosebuds were also very happy creatures. They were the eldest children of their fond parents, the Reverend Edmund Sinclair and his loving wife—occupants of the vicarage of Woodbridge, a hamlet situated in a beautiful valley near the town of Elverton in ———shire. And not only did Susan and Emma retain the first fresh affections of their parents, and the admiration of their younger brothers and sisters, but they were also the pets of a neighbourhood remarkable for its sociability: and no juvenile party was ever deemed complete unless the Rosebuds were there, dressed scrupulously alike, and undistinguishable, except by the blue or pink bow attached to the left shoulder of each since her cradle. After the Rosebuds followed two fine boys, who, their old family friend, Mr. Everard, used to say, might fitly represent those Saxon youths of whom Saint Gregory said, "*Non Angli sed Angeli*." Two years after these brothers, who had but a year's difference in their ages, came our Lilia. Two years after her followed another boy: and then, after a pause of six years, there appeared three more girls, whom Mrs. Sinclair, in all the consciousness of still sufficient youth and beauty, called her grandchildren; and who absorbed all the tender solicitude she could spare from the important event of introducing Susan and Emma officially to the neighbourhood on their eighteenth birth-day.

It cannot be a subject of surprise, that, in the midst of these contrasted, but equally absorbing cares, Mrs. Sinclair should consent with satisfaction to the offer made

by the domestic tutor, that, as the governess could not manage Miss Lilia, and she appeared happier with her brothers, he (Mr. Neston) should conduct her studies and general education. The consent of the Reverend Mr. Sinclair having been obtained, Lilia, from the age of eleven, never entered the girls' school-room except to attend the lessons in music and drawing given by professors in the neighbourhood. The expense of these masters was defrayed by the family friend, Mr. Everard; whilst the stipend of the tutor, and the youths' further career at Oxford, had been undertaken solely by their uncle, the Right Reverend Dr. Sinclair, Bishop of L—. The boy who had followed Lilia into the world after two years' interval, was a gentle, affectionate little fellow, who had enjoyed his six years' exclusive privileges as youngest, and had also contracted habits, from his delicate health, which prevented his being often with his brothers. He doted on his father, who doted on him, and preferred amusing himself in his father's study, or walking with him to the poor cottages, to the more stirring and sociable games of the elder boys. Hence the close alliance of Frederick, Henry, Lilia, and the tutor was rarely interrupted. She learned "cricket," and "prisoners' base," and to fish with rod and net. She also learned a few things more, unnoticed by any one, till, at the age of sixteen, she was invited by Mr. Everard to take a long country walk with him, and they sat down together on a violet bank to rest themselves, and to talk of things grave or gay, as might please his "Lily of the Valley;" for so she had now grown to be called, far and near.

"And so you love to walk in the country, Lily," said

he, "instead of going with Susan and Emma to shop in Elverton? Well, you are right, my Lily; God made the country, and man made the town."

"Yes," returned Lilia; "I used to think that some things in nature were too insignificant for God himself to have made, and I even agreed with Plato that God did not make chaos, but only moulded the chaotic mass to perfection. However, this year I have discarded that notion as too irrational, because, who then could have made the world in its chaotic state? Why, none less than a God. Now, there is but One God: and this system would imply two Gods, or, as Mr. Neaton calls it, 'a Duality.'"

During Lilia's speech, Mr. Everard plucked a few violets, and inhaled their perfume to prevent her from perceiving his smiles. At length he said, "And what do Fred and Harry think?"

"Oh!" said she, "they have always preferred Aristotle, because he holds that God is the creator of ideas, which are the noble part of us; while Plato makes ideas to be so many inferior intelligences whom God did not create, but found already existing: but still I like Plato best, because he holds that God is not only in contemplation of his own Divine Essence, but is also the Providence of man. And is it not consoling and hopeful, sir," continued Lilia, "to feel that God notices and protects us? Now, Aristotle holds that, as God is Perfection, it is a more perfect state for Him to be always in contemplation of his own Divine Essence, and therefore not the Providence of man, although his final reward. Now, do you not like Plato the best?"

"Why, of two erroneous, because unrevealed systems," replied Mr. Everard, "perhaps I agree with you; because it is a great and practical truth that the One Eternal Omnipotent God does condescend to be, not only the Creator of all things visible and invisible, but to be also the Providence of man. And we cannot but admire the vast and sublime genius of Plato, which, unaided by Revelation, excepting traditions imperfectly conveyed, could grasp so much of the mighty truth of God. And what a profound and solid thinker—what a correct and laborious classifier, was Aristotle!"

"Creator of all things visible and invisible!" repeated Lilia. "That was first taught by Moses. That is the Mosaic system which I prefer; and I am therefore never tired of the country, and of examining all the details of this wonderful creation of God. But I should like to see some sublime scenery: real mountains—cascades—mighty rivers—vast depths of forests—a storm at sea—a volcanic irruption—an avalanche—and to look at the planets and at a comet through a fine telescope."

"Well," said Mr. Everard, "perhaps in the course of your life you may see all these wonders of nature. I will bring over a fine telescope the next time I come to Woodbridge, and we will have a peep at Jupiter."

"Oh! thank you," cried Lilia. "And is your telescope powerful enough to enable me to see the Georgium Sidus?"

"Why, no; not this portable one. We must contrive a visit to the great telescope at Burnleigh for that planet."



"And those sublime wonders which really belong to our earth, and which I could see without a telescope," said Lilia, "mountains, forests, the sea?"

"Well," said the ever benevolent old gentleman, "I should not wonder if, some day, Lily and I took a little tour."

"Oh, what happiness!" cried she.

"But this must be quite a secret," said Mr. Everard.

"Oh, yea!" said Lilia: "and it would be very dishonourable to tell a secret. I shall not tell even Fred and Harry."

"And as we cannot immediately, nor perhaps for some months, start on this proposed little tour," said he, "you had better examine those minute wonders of nature which are always within your reach."

"Yea," said Lilia, "the wonders of the microscope—insects, shells, minerals, and flowers. I do look at them very often, especially the insects. Last year I did not believe that God made those that are noxious: I would not look at them because I thought the Devil made them; but now I adhere to the Mosaic account entirely, as being much the most reasonable and consistent."

Mr. Everard here observed, for the second time, that Lilia never expressed herself as if bound, by Christian faith, to believe the whole contents of the Old and New Testaments; but balanced the Mosaic account against other systems of ancient philosophers, as if she were perfectly at liberty to admit or dissent, as pleased her best. He was determined to ascertain this still more clearly during the little tour he had proposed to take

her; and which, after many hopes and delays, and fears, and secrets, and mysteries, was finally determined for the first of September, to return in a fortnight to Woodbridge Valley.

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## CHAPTER II.

*If one thing 'tis in mimic art to trace  
A once beloved, and still remembered face;  
Far more when, in some living counterpart,  
We find revived the vision of our heart.*

THE consent of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair was easily obtained to the little tour proposed by Mr. Everard; and Lilia, for the first time in her young life, being about to leave the neighbourhood of her birth, after kissing and weeping at all the farewells, especially those to Fred and Harry, took her seat by the side of Mrs. Moss, the housekeeper to Mr. Everard, in his open carriage, which he drove himself, with another gentleman beside him in front. The horses were young and fresh, and could scarcely wait to have Lilia's little trunk inserted in the leathern receptacle behind: and now the last waving of hands was given—the horses sprang forward—Lilia smiled through her tears—Mrs. Moss prepared the pence for the turnpike—and nothing stopped their rapid way till the ascent of the steep hill from the valley to the downs. Here Mr. Everard turned round to see whether Lilia looked happy. He seemed satisfied by his rapid scrutiny, for he exclaimed,

"The tear forgot as soon as shed, the sunshine of the breast."

"Bless her!" exclaimed Mrs. Moss, "people don't cry that are going for only a fortnight's pleasuring."

"Yes they do, at sixteen, my good Moss, just in the

manner I have quoted from the poet." Mr. Everard, then resuming his former position, said in a lower tone to the gentleman by his side, who was dressed rather peculiarly in black, and had a countenance as noble and intelligent as it was handsome, "If it be not against your strict rules to turn round also to look at a young lady, you will see a pair of eyes and a forehead that will remind you, Don Carlos, as they do me, of days gone by! And the mind within is also alike."

But the gentleman called Don Carlos did not turn round to look at Lilia, and merely said, "Former ties, and former titles, enter equally into the holocaust. You promised to call me no more Don Carlos, but simply Father Duago."

"Ah, true! so I did. Well, but no one heard me; and neither your person nor your history is known to our young companion, unless she should recognise your family likeness to the present lady of Elverton Hall and her children."

"And this young lady," said Father Duago, "is then the motive for the excursion to the Lakes, and of my presence on the occasion?"

"Principally so," replied Mr. Everard; "but I had your health likewise in view; as your late excessive studies, for which your former military life had not prepared you, have greatly reduced your strength."

"My health is good enough," said Father Duago. "Nothing done or commanded by the Society of Jesus is excessive; and surely you are mistaken in supposing that my former military life had not prepared me for study and seclusion. Remember, I was twice impri-

sioned, another time confined to my bed by a dangerous wound; and at all times, when duty rendered it possible, had recourse to books of a literary and serious nature."

"Like your holy Founder, after the siege of Pampluna," said Mr. Everard: "but your former life has been more innocent than that of Saint Ignatius Loyola before his conversion, therefore you need not undertake to become so great a penitent. You have been steady to, though unfortunate in a virtuous attachment. This has been my own case, and almost I may say to the same object, after the death of her mother. Well! may God forgive her all the pain she has given, and is still giving us!"

"When the heart," replied Father Duogo, "is firmly fixed on God alone, no creature is capable of giving us personal pain. We feel pain or satisfaction only in reference to the outrage or glory given to God."

"But when a friend, and more than a friend, is acting in a way to puzzle one," said Mr. Everard, "so that one cannot foresee with any certainty whether there is not about to be a shipwreck of all that was deemed prudent, consistent, firm, and rational—surely one may, and ought to feel anxious?"

"Even in such a case," replied Father Duogo, "the uneasiness should not be excessive. We should pray that the person in question be given fresh grace to enlighten, with fidelity to correspond to that light, and then hope for the best. We are bound not to pass rash judgment on our intimate friend, just as much, if not more than on a stranger."



"But do you know," said Mr. Everard in a still lower tone, "that she has left the Abbey?"

"Where?" said Father Duago suddenly, but then stopped.

"Oh! no one knows exactly," continued Mr. Everard; "she has left off consulting me. I suppose she had proper consent. I heard—not from herself—that she wanted to restore the old Benedictine rule in the Abbey, and still to retain the Active Sisters of Mercy, and to have two communities; and for the Contemplative nuns to live in the retired side of the Abbey next the heath—the solitary part; and to keep up the full choir office; and more than this, the Perpetual Adoration! Now, how is she to get subjects in this Protestant neighbourhood for so immense a community as she requires? And why could she not be contented to remain in the active life, in her pretty little bonnet, with her straw basket, still to be seen and spoken to by her old friend? I am getting too old, Don Carlos, I am too old both for her changes and your sublime abstractions and disengagements. And I do not know where she is gone, either!" added he, whipping the horses, contrary to all his theories, and whirling the carriage across the downs to Lilla's great delight.

The inn at which they stopped was the first whose interior Lilla had ever seen. Here they were to rest the horses, eat their dinner, and take a walk: and this was their daily practice during their tour. At dinner and supper Mr. Everard took the head of the table, with Father Duago seated at his right hand, while Mrs. Moss sat at the bottom, with Lilla nestled close to her—the good woman heartily enjoying her holiday and the office,

(for which we have no English word, and have borrowed from our Spanish and French neighbours)—that of *damna* or *chaperon*. Mr. Everard, who was never angry but with those he loved too much, recovered by degrees from the irritation which had driven him to this first stage nearly an hour before the appointed time; and a short nap after dinner completely restored him, for he found that while he was asleep Father Duago had said his office, and was again ready to listen to his recreative talk, and to take the part of objector, defender, or proposer, as the case might be.

It had not been for his own health that Father Duago had consented to this little tour; neither was it to teach young Lilia Catholicity, although he had been interested in the account given him of her theological education. The great, though concealed object for becoming one of the four tourists, was Mr. Everard's own soul—Father Duago having felt the responsibility towards God, ever since the renewal of their friendship, of rousing him from that morbid benevolence of creed which might have its preferences, but could condemn no religious system, and that vague, easy admission of Catholic truth, which had constantly led the Catholics with whom he conversed to form the most sanguine hopes, which were as constantly disappointed. It might be an intellectual treat to listen to Mr. Everard's graphic account of religious theories, from Plato to Descartes; but difficult would it have been at this time of his renewed intimacy with Father Duago to have won from him the condemnation of any scheme of creation, revelation, and final state of bliss. Father Duago had been particularly struck by this in the solic-

itude he expressed for Lilla. He feared she was under the tuition of a Deist; he was desirous that Father Duago should lay before her a history of Christian theology, which should make her a good Catholic; but when the priest ventured to penetrate into Mr. Everard's personal intentions, he found that to prefer the Christian Revelation—to consider the Church in communion with Rome to be the only successor to the Jewish Dispensation—to admire, to love, and to defend her, was in the estimation of Mr. Everard, quite enough to stamp him a Catholic, and save his soul.

Father Duago's ostensible task, however, was with Lilla; and that very evening he found an opportunity of saying to Mr. Everard in her immediate hearing,—“Before the Christian Revelation, and in the remote ages of antiquity, there were many great minds; but would we point to the two mental giants—to the two names that are symbolical of human genius—of the genius of inspiration and the genius of logic—we must sound the names of Plato and Aristotle.”

“Ah!” cried the ever ready Mr. Everard; “why, here is one who will quite agree with you. Lily, give an account to Father Duago of what you remember of the Platonic System, and why you prefer it to that of Aristotle.”

The unconscious Lilla recapitulated precisely, though in a timid voice, and with the roses on her cheeks, the two systems of theology taught her by her tutor; and was thence led on by Father Duago, assisted by Mr. Everard, to speak of what she again called the “Mosaic System,” and that, on the whole, she gave it the preference.

"You are quite right," observed the Reverend Father. "Pagan thought, though assisted by the noblest efforts of genius, was unable to conceive a perfect idea of God. The existence of God was acknowledged: philosophy had also arrived in its speculations to a certain conception of the unity, simplicity, and perfection of the Divine Nature: but this conception was incomplete, and mixed with grave errors. Plato and Aristotle gave each their assent, and their proofs, that there is but one God: but how reconcile this Divine unity with the eternity of uncreated matter? In fact, at the bottom of all their theories was to be found, not Unity, but Dualism."

"Yes," said Lilia, "that is exactly what Mr. Newton says." Then, observing the gentleness of Father Duago's voice and manner, she ventured to add, "I am not surprised that the great men of antiquity were all speculating about God, because it is the most interesting subject that can possibly occupy the mind; and I should not care much about the beautiful scenes I am to be taken to in this tour, if I did not believe that Moses wrote the truth, when he says 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' But some of the notions of Plato and Aristotle are very beautiful—more beautiful than any that you can find in Moses. I like very much that idea of God in the constant contemplation of his own divine essence. This is very sublime, and Moses says nothing of it."

Here was the opening which Father Duago had desired for introducing the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity of God. "It is sublime," said he, "and not more sublime than true. Plato and Aristotle held this truth, with

others, from revelations given by God himself to his chosen servants. If Moses does not expressly use these terms, he implies the idea when he recounts that God says 'Let *Us* make man in our own image.' Here God speaks in a plurality of persons, and here we first learn, what is afterwards more explicitly declared, that God, in the contemplation of his own divine essence, had already produced his own image—the divine reflection of Himself: so that in the one God there are two Persons; and from their mutual love and contemplation of each other's perfections, the two Divine Persons in one God have produced a third Divine Person. Thus the Eternal and Almighty God's contemplation of his own perfection has not been a barren abstraction, but a fruitful production. In this sublime revelation we find all those difficulties solved, against which the ancient philosophers struggled in vain. Instead of their second and subordinate God, under different appellations, and their system of Ideas, pre-existent to God himself, and therefore, in some sort, his superiors, we have a system which preserves inviolate the Unity of God. These three Divine Persons must be equal in every respect, for if you imagined one to be inferior to the other in divine essence, you would immediately form to yourself a second God, and then would cease your bounden faith that there is but one only God."

Father Duago had spoken very deliberately, with several pauses, and then added, "Is this made sufficiently clear to you?"

Lilla replied, as timid young persons generally reply, "Yes, sir;" but after a few instants she said, "I find it



difficult not to consider that the original God is greater than the two other Persons he has made in Himself."

"It is our faith," returned Father Duago, "that at no time was there one only original Person, without this perfect image of himself, and the immediate production of their mutual love. So that three Persons in the same divine essence—Trinity in Unity, have existed from all eternity; and, as regards their divinity, all are equal. Remember what I observed to you just now, that directly you attempt to make different degrees of divinity you make to yourself more Gods than one. Do not expect, however," continued Father Duago, "to find nothing difficult in the mysteries of God. The doctrine of a Trinity in Unity is above our reason; but this you may safely believe, that those who would escape from the difficulties of this great truth have ever involved themselves in difficulties, not only greater but inextricable."

Lilia did not reply; and after a few instants' silence, Father Duago, intent on his subject, anxious to know the progress of her mind, and forgetting the strong family likeness which Mr. Everard had mentioned, for the first time fixed his eyes on her countenance; but they were instantly dropped—an expression of sudden emotion passed his brow, and then all was calm.

The deep and solemn subject of the previous discourse was not however on that evening renewed, for Mrs. Moss tapped Mr. Everard on the shoulder, observing, "It is getting late for Miss Lilia, sir," and then retired with her to their rooms above.

CHAPTER III

Faith, Hope, and Love, upon the wave  
Of living waters clear,  
Descended willingly to save  
A flower elect, and dear.  
And dived beneath, the root to heal,  
And beauties fresh disveiled;  
Until, perfected by their seal,  
The water-lily rose.

The following morning our tourists started early, and reached Liverpool to dinner; and the next day, Monday, in the evening, where, notwithstanding Lillie's joy at being so near the Lakes, she did not forget that after their early supper Father Duago would probably renew the conversation he had held with her on the first evening of their journey; and he, observing that she willingly remained at the table where he was still seated, said, "You have been thinking, I feel persuaded, of the deep and awful subject which we ventured to approach the evening before last; and I believe that your memory will prove sufficiently retentive to enable you to recapitulate to me the greater part, if not all, that I advanced on the subject of three Divine Persons in one Godhead."

Lillie did recapitulate the whole to Father Duago's satisfaction, but added, "I prefer thinking that the one God sometimes terms himself 'Father,' sometimes 'Son,' and sometimes 'Holy Ghost.' I find this easier."

Father Duago then said, "But your endeavour, like

that of every candid mind, should be to ascertain not what is easiest, but what is true."

Lilla then ventured to observe, "But I thought that truth was simple. Aristotle says that God is a simple substance, because a simple substance is superior to a complex substance."

Father Duago replied, "What you have just before advanced, as wishing to believe, namely, that one only God is one only Person under different names and different manifestations, although original to your mind, is a very ancient error, which was condemned by the greatest Christian philosophers of the second and third ages. In wishing to escape from the mystery of the Trinity in Unity, you will, as I observed before, involve yourself in impossibilities. Truth is simple inasmuch as it is a continued view of the one only God, and aims solely at Him. But would you aspire to a perfect knowledge of God—to a perfect grasp of truth, rest assured that by the doctrine of the Trinity alone can you mount to that sublime height. Saint Paul, that vessel of election, who was caught up into the third heaven, and heard words that were not permitted to man to utter, even he attempts not to consider it an easy matter to know God, but exclaims, 'Oh the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord!' Your soul desires to contemplate the Eternal in all his purity, and she beholds a light too intense to penetrate—an ocean of life, unfathomable, unlimited! All perfection is there; all truth, all beauty, all wisdom, all goodness! And to God himself

all so simple ; but to your finite mind, to your created soul, these perfections must be complex, mysterious, awful, incomprehensible !”

“That is very profound, and very sublime,” said Lilla, “and you, sir, seem to speak with authority, and to think that I ought to believe your system.”

“It is not my system, thanks be to the Triune God !” exclaimed Father Duogo. “It is the Christian Revelation, given by God himself. Yes ! to satisfy those aspirations towards himself, which He has himself inspired, He has condescended to reveal the mystery of his essence. He has revealed to us that his Unity is a Trinity, and has commanded all men to be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

Lilla looked timidly round, and finding that Mrs. Moss had left the room, she said in a low voice, “Then I had better be baptized.”

“Have you never been baptized ?” said Father Duogo in the same tone.

“No, sir,” replied she.

“Will you permit me,” said he, “to refer to Mr. Everard respecting this most important disclosure ?”

“Mr. Everard does not know about this so well as myself,” said Lilla, “because he thinks I was baptized with Willy when the baby was christened ; which papa fully intended. Willy was christened, but they had forgotten to tell me not to be missing, and I had gone off with Harry to see the great tree felled in the sand-pit.”

“But what age were you at that time ?” inquired Father Duogo.

"It is three years ago," replied she: "I was just thirteen."

Mr. Everard was standing at the open glass door of the sitting-room during this private conversation, telling Mrs. Moss to come in from the garden or she would catch the rheumatism; and their being thus engaged with each other enabled Father Duago to put some further questions to Lillia, and to encourage her in her resolution to be baptised immediately, but in great privacy.

Mrs. Moss now entering, soon took Lillia off to her repose; and Father Duago, being left alone with Mr. Everard, mentioned the remarkable omission disclosed to him by Lillia, and that he was much struck by the fact that, in so numerous a family, where sooner or later it had been deemed necessary to save the souls of the children, she alone had been overlooked. "Almighty God has had His designs in this," added Father Duago. "I have become as much interested as you expected in conversing with her. Her remarks are extraordinary for so young a girl, and her disposition seems most artless and docile. Whatever scruples of delicacy we may have had in not proceeding too far in the conversion of a child without the knowledge of her parents, they are all swept away by the discovery of her unbaptized state. I do not think that we ought to proceed one stage more, at the risk of a life so precious. I could prepare this intelligent mind in a few hours to receive the sacrament of Baptism. I hope, therefore, you will remain throughout to-morrow here at Kendal."

Mr. Everard became agitated at the discovery of the

shot, and at the immediate repast intended. "He could not decide," he said, "that night on what had best be done;" and would have soothed his mind by praises of Lilia's beauty, and the records of bygone days. But such discourse being totally discouraged by his reverend companion, he took refuge in the philosophical and religious speculations of antiquity—especially dwelling on "that most ancient doctrine, except that of biblical tradition, respecting the origin of the world, namely, the celebrated hypothesis of Emanation, which had been the foundation of the theology of Vedas, and of the code of Manou."

For a time Father Duago appeared to listen to the identity of all things with the god Brahma, and Brahma's alternate action and repose; but his thoughts were exclusively occupied by the soul which had now taken the precedence of Mr. Everard's in his spiritual solicitude, and he heard nothing but sounds. At length he informed his theoretic friend that he took upon himself the practical part of saving Lilia's soul; that, having her own consent, which at her age was essential to the validity of the sacrament, he would, by the grace of God, devote the early hours of the morrow to her immediate preparation, and confer baptism on her at the time of day when they could be the most secure from interruption. Father Duago then inquired whether Mrs. Moss was to become a confidential witness of the sacred function?

This last question threw Mr. Everard into fresh agitation. "Moss," said he, "is an old church-woman—holds stoutly to infant baptism; she would never be made to comprehend the pious scriptures which, during several

years after Lilia's birth, prevented her father from presenting his infant children for baptism. She would misjudge Mr. Sinclair, and despise Lilia."

"Very well," said Father Duago; "we do not want her in the least."

"But how are we to get her out of the way?" cried Mr. Everard.

"Cannot you give her some commission," suggested Father Duago, "that will detain her from the house during half an hour?"

"Oh, I will go with her!" exclaimed the terrified Mr. Everard; "that is, I will take her with me for half an hour's walk; I had better be out of the way. Neither godfather nor godmother are essential at Lilia's age."

"It is well they are not," quietly observed the Reverend Father.

"Well, then," said Mr. Everard, "I will not disturb you any more, but take myself off to bed. I shall be at your mass, however, please God, to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, in the chapel." And accordingly so he was; but he did not await the termination of Father Duago's thanksgiving after mass; for he wished to avoid all further private conversation, until "this affair of Lilia's," as he called it, should be over. The zealous Jesuit, on rising from his knees, sought the senior priest in the chapel-house, and confided to him, without revealing her name, the unbaptized state of Lilia; requesting that some trustworthy Catholic female should call on the young lady about eleven o'clock, seemingly to pay her the polite attention of a visit; and should remain with her after Mr. Everard and his housekeeper had started on their walk.



The intermediate hours were devoted by Father Duago to instructions suited to the immense gift about to be bestowed, and in terms congenial to the mind of the recipient. When he informed her that the same Divine Being, of whose perfections they had discoursed on the preceding evening, would, in the three Persons of his essential unity, descend on her soul in Baptism, Lilia immediately inquired, "By particles, or emanation?"

"By emanation, after a wholly spiritual manner," replied Father Duago; "and this communication of the Divinity to your soul will leave an impression never to be effaced: so that when free from the encumbrance of matter, your soul, ever aspiring towards the Divinity, will fly to the constant contemplation of his perfections, and to the embraces of his love—this baptismal emanation from Himself, remaining on the soul, will be the token of your acceptance to this joy throughout eternity."

"It is joy! it is joy, even now in hope!" cried Lilia; "for, if it be happiness for God to contemplate his own perfection, what overwhelming joy for me! And this most divine emanation will remain in my soul until it is once more absorbed, and I with it, in the divine essence."

"You are not ever to lose your individuality," said Father Duago.

"Ah!" cried Lilia; "how can I be admitted to the embraces of his love, and not be absorbed and lost?"

"You were created," said Father Duago, "to supply the place of some fallen angel, who, having had the choice of good and evil, chose evil, and is banished from the sight and enjoyment of God for ever. You are aware

that, after the revolt and condemnation of the fallen angels, those who remained faithful were confirmed in virtue and bliss for ever; and that, to supply the places of those who were lost, God created man, leaving to him also the choice of good and evil. You know very well that man proved as guilty as the fallen angels; that he chose evil and lost his inheritance, and deserved to be, like the rebel angels, cast out at once for ever. This would have been grief to the good angels, who ardently desire to see their vacant places filled to the greater glory of God, and would have been the greatest triumph to those now become devils, who desire, in all pride, hatred, and malice, to ruin mankind. You know well what reparation was made, and who repaired the insult offered to God by the sin of Adam?"

"Yes," replied Lilia; "our Lord Jesus Christ died for all mankind."

"And who is Jesus Christ?" said Father Duaga.

"He is the Son of God," replied Lilia.

"And how is He the Son of God?" said her Reverend Instructor.

"I do not know," at length replied Lilia.

"Pardon me," said he; "but I cannot accept that answer. Recal to your mind our conversation of last night, particularly that part which related to God in the contemplation of his own perfections."

The colour rushed to her cheeks, which it always did when she had conquered a difficulty and gained a truth, and she said, "Our Saviour Jesus Christ is the divine reflection of all the perfection of God. He is the imme-

late production of God's contemplation of Himself: He is the perfect image of God the Father: He is the second Person of the Divine Trinity."

"True," said Father Duago; "and therefore God of God."

"I have heard and read a great deal," said Lilla, "about our Lord Jesus Christ, and I have always loved Him very much; not only because He has saved me from eternal death, but also because He is so good."

"My dear child," said Father Duago, "our Lord Jesus Christ has died for you and for all mankind, and has willed that all should be saved: but he has left certain conditions—and the first of these is, Baptism, by which the sin of Adam, called 'Original Sin,' is expelled the soul for ever."

"What would become of my soul if at this moment I were to die?" said Lilla.

"We might hope that the earnest desire you now feel to receive this life-giving sacrament would be accepted," replied Father Duago; "that you would be baptized in desire. But during those many years that your soul has remained in original sin, and consequently in a state of death, you do not appear to have felt much uneasiness until now. And supposing, which God forbid, that anything were to prevent my conferring Baptism on you, now that you ardently desire it and all is prepared, and that having lost this opportunity you were to neglect seeking another, I could not hope that you would be saved. Your soul must be purified from all sin before she can be admitted to the presence of the God of all purity, and must receive the three theological virtues of Faith,

Hope, and Charity, which accompany the cleansing waters of Baptism."

"Does God send these three theological virtues to prepare the way before Him," said Lilla, "by driving out original sin and making my soul fit to receive Him? I suppose so, as God will never come in contact with sin. And are these three virtues so many inferior intelligences or ideas?"

"A virtue is a quality," replied Father Duago, "which the soul receives, and by which she is enriched and adorned. What the sciences are to the mind, the virtues are to the soul. Thus you perceive they are not angels, but they are conveyed to our souls by angels—especially by that portion of the angelic hierarchy who are denominated 'the virtues';—'who drive away the clouds from our minds and illuminate them.' You may therefore believe that three of these angelic beings will bring you from Almighty God, who is the centre and source of all virtue, these three highest qualities, to enrich and adorn your soul—Faith, Hope, and Charity, that you may believe, hope, and love all that He has revealed by his Church and continues to reveal—and that you may do so, not as a barren theory, but vitally, that is, undoubtedly, practically, perseveringly, heroically."

"And then," cried Lilla, "when these qualities brought by the angels have entered and made my soul ready for God, He will fill my soul with his divinity?"

"He will fill your soul with his grace," said the Father.

"But not with his divinity—not with Himself?" said Lilla. "What is the grace of God?"

"The grace of God," said Father Duago, "is the virtue of God conveyed to a soul."

"The virtue of God!" repeated Lilia; "that is God."

"But only such portion of the virtue of God," said Father Duago, "as would be suited to the soul of man, which is subordinate, and dares not aspire to those which are properly the attributes of God. I will enumerate them to you some other day, because our present time is limited: I will also, at some convenient leisure, tell you of all the other virtues proper to man."

Father Duago then spoke to Lilia of actual sin, and desired her to remain in the room where he was instructing her; and to devote the interval of his absence to examination of her conscience, to sorrow of heart for all her sins of thought, word, deed, or omission; and to confession to Almighty God, his angels and saints, in a low tone of voice, of any transgression against his holy law which recurred to her memory, imploring his mercy and pardon.

"Why will you not teach me how to go properly to confession to yourself, as the priest of God?" said Lilia.

"Because," replied Father Duago, "the sacrament of Penance is instituted for actual sin committed after baptism. The actual sin committed before baptism is totally washed away, together with original sin, by the life-giving water to the unconscious infant, and to the adult who, like you, desires the sacrament 'in holy fear and love.'" He then placed in Lilia's hand a crucifix, telling her to kiss the sacred wounds of Him, true God

and true man, who had enabled her by his death to pass from death to life. Father Duago left her to obey his directions.

A few minutes after Mr. Everard had decoyed away Mrs. Moss, the Catholic lady selected by the priest arrived; and Lilla's private devotions being finished, the only delay was in her changing her coloured travelling dress for one of white, emblematical of the purity about to be bestowed on her soul.

On Lilla's return in her white robe to the sitting-room, the door was locked, and the sacred function commenced. Lilla understood Latin, and Father Duago spoke distinctly and with solemnity; she therefore could, and did appreciate every subordinate rite; but when the time arrived for the demand to be made, "wilt thou be baptised?" and she had replied, "I will," the full sense of her former risk and her present privilege filled her mind—the colour rushed to her cheeks, then fled, to leave her paler than ever. She trembled with awe. Her soul was now really about to belong to the divinity—after whom she was continually yearning—to the knowledge of whom she was constantly aspiring—and now, the virtue of Him who filled heaven and earth in his mysterious triune, was, in the element of water, to enter within and stamp on her soul his eternal possession of her whole being. Kneeling before the priest, her hair flowing on her shoulders, he poured over her bended head the water of life, saying, "Lilla Mary, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Lilla, now a "member of Christ, a child of God, and inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, received the congra-

tulations, full of emotion, given her by the Reverend celebrant and the pious witness; and then retiring to her room, and sitting on her little trunk, with her hands covering her face, was so absorbed in the consciousness of her new state, that she was scarcely roused by the return of Mrs. Moss, and the good woman's entreaties not to put on her white frock till Sunday, and not to keep fretting if she had torn the blue striped, for she would get it mended for her at Penrith!"



## (CHAPTER IV.

Farewell! my early joys--my home, farewell!  
Playmates, and friends beloved in fondest ties.  
No more the record of our days may tell  
The prayer unaided, or the school-room prize.

THROUGHOUT the little tour which had been proposed by Mr. Everard for the benefit of those he loved, his spirits now rallied, not again to flag. "Lilia's affair" had involved him in nothing, and he now sought to please and instruct her as they visited the lakes of Windermere, Derwentwater, Grassmere, and Ullawater, with all the advantages of fine weather, good health, and good spirits. If Lilia at any instant regretted that in the month of September the cascades and mountain streams were dried up, she consoled herself the next by running up the dry beds of the torrents, which gave her sure footing to the very tops of the mountains. At other times, directed by Mr. Everard, she attempted to sketch from nature; and, while he corrected the errors, she sang to him "Softly rise, O, southern breeze," and "Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," his two standard favourites. Thus the contentment of her elder friends in Lilia's happiness continued with but one interruption: this was when, having ventured too daringly near the edge of a height, the ground partially gave way beneath her feet, and she was saved from destruction only by her light spring to firmer ground. She did not feel alarmed

at the moment of the exertion, but when her three friends, who were a little in advance, turned to address her, she had fainted on the turf and heath to which she had sprung.

As she had been all life and joy an instant before, no one could understand the mystery; neither could Mrs. Moss, on whose shoulder she leaned on reviving, comprehend her first words—but they were understood by the others—"Oh, if I had fallen a week ago down that precipice!" Father Duago then perceived how truly she had conceived the danger of her former state, and that spiritual emotion, not physical terror had caused her thus to faint.

The next day Lilla questioned her reverend instructor respecting the final state of the unbaptized, adding, "I have never known, nor did I think yesterday, of what would positively have befallen my soul had I died without even the desire of baptism. I thought only of the loss of God."

"And that was exactly the thought, and the only thought to have at that time admitted," said Father Duago. "I feel persuaded that you returned Him thanks when you recovered from your first emotion, that he had granted you a renewal of life, in which to further know, love and serve Him. Had you been suddenly killed by falling yesterday from the abrupt height, and as suddenly made to appear before his judgment-seat, we might hope that you would have borne untarnished your baptismal innocence and grace, as the wedding-garment without which no one can be admitted to the nuptial feast. Therefore you must further pray that this fresh born a."

life may indeed prove a blessing to you, and that you may never have cause to regret that barren or sinful years have followed this epoch of your earthly course; for remember, that to a baptized person is still left his choice of good or evil."

"Oh!" cried Lilia, "I never will choose evil!"

"And you must further pray for grace," said Father Duago, "not only to resist evil, but to choose good. The mind is an active principle, it cannot remain dormant; the heart is full of affections and emotions, and must have an object and recipient. Choose God alone in these your early days of innocence: let Him be the only object and recipient of all the powers of your mind, of all the affections of your heart, of all the aspirations of your soul."

"I have chosen Him," said Lilia; "I loved Him before I was baptized; and now that I belong to Him, and have received his grace in my soul, I love Him still more. But I am sorry to give up a notion I have had these last two years—that my soul was a particle of his divinity."

"How then could a soul ever be lost," said Father Duago, "and given up to devils for all eternity? To hold that a portion of the Divinity could become the portion of devils would be blasphemy,—not that you have been guilty of this in your speculations; and all errors of faith previous to your baptism have been washed away for ever. You must now, however, believe that your soul is an act of God's creation, though more immediately proceeding from Him than your body; for, if you have studied Genesis, as I believe you have,

you must remember that to form our body God took of the dust of the earth, which he had already created; but to create our soul, God breathed it forth from himself: and while our body after death returns to the dust of the earth until the general resurrection, the soul, if purified, returns immediately to her Creator."

"Returns!" cried Lilia: "that conveys a delightful idea!"

"Yet," added Father Duago, "the soul returns not to become absorbed in God, but always to remain as a distinct creature."

"And is it wrong for me to regret," said Lilia, "that I can neither become absorbed in the Divinity, nor have the Divinity enter my soul?"

"You can have the Divinity enter your soul!" cried Father Duago. "And if his providence protects and favours us during the remainder of our journey as it has hitherto done, I hope to be once more the humble instrument of his great designs of love towards you."

Lilia clasped her hands, and attempted to speak, but could not; then covering her face, she wept such genuine tears of joy that Father Duago, himself much affected, returned God thanks for all his electing grace towards that chosen soul, and there was a pause of some minutes in the conversation.

He then inquired whether she were aware of the continual miracle of God's love on all Catholic altars, in the most holy sacrament of the body, blood, soul, and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, true God, and true man!

"I knew," replied Lilia, "that the Catholic faith, when

is now my faith, taught that under the appearance of bread was the body, and under the appearance of wine was the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; but I did not know that his soul and divinity were therein concealed. This is too much joy!"

"You will soon perceive that it could not be otherwise," said the Reverend Father. "In the first place, his sacred humanity was never separated from his divinity, even when his body, being parted from his soul by death, lay in the sepulchre—and this because his Father was divine and his Mother human. Secondly, with respect to his soul, you are perfectly aware that on the day of his resurrection, his all-glorious and triumphant soul re-entered his now glorified body, to be reunited through all eternity. It is this glorified body, with its inseparable soul and divinity, that descends on our altars, and enters the breast of the devout communicant."

"Oh! when shall I have this great honour and happiness?" cried Lilia.

"If our route homeward," replied Father Duago, "be according to the plan determined on last night, then I may hope that in three days this divine visitor may enter your breast."

The plan of their route homeward spoken of by Father Duago was adhered to; and the intermediate three days having been devoted to preparation befitting such an event, Lilia received in her innocent and loving breast the Divinity after whom her soul panted, and who so absorbed her thoughts and affections that she scarcely felt regret at quitting the more sublime scenery of the Lakes, or noticed the objects on the journey home, until

she re-entered the valley of Woodbridge, when a rush of home affections made her heart beat and her eyes sparkle, as, standing up in the carriage, she watched the running and leaping to the garden-gate of all the affectionate children of the vicarage.

On parting from the companions of his tour, just before entering the valley, Father Duago had given Mr. Everard a short list of the books desirable for Lilia, and these the latter brought her from time to time during the following autumn and winter; but no opportunity occurred of which Mr. Everard could avail himself to procure her the spiritual aids of the Church.

Lilia had, by Divine Providence, been long trained to solitary thought, and had now the powerful assistance of grace to render those thoughts full of profit. The spiritual events of her little tour to the Lakes having been rapidly condensed, and connected with scenes of novelty and excitement, Father Duago had desired her to dedicate half-an-hour every morning to meditation and thanksgiving on the sacrament of Baptism, and half-an-hour every evening to meditation and thanksgiving on the sacrament of the most holy Eucharist: she was also to examine each day at noon, and at night, whether any sin of thought, word, or deed, had tarnished the baptismal purity of her soul; and if so, she was to follow the penitential exercises he had prescribed to her. All this was put in practice by the docile girl, who also gradually withdrew from the theological lectures of the tutor, at which hour she privately arranged with the different masters to send for her to take her lessons.

In other respects the sympathetic ties of studies and

recreations continued all as usual between Lilla and her brothers, until, in the summer of the following year, an all-engrossing subject of interest arose, which to Lilla proved a starting-point to higher and better things.

A college friend of their father, who had been staying some time in the neighbourhood, but who lived on the sea-coast and amused himself with sailing a yacht, invited the two eldest sons and their tutor to accompany him back to his marine villa, and join a party then collecting to go on board his yacht, which was destined that year for Norway, where himself and other amateur fishermen were to catch and eat salmon. Never was invitation more acceptable, especially as the emulation of the brothers had been often piqued by the contempt with which Captain Armytage had looked at their fishing-tackle at Woodbridge, declaring that one Norway salmon would dash it all away.

Lilla packed up her brothers' trunks—was glad they were going to be so happy, and begged Harry, who was the best draughtsman, to bring her back sketches of that sublime scenery. She did her best to be magnanimous; but when everything was ready too soon, and she was sitting between them, holding the hand of each, and Frederick said, "How I wish you were going too, Lill!" the contrast vividly presented to her mind of the joy of going, and the blank, the loneliness, the misery of not going, was too much for her. She laid her head on Fred's shoulder, and wept and sobbed, till Harry suggested, "Let us ask my father!"

Then upsprang Lilla: "Oh, yes, dearest Harry! there is time—there is nearly an hour. I will pack up the



some little trunk I took to the dear Lakes, and Fred and you shall tie up my books in one of the fishing-bags while I am upstairs."

So off she flew, and in less than twenty minutes they had stowed down her trunk, had bagged the books, and all now awaited the re-opening of the study door, where their father, mother, and Captain Armytage were in discourse too deep to be interrupted—the subject being a request that, on his return from Norway, Captain Armytage might repeat his visit, and claim the hand of the fair Emma; having, on the preceding evening, obtained from her this reference to her parents.

At length, just when Mr. Everard had driven up to the door "to see the boys off," the study door opened, and the astonished parents beheld the young Lilla all prepared to start without an invitation; while the brothers entreated, and Captain Armytage smiled and bowed; and on Mrs. Sinclair's telling Lilla that ladies were not intended in the invitation, the Captain proposed that Mrs. Sinclair and *all* the daughters should set sail for Norway.

But this was negatived; and while all the family collected, save Emma, and each one had something to say indicative of their astonishment, their disapprobation, their scandal, and their terror, Mr. Everard whispered to the weeping Lilla, "I have something in store for you, child, better than Norway."

"Oh! better than Norway!" said she: "how can that be?"

"Yes, I tell you," returned he, "better than Norway." Then drawing the parents a little aside, he said that he

would take Lilla home to Mrs. Moss for a day or two to amuse her, and that they might then perhaps manage another excursion, to break this terrible parting.

This proposal was a great relief to them : they returned thanks, and Lilla, scarcely knowing what was being done with her, was placed once more in Mr. Everard's carriage, with her little trunk and her bag of books, when, just as Frederick was assuring her that they should travel in company almost as far as Burnleigh, Mr. Everard called out from his driving-seat, "Where is the little green harp I gave Lilly in the winter ? and the tuning-key and the box of strings ?"

All were fetched ; the bewildered girl, surrounded by her little possessions, and scarcely noticed but as a ride, was driven off to make way for the other carriage, and only young Willy, running in from the garden to bid his brothers farewell, called out "Good-bye, Lilly," and thus she left her home for ever !

## CHAPTER V

A moral earthquake is abroad,  
Upturning all our home's foundation;  
"Onward to Rome!" is now the word,  
From every age and every station!

"Why, bless my heart and soul," exclaimed the worthy Mrs. Moss, "if here isn't Miss Lilia come back with master! Well, how you're grown, Miss.—But what's the matter? Oh, your brothers are gone to Norway! Well, pleasuring, I suppose. It is fit they should have their turn. You must not be selfish, you know, my dear Miss Lily, and perhaps we may take a little jaunt again somewhere. I should not object myself. Why, where is the key of your little trunk?"

"Oh, it is in Fred's pocket!" exclaimed Lilia; "he put it on his own key-ring to be safe, and I put Harry's pocket-compass into a corner of my trunk for him till we should get on deck. Poor Harry!"

Here was another weeping fit.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Moss, "so you expected to go with them? But how could you go so far with boys and men? This is very childish, Miss Lilia; and you are grown too tall and womanly for such bold amusements. There! I declare my key of the hot closet just serves to open the trunk; but I can't spare it, because of the bottles of Madeira. I'll get you a new key. Why you have had no fresh frocks since we went to the Lakes! I wonder

that Mr. Everard never thinks of presenting you with a new dress, since you are such a favourite, and he makes you so many presents, one way or another. But men never think of dresses unless they have had wives. Look here, Miss Lilla, my dear, here is a whole piece of fine, clear, white muslin, with a pretty little hem and tucks ready wove in the breadths. It's wonderful the skill of manufacturing in these days. Well, I only mean to say, my dear, that if you will but accept this for your best evening frock, that I shall be most proud and pleased: and you don't deprive me of it at all; for I bought it a great bargain, thinking to make new window-curtains. Now smile again, and say, 'yes,' and I'll have it made up in a twinkling."

Lilla did smile, kissed Mrs. Moss, and accepted the new dress; but could not yet banish the too endearing thoughts that were wound round the key and the compass.

In the evening Mr. Everard informed her that he was going to take her across the sea to Belgium and elsewhere.

"But is this better than Norway?" said Lilla.

"Yes, it is," said he, "and when there you will tell me so."

The next morning Lilla accompanied Mr. Everard to the Catholic chapel, where, after eleven months' suspension from all Catholic privileges, she once more heard Mass. She was then taken into the parlour of the chapel-house, where, after waiting a few minutes, they were joined by the Reverend Mr. Conway the Celebrant, followed by Father Duogo. "Oh," cried Lilla, "happy

thoughts are now coming into my mind of last year!" The conversation which followed confirmed this feeling; and before Lilia left the chapel-house she had arranged to make her confession to Father Duago on the following morning, after which she was to receive once more the adorable Sacrament. All this took place, and on the third day, Mr. Everard, finding her not only calm, but cheerful, left her to the care of Mrs. Moss, and rode over to the vicarage to announce to the parents that Lilia was a Christian and a Catholic, and that henceforth he engaged to adopt her.

It was with difficulty that Mr. Everard could find the smallest space in Mrs. Sinclair's mind to insert "Lilia's affair." Emma's proposed marriage had brought to light an engagement of Susan's, which she had concealed for nearly two years, and after upbraiding and fainting, Mrs. Sinclair had forgiven the delinquent and her lover, a young lawyer in Elverton, and the double marriage was to take place in November. Then followed the subject of Oxford, the boys, the bishop, and the tutor; so that, although Mr. Everard had three times pronounced the name of Lilia, he was each time interrupted by, "Excuse me, Sir, but I was just going to mention, &c.," till driven at last into one of his fits of desperation, he started up, and exclaimed, "I will not excuse you, Madam, nor your cursed partiality! Your daughter Lilia had been dead—"

"Dead!" shrieked Mrs. Sinclair. "When? How?"

"Had been dead for sixteen years, and passed from death to life last year by other care than yours. She was dead in original sin, and was then baptised and made a

Catholic; and from this day I adopt her, equally with the other, whom I do not name. Whether she become a wife or a nun, she will receive her portion from me.

Mrs. Sinclair, who was hoping for portions for Susan and Emma, did not venture any reply but thanks, and Mr. Everard sat down again, and informed her that he intended to take Lilia abroad, and to place her where her happiness and spiritual education would be the best secured. "I shall write a few lines to Edmund," said he, "and perhaps may ride over here again before we start." Thus ended the long-dreaded announcement to the parents, now performed under such favourable circumstances that it had scarcely affected any nerves but his own.

On Mr. Everard's return to his home he found Lilia busily employed for Mrs. Moss in picking raspberries for preserves: but after eating a great many he sauntered on to an arbour, and called to Lilia to join him, which she had scarcely done when she was attracted by a beautiful bush of blush-roses which grew at the entrance of the arbour, and to which she directed Mr. Everard's attention. "For," said she, "have you never remarked, Sir, that it is seldom a blush-rose is perfect; there is so often a worm within or a blight over it, while these seem all to have escaped?" As Lilia stooped over the rose-bush, and then, feeling rather tired, sat kneeling beside it, inspecting the flowers, Mr. Everard contemplated the picture before him with the more affection and admiration from the claim he had now given the living flower to his paternal care. "Lily," said he, "can you find me some points for meditation in what you have just remarked of the blush-rose?"

"I would much rather listen to your points, Sir," replied Lillia; "for I am sure that you have already found them."

"Why," said he, "I have always considered the blush-rose to be as fit an emblem of innocence as the lily; but I had not remarked, as you have done, the worm and the blight. These we may look upon as sin within, from an evil nature, and sin without, from temptation; and if you will pluck a sufficient number now to make a garland for your hair, I shall be reminded perhaps to finish the meditation after dinner; for I perceive John now bringing me the cross-country post-bag, which will occupy me till then."

Lillia immediately commenced to pluck and weave a garland of roses, buds and leaves, with the graceful and poetical taste so natural to her; and was rewarded for her prompt obedience by receiving from Mr. Everard, directly she had placed the garland on her head, a letter from her brothers just arrived in the identical country post-bag.

The principal part of the hurried letter was from Harry, announcing the safe arrival of the pocket-compass, and a few lines from Frederick stating that he did not send back the key, as he concluded the box had been opened long since, and that he "would keep the key for poor Lill's sake!" The postscript, which was dated "on board the yacht," was "We are both very happy, hurrah!" therefore the tears which had started to Lillia's eyes were gilded with the reflected sunshine of their happiness, and she had soon to make her own little preparations again for travelling; for the dinner was scarcely com-



cluded, and Lilla ready for the expected meditation on the blush-roses, when Father Duogo and another gentleman, dressed like himself, came on confidential business to Mr. Everard, and Lilla, after receiving the blessing of the former, withdrew. In about an hour Mrs. Moss was desired to get everything in readiness to travel to Dover on the following day; thence to cross to Ostend, and on to Bruges by railroad. "There," added he, "we must part from our little girl, but you need not tell her so. She is to proceed with some religious ladies to Rome."

It was then early in August, and admirable weather for the Norway excursion, but rather penitential, thought Mr. Everard, to travel south. "However," said he, "it is always fresh, if not cold, up the Rhine, which is the way they have been advised to travel, and then I conclude they will cross to the Rhone at Lyons, and go down that river to Avignon, and get on the Mediterranean at Marseilles, and not land till they reach Civita Vecchia; so that nearly the whole way will be by water. The best method for religious women. And Moss," added he, "find where Lilla is, and look well at the garland she has on her head. If you can get such a one anywhere before we part, buy it and bring it to me."

"Do you mean real flowers, sir, or artificial?" inquired Mrs. Moss.

"Alas!" replied he, "they must be the latter, as more enduring. And tell Lily, if she has any time to spare, to come to sing to me, with her little harp, for it is her last evening at Burnleigh."

When arrived at Dover, Lilla for the first time beheld the ocean; and, knowing nothing of the broader waves

of the Atlantic, gazed in admiration on those of the British Channel, and felt all the wonder and awe which she had expected in watching the limits beyond which the waters of the mighty deep dare not advance.

"The thought of God! The work of God!" she exclaimed, and then remained in silence, which was interrupted only by a return to the hotel for refreshments; for that same evening they went on board the steamer: and the light breeze which had improved the majestic appearance of the sea in the earlier part of the day having lulled, Lillia remained on deck during the passage, feeling no inconvenience but hunger, and alternately thinking of her brothers (also sailing on the ocean), and of the sublime expanse of waters created by the fiat of the Almighty!

At Ostend they eat and slept; and in the morning, after mass, Mr. Everard and Lillia rejoined Mrs. Moss at the hotel, and they entered the steam-train for Bruges--both Mrs. Moss and Lillia finding it very strange to be actually travelling by so easy a transition in another country than their own; and while they were amusing each other by recounting their various impressions by sea and land, Mr. Everard silently recalled his earlier days of travel in the Low Countries, and the historical and stirring events in which they had been so prolific. Bruges, Liege, and Ghent he was especially glad to revisit, and as he drew near the former city and recognised the old masses of heavy architecture, which he would not have lightened by an inch, he nearly forgot the purpose of his present visit, and that more of emotion awaited

him at Bruges, then even consigning the young Lilia into other hands.

After having shown Lilia the principal architectural wonders of the city, he informed her that she would that evening proceed towards Cologne on the Rhine, in company and under the protection of two religious ladies, who, with a reverend friend and a female servant, were going on business to Rome.

"To Rome!" exclaimed Lilia, following Mr. Everard into the sitting-room of their hotel. "But you are going also, I hope, and Mrs. Moss?"

"No," replied he; "Moss and I must travel back to Old England."

"Oh!" cried Lilia, with a fresh burst of grief, "why am I always to be losing and changing the friends I love?"

"She under whose express care you will be," said Mr. Everard, "cannot be deemed any change from those you love."

"I do not understand you," said Lilia. "Who is this lady?"

Mr. Everard turned away, but as he walked up and down the room, he began to hum the air, "Oh, no, we never mention her."

"Then I know who it is!" cried Lilia, springing towards him. "Just tell me—only tell me, if I am right!" And she whispered in his ear an inaudible name.

"Well, well!" said he, resuming his walk, "perhaps it is she."

"Then, oh! what happiness!" said Lilia, the colour

rushing to her feet. "And who contrived all this? Was it Father Duogo? And am I to be actually travelling up that majestic river, the Rhine—and seeing mountains and cascades, and ruins of castles and abbeys!—and all in the company of her I love best on earth, except Fred and Harry? Oh! how good of you! How good of God!"

Mr. Everard ceased to hum the air, and drew out his handkerchief; which Lilla perceiving, she remained in that silence so full of timid thought to a young person when the sensibilities and mysteries of her elders are being partially disclosed to her.

In about an hour from that time an elderly benevolent looking gentleman entered, who proved to be the English priest come to fetch Lilla to the other hotel, where her religious relative was awaiting her; and Mr. Everard to avoid another parting, told Mrs. Moss and Lilla that perhaps they might meet again at Liege or Cologne; and then himself accompanied the priest and Lilla to the hotel where she was expected.

They mounted two pairs of stairs; the reverend gentleman opened a door and ushered in Lilla, while Mr. Everard waited outside, till hearing a once familiar voice bid her welcome, he hurried away to his own hotel and his own room, where he locked the door for an hour.

On the following morning, having ascertained that the party he wished not to meet, but to follow, had started on the evening intended, Mr. Everard took Mrs. Moss to Liege, Ghent, Brussels, Cologne, up the Rhine to Coblenz, then back again to Cologne and Liege, where he remained a fortnight—this being his favourite of the Flemish

cities. Here he recalled aloud (a practice to which Mrs. Moss was accustomed) all the principal war struggles and doughty deeds of which Flanders had been the scene:—the stout burghers with their several masters, or usurpers from France, England, or Spain; the Duke of Burgundy and his daughter—the magnificent Charles the Fifth—the Governess of the Netherlands—the Duke of Alva—the Counts Maurice, Egmont and Horn, &c.

He also recalled the life of St. Juliana, native of Liege, and heroine in religion of both active and contemplative life: he recounted her spiritual favours, and temporal afflictions and persecutions; and endeavoured to make Mrs. Moss comprehend and appreciate the vision of the moon, with a part wanting to its full circumference—the divine declaration that this signified a festival wanting to the Church—the recluse Eva—the difficulties attendant on establishing the divinely intimated festival of Corpus Christi—the charge of novelty, of innovation; the plea that Maunday Thursday was the old and sufficient day for celebrating the sacramental miracle of love—Juliana, abandoned and upbraided by every one, nearly losing courage—her exiled and wandering life—her mortal end, as a recluse, full of faith in the promises revealed—the canons of Liege—His Holiness Urban the Fourth—St. Thomas of Aquinas, and the sublime office of the most Holy Sacrament—the glorious establishment of the festival of Corpus Domini throughout the whole Church in 1264, and the recognition of sanctity of St. Juliana.

As Mr. Everard, with a French life of St. Juliana in his hand, recounted all the wise and prudent sayings of her persecutors, with the full conviction that theirs was

not the wisdom of the Spirit, but that of which it is said, "Not many wise, not many prudent shall enter the kingdom of heaven," the sudden remembrance of his own sentiments, avowed to Father Duago in connection with a living religious, startled and perplexed him. The cases seemed nearly similar, except that, instead of the mighty work allotted to St. Juliana, his living friend, in consequence of a vision in her cell and other supernatural declarations of God's will, sought but to establish, in one retired convent, the religious institute revealed to her.

"Moss," said he, "I will go home to-morrow. I must speak to Father Duago about an affair of importance, and must get at some papers locked up at home."

"Very well, sir," said Mrs. Moss: "we don't take long preparing; and I do keep thinking a good deal about them preserves."

Accordingly on the following evening they left Liege; and in less than a week Mr. Everard was looking at his papers, and Mrs. Moss at her preserves, in their old home at Burnleigh.

One urgent motive to return home, consequent on the new train of thought suggested to Mr. Everard by the repudiation of the life of St. Juliana was that Father Duago, whose counsels had become necessary to him, might be soon commanded back from Elverton Hall to Stony-hurst; and his first care on returning home was to secure a visit from him.

Father Duago did, in truth, expect very soon to quit Elverton, and the all which, humanly speaking, that mission might have been to him; and was prepared to leave it, if for ever, in the same spirit of detachment from

creatures, which his superiors had already proved when they sent him there. But those who had obtained from the Society the unusual boon of possessing at once a near kinsman, an accomplished scholar, and a devoted priest, were not, like him, indifferent to the change. The lord of the manor, General Carrington, now raised to the peerage as Baron Elverton, a dormant title to which he had long laid claim, had received the private intimation that he was about to be appointed Governor-General of India; and amongst his distant preparations for that honourable exile, had hoped to leave his son, a youth of fourteen, under the care of his maternal uncle, Father Duago, on the estate, to which he wished him to become more attached. Lady Elverton was also, if not more, disappointed. Who could supply Father Duago's place as confessor to those of the household who were to be pensioned and retained at the Hall during the expected five years of absence, especially her faithful Spanish followers, who had made no progress in English? This latter question was not so difficult to determine, as the Society of Jesus, in the humble priest's opinion, could easily send a confessor, understanding Spanish, who would more than supply his place to the household: but respecting his young nephew he did ponder, supplicating Heaven for light to direct him; and at the end of some days he advised Lord Elverton to place his son at the College of Noblemen in Rome.

"In that case," said Lord Elverton, "I will take him there myself. I prefer going overland to India; and Beatrice, and the young ladies accompanying her, have that mode quite at heart. We could also make part of

the journey without tearing asunder the ties of mother and children; as, in the event of my placing Ferdinand in the Roman college, I should probably give Letitia in charge to the accomplished ladies of the Sacred Heart on the Pincian. Do you think well of this arrangement?"

"Indeed I do," replied Father Duago; and the whole plan was therefore determined on by Lord Elverton to the great joy of his lady.

These arrangements had taken place during Mr. Everard's absence in the Netherlands, and Father Duago was now recounting them at Burnleigh, with this additional information, that he had that day received the expected command to leave Elverton Hall within the month; but that, instead of his destination being Stonyhurst, he was to repair to Rome to conduct the studies in the "Collegio Nobile," in association with the other professed Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

"You knew all this, you sly Jesuit!" cried Mr. Everard; "so, not content with depriving me of yourself, you have wiled away every one else to Rome."

"How can that be?" said Father Duago quietly, "when the arrangements for the family at the Hall were concluded last week in England, and my personal instructions did not arrive till this morning, and came direct from Rome!"

"Then you knew it supernaturally!" persisted Mr. Everard, "for that I have often suspected. And what a break-up is this! The Abbey—the Hall—the Vicarage—all losing their treasures to me in my old age!"

"Come then yourself to Rome!" said Father Duago;



and, content with having thrown out this suggestion, he passed through the open door into the garden, and drew forth his pocket breviary; leaving Mr. Everard in a state to become more and more nervous, till at last he rang the bell and sent for Mrs. Moss.

"Moss, I am not well!"

"No, Sir, no more you are."

"Well, Moss, what is to be done?"

"Why, Sir, there is the camphor-water—or a cup of good tea?"

"Ha! a cup of good tea—mixed green and black? Yes. Made fresh and quickly—water boiling—cream and new milk."

In a few minutes Mr. Everard was stirring this incomparable tea, and reviving by the very fumes.

"Sit down, Moss: I have something to consult about. We enjoyed our little trip to the Low Countries, did we not?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir," said Mrs. Moss. "It was pleasant to go, and still better to come back. There is nothing like old England!"

"But what is old England—what is life, without those one loves?"

"Very true, Sir—'tis the heart's content makes the house smile."

"But my heart is not content," said he: "every one I love is going."

"Bless me! not every one?" cried Mrs. Moss.

"Why she has left the Abbey Convent!"

"Well, Sir, we knew that long ago."

"And Lily has left the Vicarage!"

"Why, Sir, you took her off yourself!"

"And all the family are going from the Hall!"

"Well, Sir, we've known that these six weeks."

"And Ferdinand and Letitia are to be taken to Rome!"

"Well, Sir, they must be placed somewhere."

"And Father Duago is ordered off also!"

"There are plenty more priests left in England, Sir; and there's plenty more tea, if you will but take another cup."

"No, Moss, it is of no use. What more tea! Oh, yes, of course, more tea;—but I tell you it is useless to present me these dry motives for comfort. There are links and fibres in the heart and mind finer than the most delicate nerves of the body; and there are sympathetic ties and mental relations imperceptibly intertwined into one's very existence, which are to outlive the separation of matter, and to adhere to the soul, both in its superior and sensitive part, in a state of purification and perfection."

Mrs. Moss did not remain to hear all this; she had started off at the "dry motives for comfort," to fetch the other cup of tea: which her master having concluded, he started up, saying, "Well, Moss, I also am off for Rome!"

"Very well, Sir, so I supposed. And when do you go?"

"Why in about a fortnight. And will you go too?"

"Why, Sir, to speak the truth, you are not so young as you have been."

"Very true, Moss."

"And nobody can deny but that you love your cup of tea."

"Most true, Moss."

"And then, Sir, who is to inform you early in the morn

ing what sort of weather it is, so that you may put on either the thick or thin flannels?"

"Ah! well, I see, Moss, that you will come with me."

"Yes, Sir: but I must first speak my mind, Mr. Everard. If you are to be at the expense, Sir, of taking me to Rome, I'll have no wages. And I must further say that, without blame, I might look for the promotion of being considered your friend and companion, and not a servant, if I go so far from my own country. I have saved enough, and I've had a legacy left me—and you have not a truer friend in the world than myself. So here's my mind, Sir."

"And a very good honest mind it is," said Mr. Everard: "so you shall go on your own terms, Mrs. Moss."

"But you need not be changing, Sir, from calling me plain 'Moss.' I want no formality but friendship."

"God bless you! then, Moss, here's my friendship for ever!" And thus was the compact concluded.

CHAPTER VI.

*A pilgrimage to Rome, in faithful years,  
The rescue was from tyranny at home;  
Or penance given, with expiatory tears,  
Or wrapt devotion free, at the Apostle's tomb.*

THE travellers from Vevey had now passed through the valley of the Rhone, and had arrived at Martigni, a place of interest from its being the last town on that route before the ascent of the Alps, and containing the monastery in which reside the Abbot and invalid and convalescent monks from the celebrated one at the top of the Great St. Bernard, the highest pass of the Alps. Here, in the humble church of the monastery, on the morning after their arrival, the four female travellers heard Mass and received the Holy Communion from the Reverend Abbot, and then made their thanksgiving during the Mass of their fellow-traveller, the Rev. Mr. Terrison. They were then hospitably given breakfast; the holy and gracious Father Abbot conversing with them during the repast. He was much interested to find religious women travelling to Rome, and invited the senior lady to a private conference, in which his previous interest increased to a desire personally to benefit them. He desired her to write down on tablets which he presented to her both her religious name and those which she had borne in the world, not only that he might recommend her and her cause to God, but that he might give her letters of re-

commendation to other religious houses that would lie on her route. Great was the consolation given by the holy Abbot to the Nun whom he thus addressed in private conference, and ever-living she knew would be the grateful remembrance of his kindness, especially as the interview terminated in what she felt to be a prophetic announcement to her of the eventual success of her pilgrimage to Rome.

"When all has succeeded," added he, as he gave his parting benediction to them all, "write to me, that I may participate in your holy joy."

Our travellers then bade farewell to Martigni, and began the ascent of the Alps. Their first halt was at Sion, where they delivered, in the sacristy of the Jesuit's beautiful church, the first letter from the Abbot at Martigni. This letter had apparently been written to request for the religious ladies some lines to the Rev. Father-General of the Society in Rome; for a letter to that effect was written, and delivered to them; and the travellers, after entreating afresh for prayers and blessings, continued the ascent of the mountain pass, which they had been assured contained nothing in its admirably cut road that could alarm the most timorous. This account, however, supposed the road to be in good repair, whereas it had been neglected for years; and the reparation which was in the act of taking place, with the old rubbish and tools of the workmen invariably placed for their own convenience on the safe side next the rocks, forced the Vetturino to take the carriage so near the edge, that at three different times, to those seated next the precipice, not an inch could be discerned between them and eternity.

"Oh! Reverend Mother," whispered the younger Religious.

"We shall not die," said the elder, "until we have fulfilled our mission in Rome."

"Ah, this you said in that dreadful storm from London to Ostend," returned the younger Nun, "and you were right: but may Almighty God in his mercy forgive me all my sins! and our Blessed Lady, and Guardian Angels and Patron Saints preserve us on this narrow shelf over that dreadful pit of destruction!"

"May I open my eyes now, Mr. Terrison?" said Lilla.

"No, no—not yet. May the Lord be merciful to us all!" cried he. "Ah! Now this is an awful tempting of the Almighty! Vetturino, Vetturino! let us out, men! Let us walk, for God's sake!"

But the door, as they had proved before, required a particular knack, which secret the Vetturino kept to himself; and he was at that time walking on the safe side of the horses, a little way behind them.

"Misere me Deus secundum misericordiam tuam," began Mr. Terrison: to which penitential psalm the Religious responded; while Lilla kept exclaiming, but in a low tone, "Great and Holy God, to whom I belong by my baptism, and who saved me on the English mountain, save me now, if it be Thy holy will. I believe that in Thy Unity is a divine adorable Trinity. I believe whatever Thou commandest by thy Church. I hope in Thee alone. Oh, if I fall over this precipice, receive my soul. I wish to love you above all that you have created, however beautiful or good. Are we going over now, Reverend Mother? Oh, Lord Jesus, Divine Redeemer, who has

saved me from eternal death, receive my soul! Oh! now we are over—Oh, Jesus, Jesus!”

But the crash which sounded on Lilia's acutely suffering nerves was the opening the stiff door of the carriage; for the Vetturino, or, as he invariably called himself, the “Vetturale,” at length came to know if they were alarmed.

“To be sure we are!” cried Mr. Terrison, putting out both his feet, and struggling down without the steps. “Come out, Miss Lilia, and you too, Lucy, and let the Nuns sit on this side of the carriage. And pray, Vetturino, what is the use of all this space of ground next to the rocks, if you keep the carriage close to the edge of the precipice?”

The Vetturale replied that it was useless to be moving in and out; that they could not always keep by the rocks, on account of the tools and rubbish; therefore it was better to keep on in a straight line. “You will always find,” added he, “that the nearer the edge, the smoother the road, and the horses know that; but they are so accustomed to this pass, that I trust entirely to them, and so I would if it were midnight.” Antonio was, however, very good-natured, and during the next mile walked between the frightful abyss and the horses' heads; while the Reverend Mr. Terrison and his two companions followed the carriage at some distance; and feeling secure of their footing they were enabled to admire both the stupendous work of creation and the ingenious industry of man.

“But we live in times,” said Mr. Terrison, “which make it a difficult matter to surprise any one by engineer-

ing skill. Twenty years ago the tunnels, or, as they call them, 'galleries,' which we shall pass to-morrow, were considered the wonders of this pass; and now we shall probably look at them with the eyes of critics accustomed to artificial roads and tunnels of surpassing workmanship."

Their mid-day halt was Briga, and it was early in the evening when they reached Berisal, which was to be their shelter for the night. They visited therefore the pretty little chapel, and joined mentally in the evening Angelus and Litany of Loretto, said in German by a devout peasant congregation. The neat and picturesque inn was, like the pass of the Simplon, undergoing repairs, and the hot months of July and August had been chosen, being those in which travellers were not expected. There was not therefore sufficient accommodation for the English party of five, and the two Religious divided the night in alternate watch and repose. The elder Nun was the first to bear the fatigue of sitting on an armless chair, while others slept: but she drew a small table near her, on which she leaned. She had whispered to the attendant peasant as she left the room, "What do you call this nearest and highest glacier just before the window?" and the reply had been, "The top of the Simplon."

The Nun extinguished her lamp, and gazed on the white peak of ice, now intensely brilliant in the moonlight. The wearied eyes then closed, and for awhile she slept, and so profoundly, that when at length her uneasy posture roused her, she could not comprehend the fact that she beheld—not the narrow confines and pious ornaments of the hidden cell, but the high Alps, on her long and



anxious pilgrimage to Rome. Yes! her dream had been of cloistral duties and united prayer; but the waking thought must be of lofty, lonely purpose—divorce, for awhile, from all that lovely is of pious sisterhood and fair repute; and her mind found sympathy in the sublime scene before her. She arose and softly opened the casement to inhale the pure midnight air, on that 30th of August, mid the eternal snows. More than ever was she now the child of Providence—more than ever did mystery surround her: and she seemed caught up and fixed in an atmosphere so pure, so high, so rare, so desolate that, like the cold glacier before her, she might never again descend to the smiling sympathies, the joys, the mirth, the kindly look, the loving voice, the flowing tears of the valley. Could she accept that destiny? Yes, if declining years or failing health could assure her of a near passage to the city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But could she accept that destiny now, in the full power of her health and faculties—when the mind was in still more vigorous action, the heart in more earnest feeling than in the earlier years of her womanhood? Yes, if spiritual consolation should abound; if to the cold moonlight of the night's sorrow should succeed the bright sunbeams of the morn—if she could bask and glisten in the celestial smile. But could she accept to be for life a human glacier—into which no sun can penetrate, no dews, no showers can melt—could she accept such dereliction? The Religious shuddered and closed her eyes. But was there a state beyond even this in suffering—and, if so, could she accept that state—could she accept the divine announcement that all previous favours had

been delusions—that she had deceived herself and others—that her state of dereliction was not to purify but to punish—that she had been the victim of satanic art—but that having been so, not in wilfulness but in weakness, her soul was saved; and satisfied with this great boon she was henceforth to be an icy, solitary beacon, pointed out as the great warning to all fervent, generous hearts, of hidden dangers in the mystic life? Could she accept that destiny? The shuddering was succeeded by a chill throughout her whole frame, except the eyes, which were tortured by the glare of that immovable point of ice before her; but she raised them above, to the clear blue vault of Heaven, and exclaimed, "Yes! *if* for Thy greater glory, my Spouse, and my God!"

Two hours on the following morning, winding higher and higher, brought the travellers to the Hospice of the Simplon, where they presented the letter from the Abbot at Martigni; and where, previous to the hospitable breakfast, they had the renewed consolation of Holy Mass and Communion in the noble chapel of the Hospice.

The Reverend Prior, if he did not possess all the calm dignity of his Abbot at Martigni, had his own admirable characteristic of open-hearted benevolence. He showed his guests over all his premises, and condescended to put on for their inspection his full Augustinian choir costume. In the kitchen was one of the far-famed dogs of St. Bernard's Monastery, as good a specimen, in his way, of the "passive sublime," as was the scenery around; and soon he formed part of a picture, in which he appeared quite conscious that he was caressed and admired. The other, and more active form in the picture, was Lilla, who, with

a burst of delight, had thrown herself on her knees, had tossed away her bonnet, and was alternately leaning her head on his back, or winding her arms round his neck.

"Oh," cried she, "if Fred and Harry could but see this real dog! How often have we played at being lost in the snow, and found by this noble creature. Under dry leaves, or hay, lay I; Fred, being the strongest, was the dog, with a bottle of pretended wine round his throat; and Harry was the monk, with his long staff and basket of provisions. Almost all the scrapes and disgraces I fell into with Miss Rigby were owing to Fred, the dog, tearing my frocks. Oh, if they could but see the real dog in his own mountains!—just where he ought to be, the noble fellow! I must send them a lock of his hair, if the Prior will let me cut one off. Mr. Terrison, will you translate for me?"

"Well, indeed," cried Mr. Terrison, "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The lock of a dog's hair! A proper Protestant relic!" and he followed the Reverend Prior and the Religious through the offices and outer door to the grassy enclosure round the Hospice, more or less covered with snow, in which, appearing to be now but a rigid and peaked hillock of ice, was the extreme point of the Simplon.

After taking a grateful farewell of the Reverend Father Prior, and depositing their mite in the poor's box, our travellers began their rapid descent of the mountain, and by the evening had arrived at Duomo d'Ossola. They were now fairly in Italy, and this sufficed to occupy Lillie's thoughts. Here they received the hospitality of a night's lodging and breakfast from a religious commu-

nity devoted to good works, and full of the sweetest and most cordial charity.

The following morning, on leaving the church, they travelled through scenes contrasted to their pass over the Alps, as is the beautiful and verdant to the awful and sublime, and by their resting-hour of noon were edging the lovely banks of the Lago Maggiore, where they stopped with a letter of recommendation from the Abbot of Martigni, at the hospitable villa of the Baroness Bolongaro.

The gracious old lady received them in her bed, where, from extreme debility, she spent the greater part of her time. She was as much interested in her guests as the kind Abbot could have desired; and after conversing with them as long as her weakness would permit, she desired her Reverend Chaplain to show them the chapel and poor-school, and all that might entertain them till the early dinner was served. This reverend gentleman was one of the newly formed religious congregation founded by Signor Rosmini, many of whom are zealously employed in England as missionary priests, and the female branch is also established in England under the title of "Sisters of Providence." Our travellers visited the convent and school of these "Pious Teachers," as all Religious devoted to popular education are termed in Italy; and then, after the repast in the villa, sat by the justly noted lake, grateful for all the mercies that accompanied their journey, and also rendering thanks for those still in store—as the considerate old lady and her Reverend Chaplain were preparing letters for them to deliver to the Mother-Superior of the Visitation Nuns at Arona, and to

the Grey Sisters of the Hospital at Novara, which letters produced all the kindness and cordial hospitality so edifying to the recipients, so full of reward to the dispensers, it being declared by their Divine Spouse to be "more blessed to give than to receive." To the highly-gifted and sympathising Superiores of the Salesians at Arona our elder Religious confided in part the object of her pilgrimage to Rome, and received in return for this confidence the most heartfelt wishes for her success, with the promise of a continued remembrance in her prayers. Like the Reverend Abbot at Martigni, this sweet Religious entreated that, when successful, the English pilgrim would write to her, that she also might rejoice and return thanks.

But it was with the Grey Sisters at Novara that Lilla was in full enjoyment. She could not yet understand their language, nor they hers, but she loved them directly, and they loved her. Every part of that admirable establishment interested her feelings; she almost determined to be a Grey Sister, and nurse the sick and dying; and at the parting, kissed and wept as if she had spent her life amongst them. Nor was Lilla the only one to love and admire the Hospitallers of Novara; they will ever be gratefully remembered by all the pilgrim party to Rome.

CHAPTER VII.

Enter the fold, thou playful lamb !  
Thy mother is bleating loud .  
Run to the shelter of thy dam,  
The thunder is in the cloud

The faithful dog his warning-bark  
And serious course has made ;  
Haste ! say the wolf lies in the dark  
Of yonder covert shade.

And now there was but one night more in prospect, and they would reach Genoa—the far-famed Genoa; they would see the Mediterranean. The country had become flat and uninteresting ever since Novara—the Rev. Mr. Terrison longed for a railroad, and Lilla found nothing in exterior objects to amuse her, except the graceful head-dresses of the female peasants.

"I find it a great relief to have no more beautiful scenes to contemplate," said Sister Mary Agnes, the younger Nun: "human nature is so prone to look out, instead of within, and I am so weak."

"But, Sister Agnes," said Lilla, "does not the sublime and beautiful raise the soul to God?"

"When that is the case," replied Sister Agnes, modestly addressing, and believing herself heard by Lilla alone, "it must be profitable; and Almighty God conducts souls by such different means, that we can never venture to pronounce for others."

"But even for yourself, Sister Agnes—surely you love

God more and more at every fresh display of his wonderful creation?"

"I loved Him as much in our little cell," said the young Nun.

"And what could you see from your window?"

"I could see nothing. It was placed so high that our Oratory was beneath it, with the crucifix, and other remembrances of all that He had done for my soul. This was sufficient."

"Pray, Miss Lilla," said Mr. Terrison, who was resting his eyes, but had not been asleep, "did it ever happen to you to be taken to some show—call it 'Cosmorama,' or what you will—where you had to wait in some dull, gloomy room till it was your turn to have a peep, and then you could have staid there all day: it was no longer dull and gloomy? So it is with these good Nuns: they have each got a peep at something better than even the wonders of creation;—so the mystery becomes explained of Why they love their cell, in which they get this private peep oftener than elsewhere."

"Oh," cried Lilla, "I know what you mean! It is the contemplation of God himself!—his truth, his wisdom, his goodness, his love! These are superior to his creation—they are increate. They are his divine essence, which it would be sufficient for his own happiness always to contemplate: and yet He is so full of love that He has created man, and is his Providence. This I have been long taught by Mr. Neston, my brothers' tutor."

"He taught you very well. But did he teach you no more?" said Mr. Terrison.

"No: but my own father taught me in his evening

exhortations and Sunday sermons, that I can do no good, and can expect no salvation, but through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Very admirable, also," said Mr. Terrison. "But did he teach you no more?"

"Never," said Lilia: "therefore I blended the instructions of the two in my own way; and until last year considered the Lord Jesus Christ to be an inferior intelligence—neither God nor man, but a most mysterious being, full of love and goodness, and, as Mr. Neston terms Him, 'the holy founder of the Christian system.' Last year the Reverend Chaplain of Elverton Hall taught me that our Lord Jesus Christ was that very God whose truth, wisdom, goodness, love, and other attributes had been distinctly taught me; and that the mystery of his life on earth did not consist in his being a little more than man and a little less than God, but in his being both in their utmost perfection. He taught me also who is the Holy Ghost, whom I had looked upon as an inferior intelligence, and the bearer from God of holy thoughts, like the angels. Now I know that He is God; and I have learned every thing respecting the angels, and their great concern and interest for me. What happiness to be at length amongst them! and how glad I am that the fallen angels chose evil, and have made room for me, and Fred, and Harry, and Reverend Mother, and all those I love, to be born, and go to Heaven."

"You must not be glad of evil," said Mr. Terrison, "nor rejoice in the sin of an angel, for your own advantage; but you may and ought to rejoice that Almighty



God has overruled that evil, and brought forth greater good than if that evil had not been committed."

"Are you not delighted that you were born, Mr. Terrison?" said Lilla.

Mr. Terrison, who all his life had had to struggle with great physical depression, and dread of death, replied with a sigh, "I am bound to thank God for his free gift of life, and bound to employ it in his service."

"You sigh, Reverend Sir—you sigh!" cried Lilla. "But, oh, what joy to exist from nothing!—to know, to love, to serve God; and to have our places all prepared for us where we shall contemplate his perfections for ever!"

"If we be faithful to his grace," said Mr. Terrison. "But I conclude you have been further taught that Almighty God, when he created man, gave him also his free choice of good and evil, and that, like the fallen angels, he chose evil?"

"Yes," said Lilla. "But it is useless, Mr. Terrison, for the Devil to pretend to make mischief. You see, that when he chose evil and tempted away the other angels, God created man; and when he tempted away man, God himself, in human flesh, came to fetch him back, and make him happier than ever! So I really wonder the Devil attempts any more schemes against God."

"Yet, as long as the world shall last," said Mr. Terrison, "the Devil will lay his traps to catch souls; and God permits this."

"Why does God permit it?" inquired Lilla.

"Because," replied Mr. Terrison, "until the end of

time God leaves man his choice of good or evil. He has repaired, and more than repaired, the mischief done when Adam sinned, because the human nature of man in the person of Jesus Christ, our Divine Redeemer, is already, since the day of his Ascension, exalted far above even the good angels, and this must mortify the Devil to the very quick. But still, man must be punished for having sinned—punished in the evil inclinations of his nature, and punished by the many temptations that surround him, even in things harmless, or even in themselves good, because he is prone to love them too much, and to forget God—to love the gifts more than the giver—to love the creature more than the Creator. Now, here is this Fred, and this Harry, whom you are always remembering and quoting—they are very good boys, I dare say, and you do right to love them; but I fear that you think of them oftener than you do of God, and if you think of them oftener, you love them better; and if you love them better they are your idols, or false gods; and your delight in the perfections of the Deity, and in the contemplation of his attributes, are just a string of fine sentences which you can repeat from the lectures of your tutor."

"Oh!" cried Lillia, the blood rushing to her face, and the tears to her eyes, "my Fred and Harry false gods!"

"Yes," said Mr. Terrison, "and the great dog, too, with his lock of hair!"

"Don't mind his Reverence, Miss Lillia," whispered Lucy; "he is trying not to smile behind his Office book."

"Reverend Mother," cried Mr. Terrison, "here is this Lucy not keeping custody of eyes! She will never do for a Lay Sister! she is peeping into my corner."

"Oh, Lucy," said Lilia, "I know that he is only joking about the dog! But he is in earnest about Fred and Harry—and I cannot help thinking about them; and I cannot help loving them. Oh, Mr. Terrison, what am I to do?"

"Do this," replied he:—"every time you mention them, and every time that you find your thoughts much occupied with them, make an act of the love of God, saying, 'My God, I desire to love thee above all creatures!' And then do something for your brothers' souls, by saying, 'My God, give them grace to become great Saints.' Why, we have Saints Fabian and Sebastian, Saints John and Paul, Saints Cosmas and Damian, Saints Gervase and Protase—and why not Saints *Free* and *Harry*?"

"Yes, I will do exactly as you tell me," said Lilia, recovering her spirits as she looked on the benevolent countenance of Mr. Terrison. "Indeed, it will greatly console me to feel that I can be really useful to them, and in a manner that brings me near to them again. As the great God is boundless, and fills all creation, they are in Him, and I am in him, even now. Besides, we have all three been baptized, and our souls belong to Him: but if my praying for them causes God to think of them and of me at the same moment, then we are reflected all three together on the mirror of the memory of the Divinity, and we meet thus in God."

"Who taught you this idea?" said Mr. Terrison.

"No one," replied Lilla; "it has just come into my mind. May it stay there? I suppose it may, for God is the creator of ideas. They were not pre-existent to him—that was an error of Plato's."

"This is a very odd girl!" whispered Mr. Terrison to Sister Agnes,— "at once so childish and so profound." Then addressing Lilla: "God is the creator of all things visible and invisible, therefore he is the creator of ideas; but God is all perfection, and truth is one of his attributes, therefore he creates only those ideas that are true. When you conceived that idea, on which I do not pronounce, of those distant on earth, if praying for each other, being reflected together on the mirror of the memory of God, and so being re-united, was it not in consequence of some previous metaphysical conversation held with some one?"

"I think it was," replied Lilla; "but not lately. It is nearly a year ago that Father Duago taught me the doctrine of the Trinity in the Unity of God. He then said that God's contemplation of his own perfection was not a barren abstraction, but a fruitful production, for that the perfect image of Himself was the instantaneous consequence. I then thought of a mirror, which perfectly reflects the original object; but I knew that the perfect image of God's perfection, being a fruitful production, was a real Divine Person, and therefore a mirror is but a very imperfect comparison; however, it has often occurred to me for want of a better. I further learned at that time that the mutual love of these two Divine Persons produced instantaneously a third Divine Person; so that the Divinity has contained from all eternity three

Persons—all holy, wise, and powerful, one as the other—God being in three parts."

"That last expression is your own, I conclude!" said Mr. Terrison.

"Yes," replied Lilia. "When I think that God has chosen to be in three parts, I find it easier to understand the equality of his Trinity."

"Perhaps the expression 'God is in three parts' may be admissible," said Mr. Terrison; "but you must be careful not to say that God is *divided* into three parts, for the Church adores the holy and undivided Trinity."

"To return to my praying for Fred and Harry," said Lilia: "I believe that God always remembers them, for He has not a memory that can fail like a mortal's. Whether I pray for them or not, they are in the memory of God, and I am in his memory, whether I behave well or ill; but when that thought entered my mind of our being closely reunited in the memory of God, it gave me great joy, as if we should be all three more beloved by Him in those moments, and therefore more distinctly represented, as if in a mirror held before Him—for he would then see and love that part of us which is himself; for you know that his divine virtue flowed into our souls at our baptism, therefore we are not only in Him, but he is in us."

"That is supposing always," said Mr. Terrison, "that neither of you have forfeited that divine virtue by admitting sin into your soul. Remember what we have been speaking of respecting the choice of good and evil. If, in expelling original sin, baptismal grace prevented the power of actual sin, every baptized person would be

secure of eternal bliss; whereas it is only when a person has died too young to have had the mental power of choosing evil, that we are warranted in believing that, without the aid of any other sacrament, his soul has returned immediately to his Creator, as to his original destination: for God created the soul of man for his love and service; and if the soul, in her free will, makes any other choice, she departs from her holy destination, and the Devil looks out for her to become his for ever."

"Oh, dreadful! dreadful!" cried Lilia. "What is to be done?"

"Why, as Almighty God accepts the soul under two conditions only—innocence or penitence—if she have lost the former, she must embrace the latter; and may rest assured that if she do so truly, humbly, generously, she will find that her penitential state has woven round her the wedding-garment, which will admit her to the nuptial feast of the Eternal King."

"But it is better to remain innocent," said Lilia.

"Far better," responded Mr. Terrison.

"Then I will remain innocent!" cried Lilia, quite unconscious of the smile which curled round Mr. Terrison's mouth, and was reflected by Sister Agnes and Lucy.

"I promised Almighty God, and Father Duago, at the Lake of Geneva, that I would never choose evil!"

Nearly a year had, however, passed since then, during which she had approached the sacred tribunal of Confession—twice to Father Duago, and oftentimes to the Reverend Mr. Terrison, with whom alone now lay the knowledge of how far, in the sight of God, she was still "the Lily of the Valley."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Hast thou e'er glided by the pure star-lights  
 Along the shores of Italy and France;  
 In all the splendour of those southern nights,  
 When memory and fears are hushed perchance?  
 Thou hast enjoyed—Oh! wonderful as rare,  
 Some pleasant moments in a world of care!

AFTER one more day of travelling, our English party entered again into mountain scenery; and at length began the descent into Genoa, and beheld the Mediterranean.

"Oh, is it possible!" exclaimed Lilia. "Do I actually behold the classical Mediterranean, that contains Scylla and Charibdis, and so many—many remembrances! Oh! if—My God, I desire to love thee above all creatures!—but if Fred and Harry were but here! My God, give them grace to become great Saints! And the opposite coast is Africa—wonderful! Another quarter of the globe, where in ancient times stood Carthage, the great rival to Rome, and still containing Alexandria and Hyppo, cities of the early Saints—Cyprian, and Athanasius, and Augustine. Oh, what happiness! And then, for beautiful Genoa itself there are historical and pious records, for there was the great Admiral Doria, and there was Saint Catharine of Genoa, with many more in each class of greatness. Oh! Lucy, are you not glad to see famous Genoa?"

Lucy smiled and gave a little private nod, but she would not commit herself before her present company

by owning that she did admire very much, not only the fine winding road, and the majestic city and harbour beneath, but also the graceful attire of the Genoese women.

"We have bid farewell," said the Reverend Mr. Terri-son, "to Italian hospitality; it is a virtue that belongs not to cities. At any rate, if there be such good souls in Genoa as to shelter religious pilgrims, I know them not; so I must be content to lodge you all with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Tea, and if you can get the top floor you will be quiet enough. They are modest and pious people."

This plan was put into execution; and in an hour Lilia found herself perched at a giddy height overlooking the harbour, with the chained galley-slaves immediately beneath her.

Here they were detained nearly a week, as the vessels did not leave the harbour till the first of September. The respectful master of the house did not appear; but his gentle young wife, who spoke English, brought her infant and sat with them as often as she could spare time, seeming to delight in the repose she found in that suite of rooms, to the more stirring parts of the house.

The magnificent Annunciata was their nearest, and constantly frequented church. There they first heard the popular "Tantum ergo" of Italy, which at that time seemed a holy confusion, in which no tune was ever to be distinguished, but which at length in the Roman churches, by dint of repetition, vindicated its claim to be an ancient air, and grew in their affection. Mr. Terri-son took Lilia and Lucy to see the other churches and inst-



tutions of the city, especially pointing out to them the scene of the active religious labours of Saint Catherine of Genoa.

On the evening of the 1st of September our travellers entered the fine vessel called the "Ercolano," and gratefully thanking the zealous pair, who had saved them every petty expense and annoyance from porters and boatmen, they bade farewell to Genoa by the same bright moon that had shone on the top glacier of the Simplon, but which now, sinking in the far west, only lasted to give its parting beams to the beautiful city, seen to its greatest effect from the water. To the moon succeeded a starlight which left them nothing to regret—such a starlight as the younger ones of the party had never witnessed. Lilla drew near to the two Nuns, and found them repeating in a low voice,—

"Hail, Queen of Heaven! the ocean's Star,  
Guide of the wanderer here below;  
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care;  
Save us from peril and from woe.  
Mother of Christ! Star of the Sea,  
Pray for the wanderer—pray for me."<sup>o</sup>

Lilla now sat in silence—a silence more full of enjoyment than the most eloquent expressions could have bestowed. She held in her hand the rosary cross suspended from the girdle of the Religious by whom she sat—that being whom she loved as much, though with more awe and mystery than she loved her brothers, and who at times seemed to possess the power of expelling from her memory the image of every creature but herself. This had arisen from the early halo cast around the elder

<sup>o</sup> Translation by the Rev. Dr. Lingard of the "Ave Maria Salve."

relative, by the approval, the admiration, the imitation of that gifted and prosperous being, by all those who surrounded and could influence the tender age of Lilla. Then had followed a particular notice of herself, which had filled the heart of the neglected child with a devotion of gratitude and love so impetuous, that, when summoned from time to time to be the companion of the Recluse Lady of the Hall, Lilla would willingly leave for a week or more the studies and games of the Vicarage, to move silently through stately deserted rooms, conservatories, flower-gardens, where not a sound was heard; and to gaze over a vast undulating park, where the deer seemed to gain courage from the silence around, and would often leave the sweeping branches of the beech-trees, and the tangled retreats of the copse-wood, to browse near the lawn, from which the park was divided only by a sunken fence. Had Lilla then been questioned whether she would not rather have had her brothers with her, she would undoubtedly have answered "Yes;" but as the possibility had never occurred to her, she was as perfectly happy in her life at the Hall as in that of the Vicarage, and so easily passed from one contrasted life to the other that her identity could hardly have been recognised. At the Vicarage, from its confined space, all was in social contact; the Greek and Latin murmuring of the boys mingling with the sounds in an opposite direction of the music or dancing lessons of the girls, and not unfrequently of the nursery plaints or ditty; while friendly visitors, pariah business, and indigent suppliants, kept up the stir and hum of a beehive. At the Hall it would have been more difficult to discover how the numerous domestic

and retainers, and the whole routine of life were conducted. Liberal charities were dispensed; horses and carriages came to the entrance of the Hall or flower-garden, and were employed; repasts were served in the allotted apartments, and were eaten: all was in the most perfect order, the most finished taste, the most noble scale of household private government: and this hidden silent working of a great machine contributed not a little to the mystery and respect with which Lilia was inspired by her visits to the Manor Hall.

There had been great intervals between these visits. After the longest of these intervals, Lilia had not only to re-enter her former mode of life, as companion to the Recluse Heiress, but to acquire some new habits. She had then to kneel morning and evening by her widowed cousin in the private chapel—to join every week in the united prayers of the household for the repose of the soul of a certain "Eustace de Grey," whom Lilia but faintly remembered—to learn the Latin chaunts and litanies, and to listen to music of the Mass, sung with such touching emotion by the Recluse, that, young as she was, Lilia's musical genius and feeling heart were moved to a sensibility she could not comprehend.

Then came another pause in their intercourse. Lilia heard the unguarded speech, or the confidential whisper, and learned by degrees that the Lady of the Manor Hall, in whom were supposed to centre the two rival properties of the Carringtons and the De Greys, had left her home to become a Nun!—that her father had been privately married for years to a Spanish lady of high rank—that a son was born to the estate of Elvarton—that the Abbey

Ruin was henceforth to contain not only the chapel and priest's house, but also a convent of Sisters of Mercy, and to afford a religious shelter to the founder's widow as a humble Sister of the Order.

It was at this period that Lilia was transferred from the governess to the tutor; and being forbidden all intercourse with a Catholic, who, though endurable as heiress of the Manor, had proved herself extravagant enough to become a Nun, Lilia only heard of her beloved cousin by accident or stealth, till, after ascertaining that she had fulfilled her noviciate and taken the vows, and returned from the Noviciate Convent to the Abbey Ruin, Lilia heard no more.

Three years of silence were then succeeded by the intelligence that the awful superstition of the "Perpetual Adoration" was to be established in the Abbey Convent. After some months this rumour was negatived, and an audible whisper fell on Lilia's ear that Lady de Grey had removed from the convent—no one knew where, nor wherefore. And even now Lilia knew not "where nor wherefore;" but, as she sat by her who had never instilled into her young mind and heart but principles of the loftiest, purest nature, and whose every action had hitherto proved that these pure and lofty principles were the guide of her life, Lilia required no details nor explanations to trust, to sympathize, to approve, to ardently wish success to the present pilgrimage to Rome.

The Reverend Mr. Terrison now drew near the little group, and seated himself next to Lilia, saying, "Have you yet learned, Miss Lilia, to paint?"

"No," replied she: "Mr. Everard would not permit

me to paint until I could send him an original drawing without a fault of proportion or perspective. The last drawing, however, did please him, and he said that after I should have been a few weeks in Rome, I was to request Reverend Mother to inquire for a master for me. But why, Reverend Sir, do you ask?"

"Because," replied Mr. Terrison, "there are some fine effects of light and deep shadows, which the admirers of Salvator Rosa or of Rembrandt would like to store up in their memory. I mean those figures already seated at the empty supper-table, here on deck, with the lanterns glaring on part only of each head. Look! what a fine effect is given to that Capuchin friar, and to the old man who is serving. Can you remember such effects?"

"I think I shall be able," said Lilla, "for to-morrow morning I can make a memorandum of those lights and shadows with the black chalks I have in my travelling desk."

"And a very good way," said Mr. Terrison. "It is the custom of the best artists to sketch off in this 'chiaro oscuro,' before hazarding the coloured picture."

"But," added Lilla, "will you not like better, Sir, to secure the effect yourself? I can get you beautiful chalks and leather stumps to-night, if I may go into the cabin with Lucy."

"No, no," said Mr. Terrison, laughing; "it is many years since I have done anything but criticise, which is easy enough."

"Pray, Reverend Father," said Sister Agnes, "are we to sit at that long table, with all those strange men?"

"Yes," replied he; "but I have arranged for you as I did at Strasburgh, where they could not give us a sepa-

rate table. We shall be at one end, you and your Reverend Mother will face each other, and a Roman priest, whom I recognised on first coming on board, will sit like myself, between the world and the cloister."

After the supper, during which Lilia and Lucy, despite their hunger, took a few peeps along the table at the lights and shadows, the four female travellers retired to a square little cabin, where they said their night-prayers, and entered their respective berths to sleep or watch through a night of suffocating heat and constraint.

In the morning the vessel entered the port of Leghorn, and the Religious were surprised to find that, although they had intended to remain all day in their cabin, they must encounter the fatigue and expense, like the rest of the passengers, of going in a boat to the quay, and of spending nearly the whole day in Leghorn. This was at first a great annoyance.

"We must resign ourselves, however," said the elder Religious, "to what is ordered for us. There are churches, and perhaps this letter, given me by the English banker at Genoa, may prove useful to us. It is addressed to the Rev. Father Giorni, a Monk of the same Order as his present Holiness Pope Gregory. I have also another letter to the same Religious, from our late kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tea."

"Very well," said Mr. Terrison. "If the old Monk can take care of you two Nuns all day, I shall be much obliged to him, for I have a great fancy to treat our two young Seculars to a sight of Pisa."

"Oh, the leaning tower of Pisa!" cried Lilia.

Accordingly, through all the usual clamour and com-

petition of boatmen, Mr. Terrison got his little party safely on shore, and took them to the hotel, where, at the back of the ground-floor, the Reverend Father Giorni, the monk of Camaldoli, had his temporary rooms. The letters were sent in to him, and, before it was supposed possible to have read them, the vivacious and affectionate old man entered, extending his open arms to them, in the long white habit of his Order.

It was soon ascertained that the Rev. Mr. Terrison might set off by railroad with his two young companions to Pisa; but first they must all have breakfast at Father Giorni's sole expense. This treat was from his weekly allowance sent to him during his absence from his monastery: after which, with all the eager attention and clear perception retained from his former career as a lawyer, he listened to the chief object of the elder Nun's pilgrimage to Rome. The good old Monk took the most lively interest in her success, and spent the next two hours in writing letters for her to Rome, and in giving her a long private paper of instructions how to proceed, and whom to interest, at the commencement of her laborious undertaking. Before the present dedication of himself to God Father Giorni had been a husband and a father, and he took a still greater interest in the religious lady before him, from her reminding him of his only daughter, also a Religious, and Foundress, after many obstacles, of a religious institute in Genoa. After finishing all his writings, during which he had exacted a rigorous silence, Father Giorni showed them a gift from His Holiness of his own likeness in cameo; and then, with the greatest simplicity, changed his cowl and scapular be-

fore them, and took them to see the principal churches of Leghorn, and the then celebrated quarter of the Jews, who, from their restrictions elsewhere, were considered to live comparatively in a paradise in the free port of Leghorn. The winding up of Father Giorni's day of benevolence was, on the return of the trio from Pisa, consigning the four female travellers, with an effusion of tenderness, into the care of his dear friend Monsignor Lenti, who that very evening, and by the same vessel, was returning from Leghorn by Civita Vecchia to Rome. Monsignor accepted the special transfer of the two Religious with the cordial benignity of his nature, and ever after proved that he had undertaken the charge in deed and in truth. He was, however, obliged to rejoin his own party, and our friends returned to the Ercolano as they came, in a little tossing boat which, from the increased swell in the harbour, threatened now to dip under the large vessel, and now to leap on her deck.

"Oh, this is worse than the Simplon!" shrieked the three young ones.

"I tell you what," cried Mr. Terrison, equally alarmed, "that if you young people all skip out directly we touch the ladder, it is all over with Reverend Mother Paula and myself—we must inevitably dip into the water. Mary Agnes, I am ashamed of you! We must go out alternate sides."

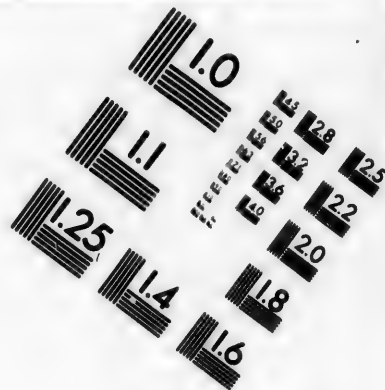
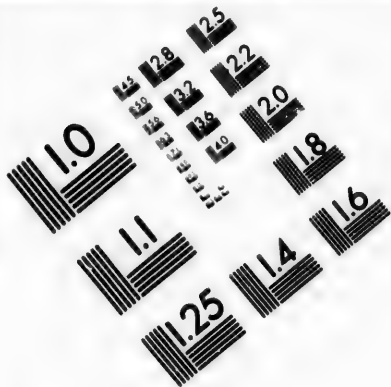
"Go you out first, Sir," exclaimed Lucy: "you are too heavy for so small a boat."

"O, no! do not go out first, Sir!" cried Sister Agnes, "you keep it steady."

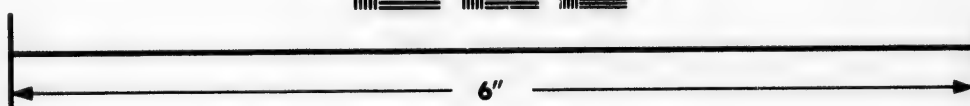
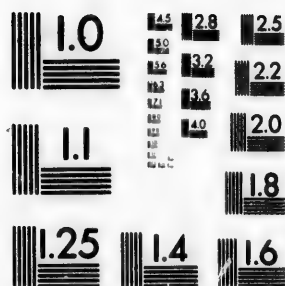
Sister Agnes was right: directly the Reverend Gen







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tleman had stepped on the ladder, off danced the boat, leaving him conscience-stricken on the steps. Another wave, however, brought it back, and it was fastened to the ladder until the elder Religious followed the rest to the deck.

During that evening, their new friend Monsignor Lenti crossed oftentimes from his own party to converse with them, and on the following morning the two groups partially mingled, and our travellers became personally acquainted with the pious and charitable Baroness Grassoli, of whose good works they afterwards heard much in Rome, and whose death, consistent with her life, took place a few months after. Lilia looked with interest at this, to her, first specimen of a Roman matron, and the sound fell pleasingly on her ear, when the Baroness, in explaining that she had merely, with her husband and son, visited Leghorn, and was not a native of that place, added with something of conscious dignity, "Sono Romana!"

And now, behold them arrived in Civita Vecchia, and within the Papal States! A few more hours, and our pilgrims will be in Rome. The last day's journey was performed in company with a Franciscan Friar, who had eyed them with great good-will during the last two days, and who reported himself to be Father Giacinto, one of the Confessors attached to Saint John Lateran.

"If you will come to that church," said he, "on any Friday, and inquire for me by my name at the sacristy, I shall be fetched to you; and if I can be of any service you may command me."

As they drew near to the great city, Father Giacinto

pointed out to Mr. Terrison, who had not been there for some years, the progress of the re-erection of St. Paul's, which had been destroyed by fire, till Lilia, in her impatience to see the dome of St. Peter's, interrupted them, and the Friar promised to tell her the instant it could be discerned. In the meantime she amused herself with the lizards sporting on the scorched sand-banks of the roadside; till, suddenly remembering all the deep and earnest thoughts which must, during this last stage, be concentrated in the mind of her Religious Guardian, Lilia gently raised her veil, but as instantly dropped it, and her little sentence of fond sympathy was postponed, for she felt that she could not interrupt the state of wrapt devotion which had rendered the Religious insensible to the details of the journey.

"There! Signorina," said the Friar at length, "there is our far-famed dome!" and Lilia, with an exclamation of surprise, beheld in the distance, in truth a vast dome, and nothing more, as if in a desert of its own, reposing on the verdure. She felt disappointed, because she had expected to see Rome, or at any rate the temple of St. Peter's.

"It is only in consequence of its immense elevation," said Padre Giacinto, "that you see the dome at all from this road: the entrance to Rome from Civita Vecchia is the least favourable. However, you will so far be indemnified for entering Rome by the Borgo, that you will actually pass the colonnades of St. Peter's."

All this was fulfilled in another two hours; and Lilia, Lucy, and even Sister Agnes, looked out of one window, then out of another, feeling strange sensations at being

in Rome, and actually passing St. Peter's! Padre Giacinto had now left them.

"Do you know where you are, Madam?" said Mr. Terrison to the silent and immovable Religious beside him.

"Perfectly," was the reply: "and if you can say Mass to-morrow, remember my necessities, and the great work to which I am called."

"I do hope to say Mass to-morrow morning," replied he, "and to say it here at the tomb of the Apostles. I am too uncertain of the time to propose your assisting personally—but I never forget you."

The Religious replied, "Thanks be to God!"

## CHAPTER IX.

"Oh! pilgrim, why goest thou weeping alone,  
To a tomb, where with fasting an I prayer  
Thou dost honour a shrine of but dust and of bones?  
The spirit and soul are not there.

"Go! go, with the blue vault of Heaven above,  
To make thy cause known to the Saint;  
For there, from the regions of light and of love,  
He will hearken, and succour thy plaint."

"Not so, for the Saint o'er these bones and this dust  
E'er hovers, his aid to bestow  
On the pilgrim who honours his relics, in trust,  
Their soul will protect him below."

Our travellers had entered Rome on the 3rd of September, the month there dedicated to commemorate the most precious Blood of our Lord. On the following morning, after a Mass and Communion of Thanksgiving at the nearest church, the two Religious and their young companions began, in devout silence, their pilgrimage on foot to St. Peter's tomb. The Reverend Mr. Terrison had commanded that it should not be performed barefoot, and obedience being better than sacrifice, they added no austerities to the fatigue of so long a walk, fasting, and already exhausted by their journey.

And now behold them crossing the vast piazza, between the two fountains, and ascending in the centre the long but easy flight of steps to the portal. A beggar pushes aside the heavy leathern curtain, but obstructs

the way, clamorous for relief. The demand seems inopportune, but alms, prayer, and fasting are the united means to obtain mercy: the beggar is relieved—the pilgrims enter—they kneel—they fall prostrate—and from the breast of the elder gush forth at length the long pent-up emotions of years. She felt to be in a home where not only sympathy but help would be given her; and after some instants of irrepressible sobs and tears, she arose, and drew near the tomb—again praying with more distinct knowledge of her several necessities, and a still firmer conviction that her prayer was heard, and, through the intercession of the Holy Apostles, would be answered.

The younger Nun and the two girls, who had witnessed with grief and terror an emotion so unprecedented, and so far beyond their intrusion, silently watched till the wonted calm of their Religious Friend and Guide should return in prayer, and then ventured to move round the tomb and high altar, considering the vast proportions of the cathedral, but not hazarding to leave their central position, as it was there the appointment had been made with the Reverend Mr. Terrison to join them. In a short time he appeared, and in good spirits, having been successful in his hopes of saving Mass, and having finished his thanksgiving. He was accompanied by an intimate friend, one of the Canons of St. Peter's; and the two Priests now conducted the three younger visitants to the principal monuments and mosaics round the church.

She who continued kneeling at the Apostle's tomb was now alone, in actual solitude of person as of thought.



She was conscious of being once more beneath St. Peter's dome—of being surrounded by all that she had once so much admired, only as the association gave hope and courage to her soul. Yes! she was desolate, misjudged, persecuted, but—she was in Rome! Yes! she was alone; but above her was that mighty dome—firm, vast, and exalted as her purpose. Yes, she was hidden in mystery; but, like the ever-burning lamps around her, had been the inspirations given. God had called her to pursue a path in which He had opened to her at times a length of way, with clearest indications of His will—at other times had showed her but a day's journey, and that through fog and mist, commanding things at the time impossible, or irreconcilable one with the other: but the Holy Ghost cannot contradict Himself—the commands of the All-wise God must be, like Himself, all-wise. These, His commands, given at various times, and seemingly in contradiction, were doubtless parts of a vast whole, the rest of which would be revealed to her in His own good time, and confirmed by His Church.

"Oh, thou!" cried she, "who thrice faltered, and wert thrice forgiven! Thou, whose love was thrice demanded, and thrice confirmed! Thou, whose faith became a rock to the Church, and whose hope gave her light, feed this poor lamb! Give me, in this thy own city a guide who can discern the mysteries of God; and for myself, obtain grace to obey, in child-like confidence, docility, and peace."

Nor did she pray for herself alone: fervent were her supplications for spiritual guides, once given and withdrawn; for Religious Superiors, once trusted and esteem-

ed; for loved Sisterhoods, to be seen and heard no more; and, as in the case of Job, whose own necessities were relieved after he had prayed for his friends, so, ere she left St. Peter's tomb, did the Religious receive the indication she had requested, concerning her spiritual Guide and Director in Rome. While thus kneeling in supplication, an aged Canon of the cathedral drew near, holding a slip of paper in his trembling hand: he knelt beside her, and pushing the paper immediately beneath her eyes, she saw written, with a note of interrogation, "Suor Maria Paula?"

She quickly drew forth her pencil, and wrote beneath, "Reverendissimo in Christo Padre, Sì."

"Ah! beata esse!" he exclaimed, in a subdued tone; then added, "I have not yet said Mass—I will say it for you below in the Chapel of the Tomb, and I will send a Sacristan to tell you when I can have my turn. Do you recognise an old friend?"

"Yes, indeed!" she replied: "I recognise the ever kind Abete Zacharia."

"I have been a Canon here," said he, "ever since the year you left us. I received the letters you sent me from time to time, till about three years ago I received no more. I have just heard of your being here from the English Priest who came with you. And now that I have to pray for your intention, tell me a little about it?"

This was briefly stated, and the Religious remained once more alone: but before the Sacristan came to fetch her to the Confessional of St. Peter, her Religious Sister and the rest had joined her, and they all descended into

the catacombs, where the Canonico Zacheria was vesting, and a Bishop was disrobing at the altar of the tomb, while the little chapel was partially changing its congregation. The two Religious were conducted forward by the Sacristan, who then went to inform the Canonico that they had already communicated. The Bishop remained to hear this Mass in thanksgiving.

Once more kneeling within the immediate precincts of the sacred fount of the Apostles Peter and Paul, one the first Vicar of Christ on earth, the other His first Missionary, by whose remains she had, sixteen years before, returned her heartfelt thanksgiving for earlier mercies received, Geraldine—in matured, if not declining years—brought hither once again, not only by the immediate voice of God, but by the expulsive events of His Providence, now felt her heart dilate with a joy unspeakable. Again she shed tears—not with the painful and violent emotion of her first entrance to the Church, but with the soft flow of consolation. And yet she knew not that, while the Mass of Canonico Zacheria was proceeding, there knelt behind her those who from that hour would prove themselves to be the instruments chosen by God to assist her; and that in the first public act resulting from her successful pilgrimage to Rome, the holy Prelate near her would hold the delegated power as Celebrant.

The Holy Sacrifice being concluded, the two parties moved above; and a lady dressed in deep mourning, who appeared to head the group of pious strangers, advanced with a light and graceful step towards the elder Religious, and in a manner wherein dignity, courtesy, and frankness were mingled, requested to be permitted the happiness of

including herself and companions in her party, who were just going to partake of refreshments in the parlour of the Sacristies. This kind offer, so cordially given, was as cordially accepted, and the united group were ushered into a long narrow room, where they were served with coffee, toasted cake, and orangeade. The next arrangement was the conducting our two Religious to their homes; and this presented some difficulty, for the Reverend Mr. Terrison (who could, they thought, have taken charge of Lillie and Lucy) had slipped away, and their Religious Guardians would not desert them. However, their new friend, whom they heard addressed as "Princess," arranged that her two ladies attendant should resign their seats in the carriage to the "two Reverend Mothers," and follow in a hired one with the young persons.

This plan being adopted, the next affair discussed in the Canon's parlour was, whether the Bishop, whose Mass had been that morning the attraction to St. Peter's, was to dine at the house of the Princess, or with the young Duchess de F—— and her aunt the Dowager Duchess; his lordship protesting against having himself to decide so delicate a point. In the meantime, while the Princess and the young Duchess were endeavouring each to have her own way without annoying the other, the mild and benevolent Bishop gave his benediction to the English party, and conversed with them fluently in their own language. At length the Duchess, a graceful young creature, dressed somewhat as the elegant devotees described by St. Jerome, came to them full of joy, and after kissing the hands of the two Religious, and begging their prayers, informed the Bishop that she had carried her point with

the Princess, and should expect the blessing of his Lordship's presence at the usual hour, if agreeable to him. All were now ready to depart; but where was the Princess? Most probably in the church, to which the attendant ladies had already returned: perhaps she had been a little vexed to lose the Bishop that day—at any rate she was not to be found. One of her ladies, however, had seen her kneeling before the sculptured representation of Santa Giuliana Falconieri, but the other had descried her flitting towards the altar of *La Pietà*, near the entrance of the church; and, as they all bent their steps that way, Lilla stopped with interest to observe a Negro, respectably dressed, kneeling before the well-known seated figure of St. Peter, to which they had already paid their homage of obedience by pressing their lips and forehead to his foot. Lilla was certain that the poor Negro had derived consolation in finding St. Peter as black as himself, and no longer quarrelled with the ancient sculptor for selecting a block of jet marble from which to chisel the Prince of the Apostles. As the elder Religious, who had advanced a little to gain a few minutes before the altar of the most Holy Sacrament, was there kneeling in adoration, a lady came beside her, uttering in a low voice, in Italian, all those earnest and impassioned aspirations towards that Mystery of Love, which soon became familiar to the English Nun. This Lady was the Princess, and Geraldine ever found perfectly true what her Highness afterwards said to her attendant ladies—that she was “always to be found, always ready, when really wanted!”

In the portico they discovered the Rev. Mr. Terrison, who had fully hoped to make his escape unseen, but had

been detained by again meeting old acquaintances, and as much annoyed to be overtaken by the party of ladies as it was in his good nature to be—not so much at having to encounter a Princess, as to show himself in his three-cornered Roman hat to “those two silly girls, who had already been giggling” at his buckles; and as to be taking any more care of them in Rome, the thing was impossible—the scandal would be irreparable.

“No,” said he, “I am about to wash my hands entirely of them, especially Miss Lilla, whom the people are eyeing already.

“But you are so old, Sir,” suggested Lucy.

“Nonsense, child!” said he: “nobody is old in Rome.”

As soon as Mr. Terrison's embarrassment was translated to the Princess, not omitting Lucy's naive consolation, she entered immediately into the dramatic characteristics of the scene, but entirely agreed with the Reverend Father, and told him in her most felicitous manner that she hoped to supply his place to the two young persons, not only that morning, but whenever an opportunity occurred.

Mr. Terrison's spirits revived, and finding that the Princess, who he feared would speak only in French, addressed him in Italian with the perfect Roman intonation, some sentences were exchanged to their mutual satisfaction, and he even submitted to have his hand kissed by all the fair strangers as he took his leave.

Two carriages were now driven up to the colonnade of the Vatican through which they were passing, and the Princess inquired whether the Reverend Ladies would like to visit any other churches before returning to their

home. They declined the kind offer for that day, and gave the address to the Locanda, which had become their home.

"Why, that is the very palazzo where I am promised a floor in the Spring! If you should still be there, my Reverend Mothers, what happiness for me! I cannot have the apartments sooner, because a 'Milor Inglese' has already engaged them by letters from England. He has not yet arrived, and I hope will not linger here after the Winter; for the intention of the pious master of the Locanda is that it may become a 'Pilgrim House,' especially for Ecclesiastics. There is a private staircase, and a back centre-room, accessible to the whole house, which would make an excellent chapel. If you are obliged to remain some time in Rome, this might be a great consolation to you; but at present you are bound, of course, to pay your devotions to the public altars and shrines."

Arrived at the palace in question, our two Religious took a grateful leave of their new friend, who had not time to enter the house, being engaged in a Novena at the church of San't Andrea delle Fratte, the hour for which was just at hand: so, being joined by her two ladies, this Princess, destined by Divine Providence to be, and to find, from that day a real friend for time and eternity, was driven off to the altar where our Blessed Lady appeared to Alphonsus Ratisbon, and where the Novena in honour of her nativity was continuing. There, as was her wont, the Princess prayed for those she had just left, and turned to the spiritual advantage of the one who had the most attracted her, the already deep interest she had excited in her heart.

## CHAPTER X.

The vivid memory of departed worth  
 Were still too deeply dear and sad a strain,  
 If, having parted on this weary earth,  
 We might not recognise that soul again.

But now a welcome we expect above,  
 From that remembered soul, distinctly sure;  
 Let us but lead like Him a life of love,  
 Let us but live as courteously and pure.\*

On the following morning the two Religious were admitted to their first audience of our English Cardinal, and the Senior beheld the Spiritual Director appointed her by Heaven. Yet only for awhile! Like all given to aid on her heavenward course, this last great boon must have its limit, for already had that saintly being approached the world of spirits—already on his holy brow had fallen the rays of a life still purer, brighter than his own!

Even in this, her first interview, our Religious Pilgrim found no difficulty in giving a slight sketch of her object in coming to Rome, and of the hopes she had ventured to form of the protection and assistance of his Eminence. Then with genuine feeling, which rendered doubly graceful his habitual politeness, the Cardinal responded to the trust she reposed in him, and so inspired her heart with confidence and gratitude, that immediately was

\* Every action and conversation recorded of the lamented Cardinal Acton is strictly biographical.



formed the spiritual tie, that ended not with death, nor even then required essentially to change its sacred character.

In a few days after this first interview, the Cardinal returned in form the visit of the English Religious Sisters. It was in the evening, and the Master of the Locanda conducted his Eminence into a lower reception-room, and then mounted to the top of the house to inform the Religious Ladies and Lilia of the arrival of the Cardinal. In the mean time, all the Ecclesiastics and Religious Men of different Orders in the "Pilgrim-House," including a venerable Abbot of La Trappe, in his white cowl, had eagerly collected around his Eminence, so that, although it was a holy crowd, our English trio felt a little timid when they reached the open door of the reception-room. However, as it was known that the visit was to them, they were no sooner descried than the room was cleared, and they were left to welcome in their turn their honoured guest.

The chief event now in prospect, to occupy the thoughts and prayers of Lilia, was her Confirmation; and not only did the two Religious Sisters devote themselves to assist in the necessary preparation, but Mr. Terrison, who would otherwise have proceeded immediately to Naples, remained in Rome to instruct her, and to arrange with some Bishop to administer the Sacramental rite.

During this fortnight of preparation Lilia was favoured with great spiritual consolations, and often secretly surprised those with whom she conversed by the profound thoughts, as well as ardent affections, which assembled to

bid welcome to the fresh grace to be conveyed to her soul. Her former mode of viewing the unseen world, and of expressing her hopes and wishes still remained, which the Reverend Mr. Terrison permitted, as Father Duago had a year before, only interrupting her metaphysical speculations when he saw that more positive truth was required.

"Four Angels," said she, "will now descend to convey to my soul four more Virtues from the treasure of God's Virtues; and are to be proper to my created soul, in order to guard and strengthen the three Virtues I received in my Baptism, of Faith, Hope, and Charity, called 'Theological.' Now I am to receive Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, which may well be called 'Cardinal' Virtues; and I feel, Reverend Sir, that my soul requires them, for I am not yet fit for action in God's service. I find that whenever I am called upon for any decision of a practical nature, I am very childish; and I perceive that although Faith, Hope, and Love are indeed the first and best Virtues, yet, if we are to outlive our childhood, and to serve God in a manner becoming His dignity, we require further supernatural assistance. Therefore I conclude that the reason why so many persons blunder, and do imprudent things, is because they have never been confirmed, or have received the Sacrament unworthily."

Mr. Terrison smiled, and replied, "We must be careful how we speculate on the conduct of others, or inquire into the hidden causes of their actions; but you are quite right respecting the essential qualities of this sacrament, and its necessity for all who survive their first years of

childhood. The Virtue of Prudence governs the intellect, Justice governs the will, Fortitude the passions, Temperance the appetites. Each of these Virtues has two enemies, namely, its opposite and its extreme: the opposite of Prudence being Imprudence, and its extreme being Cunning; the opposite of Justice being Injustice, and its extreme being Rigour; the opposite of Fortitude being Cowardice, and its extreme being Audacity; the opposite of Temperance being Intemperance, and its extreme being Insensibility."

"This is very interesting," said Lilia, "even supposing that I had not a personal interest in keeping each Virtue pure and free from the two Vices which will assail her, and which, I conclude, will be in the keeping of that very fallen Angel whose forfeited place in Heaven I was born and baptized to occupy, and who is always following me about with a personal and particular envy. But all in vain, Mr. Terrison; I never will choose evil, but will always keep my Guardian Angel close to me."

"Well, I sincerely hope you will," said he. "And now what think you of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, which are to descend on your soul?"

"In addition?" demanded Lilia. "Why the three Theological and the four Cardinal Virtues make seven gifts from God. What more can I want?"

"You will perceive, as I enumerate them," said Mr. Terrison, "that these seven gifts of the Spirit are essential to arrive at the perfection of the Christian life, because they are as a flight of steps, by which we mount to the height of sanctity. I shall enumerate them to you, however, in the reverse of the order given by the Pro"

phet, for he counted from Heaven to earth, and my affair is to conduct you from earth to Heaven. The first step, therefore, is the 'Fear of God,' which arrests the soul from offending Him by sin; the second step is 'Piety,' or to obey and serve God; the third is 'Knowledge,' which is not given wholly by inspiration, or rather I would say that the gift would lie dormant until roused by means of oral instruction or books; the fourth step is 'Strength,' to overcome the difficulties and temptations of the world, the flesh, and the Devil; the fifth step is 'Counsel,' to weigh well and make choice of that which is best among good things, and to reject the evil concealed under the appearance of good by the Devil; the sixth step is 'Understanding,' or intellectual power, by which, when the soul has steadily mounted the previous steps, she is enabled to view and penetrate into the Divine Mysteries; the seventh and last is the gift of 'Wisdom,' which not only comprehends, but loves the Divine mysteries and perfections, and is, according to Saint Bernard, the union of love and intellect."

"I hope I shall ascend these steps after my Confirmation," said Lilia. "But some of these gifts of the Holy Ghost seem to be a repetition of the Virtues we have already spoken of. For instance, 'Fear of God' and 'Piety' are surely included in 'Faith,' and 'Strength' is 'Fortitude.' But," added she, after a little pause, "I perceive a shade of difference between Strength and Fortitude: Strength may be power of the mind to *overcome*, and Fortitude power of the mind to *endure*. I have as yet neither the one nor the other."

"You have made a just distinction," said Mr. Terri-

son; "may you also make a proper use of the power to overcome your spiritual enemies, and the power to endure the afflictions of life! With respect to your notion that, in the gift of Faith bestowed in baptism, you have already received the 'Fear of God' and 'Piety,' I would ask you what is Faith?"

Lilia replied, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things unseen. It is to believe all that God has revealed to His Church."

"It is so," said Mr. Terrison, "and the 'Fear of God' includes the reasons why we fear Him—includes self-knowledge, and consequently humility: it is therefore a distinct gift. And 'Piety' is the practical power to act according to our Faith, that we may not rest in barren theories and speculations, but offer to God the willing labour and service of our whole life. You will, therefore, in addition to the gift of Obedience, included in 'Faith,' receive the gift of Humility, included in the 'Fear of God,' and the gift of Action, included in 'Piety.' Observe how necessary it is that, in receiving all these rich intellectual gifts in Confirmation, the foundation step should be Humility."

"I understand it now," said Lilia; "and I perceive how true is the text, that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' Fear is the lowest step, and I am gradually, by means of Piety, Knowledge, Strength, Counsel and Understanding, to ascend to Wisdom. And I suppose that the higher gifts, although received at the same time with those subordinate, lie dormant longer, and require greater efforts of the will and affections to be roused and embraced. However, as Fortitude and

Strength are to be given me, I will never be a lazy coward; but will fight my way, like a good soldier, up to Wisdom, when I suppose I may find delightful repose and peace in the union of Love and Intellect."

"That must be," replied Mr. Terrison, "exactly according to the good pleasure of God: for, although by faithfully preserving the grace of Wisdom given you in Confirmation, you will find her at length develop to the full extent of the gift bestowed, and so far will enjoy that peace and repose of soul which you desire; yet you may have to hold this treasure, as it were, by the sword, and may have to fight the good spiritual combat to the very last against your subtle and invisible enemies. But she herself will help you, 'for Wisdom is more active than all active things, and reacheth everywhere by reason of her purity:' for she is a vapour of the power of God, and a certain, pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Lilia. "This is the voice of inspiration."

"Yes," said Mr. Terrison; "I quote from the Book of Wisdom, and Solomon continues, 'She is the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness.' And, having begun thus to quote from inspiration, I will return no more at this time to my own mode of speech, but will pray for you thus:"—and as he rose from his chair Lilia sank on her knees,—“God of our Fathers! God of Mercy! send thy Wisdom out of thy holy Heaven, and from the throne of thy majesty, that she may be with this thy handmaid; and may labour with her that she may know what is acceptable to Thee.”

The next conversation which took place between Mr. Terrison and Lilia was after she had approached the tribunal of Penance, in immediate preparation for the sacrament of Confirmation.

"You *never* shall find matter for Absolution, Reverend Sir," said she, "for if I have never chosen or consented to evil since my Baptism, of course I shall never do so after I am confirmed in Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and am ascending those spiritual steps up to Wisdom."

"But you must not talk to me in this way out of Confession," replied he. "It is very childish; and this is the last time I can ever permit such indiscretion. You never remark that Sister Agnes boasts in this way, or Lucy."

"Is this boasting?" said Lilia. "I thought I was merely making good resolutions. All these sacramental graces are from God."

"Every grace, every gift is from God," said Mr. Terrison; "but our free-will, although an original grant from God, is our birthright: consequently, our faithful correspondence to His Grace—our avoidance and rejection of evil—our choice of good—is recognised as meritorious by God, and rewarded by Him as such. When, furthermore, God wills to reward with greater glory a faithful soul, He sends such afflictions and persecutions as shall render that choice heroic. By persecutions, I include temptations, which are the greatest means by which the choice of good is made heroic. Such choice was made by the Martyrs, Confessors, and Virgins of the Church, who never boasted, but gave all the honour praise, and glory to God."

They had received the gifts of Prudence and Humility," said Lilia; "and when I shall possess those Virtues, I shall boast no more."

The sacrament of Confirmation was administered to Lilia on the following morning, in the private chapel of Cardinal Fransone, his Eminence being a Bishop, and general protector of the English in Rome. Lilia offered her blest candle to the Altar, according to Roman custom, and round her brow was bound a white ribbon, to cover the Sacred Chrism, which remained as a triumphant garland all that day. The mother of our English Cardinal—fit mother for such a son—was Lilia's godmother; and her faithful friend and director Mr. Terrison was the Assistant Priest at the Altar. At her Baptism she had received the sacred name of "Mary," and now, without any choice, and in compliance solely with the wishes of her Religious relative and Mr. Terrison, she received in addition the name of "Cecilia."

In full appreciation of all she was to obtain, had Lilia knelt to receive the matter and form of that august rite, and now arose confirmed in strength—silent—full of awe—conversing with her own soul—giving welcome to all the rich treasures she had received, and favoured on that blest day with all the joy that an innocent soul could know, in receiving with all His gifts, the Paraclete—the Comforter—the promised Spirit of the Father—who was to teach her, a "little one," to know and understand, to love and enjoy Himself—co-equal, co-eternal with the Father and the Son in the Unity of the Trinity—God adorable for ever.



## CHAPTER XI.

To merely view as foreign show  
 To boast the whole of Rome we know  
 Is not the humble Pilgrim's part,  
 Who bears his treasures in his heart.

THE Reverend Mr. Terrison had now to proceed to his ultimate destination, which was Naples; and his return being uncertain, our four English friends, by the desire of their Cardinal Protector, became the Penitents of the English Father of the Society of Jesus, whose principal church, dedicated to that holy Name, was close to the Palazzo which had become their home.

The two principal floors of this palace had been engaged for Lord Elverton and his suite; and our two Religious, with their young companions and an elderly Italian maid, were on the top floor, in great quiet, good air, and the already mentioned advantage of a private staircase to the ground floor, where they had their separate door of entrance. Sister Agnes and Lucy were actively employed during several days in arranging the suite of rooms in as great monastic order as possible: the former lamenting that they had to go out for every spiritual blessing, and the latter deeming that it would be high time to shut up when they had seen all the holy wonders of Rome. Lilia, who, after ascertaining that her little harp and portfolio had been good travellers, was assisting in the arrangements, agreed with Lucy.

"Why, Sister Agnes," said she, "Rome has been termed a vast Monastery—there is not a part that has not been consecrated by some sacred remembrance."

"Very true," replied Sister Agnes, "and many holy Saints, women as well as men, have travelled from a still greater distance, and with far greater fatigue than I, to view these sacred spots and relics. I am very grateful to be in Rome. I feel it now, and shall feel it still more hereafter, if, please God, we get back to England, and I think it all over in our little cell."

"To-morrow," said Lilla, "the Princess is going to take us three to see and pray at several holy places. I suppose that the greatest charm to us all will be the Coliseum, for that majestic ruin is the chronicler of Pagan Rome in her haughty grandeur, and the scene of countless Christian martyrdoms. I have just been told by an English Benedictine Monk, who is sitting with Reverend Mother, that when some pious visitors to Rome, in the time of St. Gregory the Great, but before he was Pope, asked him for relics, and were disappointed, he only bade them take back some of the soil of the Coliseum, where they were then standing: the Saint stooped down, and taking up the earth in his hand, it gave forth blood!"

"And then the sacred stairs," said Sister Agnes; "they must be still more precious! I am to walk there alone with Reverend Mother: we are to ascend them together. Oh, yes! I do return thanks that, all unworthy as I am, Divine Providence permits me this favour."

"And then, at the church called after the Holy Cross of Jerusalem," said Lilla, "there is preserved the title of

the Cross; and a very learned gentleman, a convert, has declared (so Mr. Terrison says) that he never witnessed a relic more distinctly conveying proofs of authenticity."

"Why so?" inquired Lucy.

"Because," continued Lilia, "the title of the Cross was, you know, written by the Jews in Greek, in Latin, and in Hebrew. The Hebrew they have written correctly, as might be expected; they have even written the Greek correctly, having had more intercourse with the Greeks; but the Latin they have written like an Eastern language, from right to left, or, as you would say, they have written it backwards. This is precisely what Jews in those days would have done, but which would never have occurred to modern fabricators of a relic. And, oh! at that church there is also one of the Nails of the Crucifixion.—But what is the matter, Sister Agnes?" for the young Religious, who was generally rosy, had turned pale as death.

"Oh!" cried she, "how can our eyes be pure enough to contemplate such relics of His sufferings?"

"But you will like to go, surely, Sister Agnes?"

"Yes—alone with Reverend Mother."

"But may I not come?" said Lilia.

"And if?" said Lucy.

"If we all go together," said Sister Agnes, "I hope you will not speak of learned and reasonable motives for believing what I would lay down my life to defend. These details beforehand are not amiss; but while we are viewing these most sacred relics, which of course we shall do on our knees, we ought to be in holy silence—in awe—in thanksgiving, and in the greatest sympathy with His agony and dereliction endured for

us!" Here Sister Agnes closed her eyes, and Lilla, fearing she was about to faint, and herself filled with awe and compunction, sank on her knees beside her.

When the young Religious revived, she found Lilla alone with her, and said, "Now I must work hard at these curtains—they would have been finished had I not talked."

"But we were speaking of very holy things," pleaded Lilla.

"Perhaps so," rejoined Sister Agnes; "but I was not desired to speak of them, and I was desired to finish the curtains."

"Then I will help you," cried Lilla, "and I will be silent."

She kept her promise, and the task was just concluded when Lucy returned to fetch them both to the reception-room, to receive the blessing of the venerable Canonico Zacheria. He was accompanied by the kind and mild Associate Canon whom they had seen with Mr. Terrison at St. Peter's, and with whom, from his friendship for the Princess V——, they became eventually united in ties of religious connection. Dom Pietro G. described her Excellency as one of whom the world was not worthy, and further related her history thus:—

\* "The Princess Zénéide V——, illustrious both by birth and marriage, was the youngest of the two daughters of Prince B—— of the Russian Empire, a man of high renown and still more exalted virtues. At the age of two-and-twenty, Princess Zénéide was married to her late husband Prince V——, cousin to the successive Emperors of Russia, and high in the favour of the then reign-

\* The following is a biographical account.

ing monarch, Alexander, under whom he held posts of confidence at the Imperial Court. This favour continued under Michael and Nicholas, and was shared with his consort the Princess, who was both the beauty and the wit of the court until, by the grace of God, she renounced the Greek schism under the present Emperor Nicholas, and they came to Rome, where her heroic example was followed by the Prince her husband, and by her sister the Princess Mary; who, since the death of her husband, Count W——, resides with her. Owing to the family connection, the indignant Autocrat did not confiscate the estates, but, after the death of the Prince, deprived the widow of the personal administration of them; and for a time they were ill-managed, and the revenue did not suffice to her immense charities. Therefore, for the Church and the poor, she has become poor: her magnificent jewels, her costly plate, carriages, pictures, shawls, dresses—all have been sent before her to the Treasure House, where the moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. In the Princess Zéndida V—— Rome has seen the equal to her saintliest matrons—she has beheld the ‘widow indeed,’ the widow of the early Church.”

“And I am told,” said Dom Zacharia, “that her pecuniary affairs are being at length completely adjusted.”

“Yes,” replied the Reverend narrator, “and in a mode as consoling to the heart, as beneficial to the purse of the Princess! She has found duty and generosity, as she might expect, from the only child and heir of her noble qualities—but it is not of Prince Alexander I now speak. Many years ago, when the late Prince and

herself were travelling, they found a little English boy, whose father had just died, at the inn where they and their suite had stopped for the night: no letters or papers indicated the destination of the deceased; the child, but eight years old, knew nothing of his father's intentions: the money found was but scanty. Struck with the grief and forlorn condition of the little stranger, the Princess obtained permission to adopt him, and from that hour he became the companion of Prince Alexander, in both studies and recreation. Twenty years after, the young Chevalier Vlademir, as he had become, was enabled to prove his gratitude. He departed from Rome, where, like his adopted mother, he had become a Catholic, and fixed himself on her estates, to devote himself entirely to the restoration of the income into its proper channel. Since the two years the chevalier has been there," continued Dom Pietro, "his talent for accounts, and his firm though mild conduct, have nearly accomplished the desired end. Already are the rents arriving regularly, and we are led to hope that another year will place our illustrious friend out of all embarrassments. I have had double pleasure in recounting this last little history," added he, "because the young Knight has done honour to his English parentage and birth."

"I will translate all this for you, Sister Agnes," said Lilla in a low voice, "for it is very interesting and instructive, and I think I have understood it all."

When the two Ecclesiastics had departed, it was time for our four friends to prepare for their first walk to the Benediction, in the little church to which is attached the

Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, on the Quirinal. This afterwards became their daily pilgrimage, until they kept enclosure. Often as they had assisted and borne part in the holy function of the Benediction, it was the first time that either of them had witnessed the peculiarly touching and solemn circumstances attending that service in the little church of St. Mary Magdalen. The three younger pilgrims received each the edification and holy consolation adapted to their respective characters and necessities. Sister Agnes ardently supplicated that the time might come when she might be one amidst a similar Sisterhood of hidden adorers, whose floating strains vibrated in her heart; and Lilia, kneeling in delighted wonderment at the joy and triumph around the altar, and the solemn stillness of the rest of the church, was also surprised and touched by the union still held between the Recluses and the congregation, amongst whom might perchance be found former friends, relations, confessors, joining in the chorus of the hymns. This would have given the usual consolation of united devotion had the Nuns been visible, or notoriously accessible at all times; but far deeper the tender and respectful emotion with which were heard voices that had ceased towards man.

And what were the feelings of the Pilgrim Geraldine as she prostrated in adoration during the sacred function? What the aspirations of love, thanksgiving, petition, reparation, which darted upwards like flakes of fire from her glowing heart! What the grace to have kindled that fire of devotion towards the Sacramental Presence, first given with impulse irrepressible, when, after pronouncing

her Vows as a Religious, six years before, she had laid prostrate during the glorious *Te Deum*! Then had she freely followed the inspiration given, and had fervently implored that in whatever Convent she might end her days, the hidden Presence of her Spouse might be perpetually adored. And when, in obedience, she had afterwards resigned that inspiration and that hope, the vision of the Sacramental Mysteries within her cell, continuing day and night, with changes condescending to assure her confidence, proved what has often been affirmed, that in the solemn time of prostration, having vowed to be His for ever, what God then inspires He will hereafter grant. Oh! Sister Spouses in the Lord, this is most true. It is a precious time then for the young Nun! Many, doubtless, are the written and sealed petitions placed by her Sister Novices beneath the death-pall; and for their necessities let her pray fervently; but the chief cry of her heart must be for her own spiritual progress and desires. Yes, young Bride! yield generously to the inspirations given thee. Ask great things, for thou art wedded to a great King! Thou art the spouse of Him whom Angels adore!

Our two Religious and their companions returned home over the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, passing the great entrance of the Papal Palace, whence is seen to such solemn effect the city below, cast in shadow at that hour with the distant dome of St. Peter's, distinctly majestic against the still glowing sky. Lilla remained in total silence—a silence so unusual to her when any new effect of scenery was before her, that her Religious Guardian hoped an impression as deep as pleasing had been produced by the



fraction of the Benediction. This she had the more at heart, as Lilia, notwithstanding the awe and delight with which she received the most Holy Communion, had never seemed to respond to the regrets of Sister Agnes and Lucy at being no longer under the same roof with the Adorable Mysteries.

Great, therefore, was the consolation of the Religious, when, about an hour after their return home, being then engaged in writing, she distinguished, from the room next to her own, the exact air and words of the principal hymn sung that evening at Monte Cavallo, and now given forth in Lilia's own rich and liquid tones, with the touching expression of one who could not but feel the aspirations uttered. Still, the same genius which had enabled her so immediately to retain and imitate the strain, might have led her to seize even the expression, especially as she had kept the book lent her in the church, in which the words are found thus :—

Vi adoro ogni momento  
O vivo Pan del Ciel, gran Sacramento.  
Gesù, Cuor di Maria,  
Vi prego a benedir l'anima mia.  
A voi dono il mio cuore,  
Santissimo Gesù, mio Salvatore.

The Religious, as she continued to listen, would have derived still greater hope in the true feeling of the young vocalist, had she been aware that Lilia did not in general sing with expression, and that the usual charm to her hearers had been from a succession of perfect sounds issuing from a young and lovely face. Seven years had passed since Lilia had joined in the chaunts and litanies of the private chapel at the Manor Hall, and the clear

childish voice had developed as had then been expected. The family voice of the Sinclairs, the voice which so resembled that of the departed mother of the hearer, and aroused so many buried emotions, began now to subdue with feelings too human the heart of the Religious; but these were repressed and conquered, and again she prayed that the innocent Lilia might indeed "love and adore," as she was then protesting to do, the Divine Author of all her many gifts of nature and of grace.

The Religious then returned to her writing, which was first a plan of their present daily and weekly duties, to be submitted to his Eminence Cardinal Acton, at her next audience; and then the more laborious work of transmitting to paper, for his approval, those ideas which, accumulating during many years, she had confided in part to his Eminence, even in their first interview, and had been desired to state in writing, the Cardinal adding, "And then, when the spiritual affairs are arranged, we will speak of the temporals."

The simple plan of their day was soon finished—the early hours were passed in the church of the Jesuit Fathers, near their home; the last hour, before the Ave Maria, was in the church of the Perpetual Adoration on the Quirinal; the intermediate hours were devoted to study, needle-work, lectures, and the mid-day prayers. Silence was re-established, but they had their recreation, which now consisted, generally speaking, of comments on the churches and other sacred spots, to which they walked every morning directly after breakfast, being absent from the house an hour. On Thursdays, the kind Princess, in person or by deputy, conveyed them to those churches

that were beyond their walk : and this was their life during the autumn and winter which succeeded their arrival in Rome.

Lord Elverton and suite arrived not till the spring, and strangers occupied the two lower floors, with the exception of some rooms that were taken by Priests known to the Religious. This house belonged to a Religious Congregation, but had been rented by a pious Frenchman, for many years resident in Rome, who, having seen with concern the expense and secular habits forced on foreign Priests, and even Bishops, in the holy city, unless they could be lodged in Monasteries, was inspired to undertake the conduct of a "Pilgrim-House," and had fixed on this palace in which to commence his pious undertaking. Great was the encouragement given him, and during that autumn and winter the house was completely filled with Ecclesiastics. The cautious projector now opened another wing of the palace, made a different disposition of the rooms, and the Princesses, with their chaplain, attendant ladies, and domestics, occupied a suite of rooms within the palace, notwithstanding the expected arrival of "Milor Inglese."

"I am surprised," said Sister Agnes, "to find that any secular persons are admitted to this pious Pilgrim-House ; for when we were at Leghorn, Father Giorni seemed to think it required such interest and recommendation to be received, and took such pains to specify who we were, that we might be immediately accommodated, saying that we had done well to arrive so early in the autumn."

"I had understood so, likewise," said her Religious

Sister; "and was further confirmed in that belief by our Cardinal, who, in forbidding me to seek rooms in any Convent, bade me be satisfied to be here, as combining everything I need desire."

"Then, perhaps," said Sister Agnes, "it is during the first difficulties only that secular men are to be admitted, and that next year we shall have only the Princesses and their ladies, besides the Ecclesiastics."

"The danger, I apprehend, is this," said the elder Religious: "the pious and respectable man who conducts this Pilgrim-House was formerly the master of an hotel, and former habits are difficult to throw off. Bishops and Ecclesiastics are his chief object, and he is also much gratified that Religious Women have been placed here by their Superiors; but if he now, from a motive of worldly prudence, admits secular families, will it not be extremely difficult afterwards to forbid their entrance? We shall see!"

"Yes," said Sister Agnes, "we shall see."

This little interchange of doubts took place just before Christmas, and was interrupted by a tap at the door. It was opened to admit the Princess, who informed them with joy that the room at the top of the house, to which our Religious had to ascend but a few steps, had been visited by the Cardinal-Vicar; that he had approved of it for a chapel, and had permitted that Mass and Holy Communion should take place there on the approaching night of Christmas. Their previous misgivings made his announcement doubly consoling to the Religious Sisters, and this great privilege remained to the chapel whenever the Princesses were present.

The termination of the year 1845 was celebrated in the noble and beautiful church of the Jesuits—the venerable Pontiff Gregory XVI. being present, with the Sacred College of Cardinals, and the Sanctuary lined with the Pupils of the German College, in their crimson cassocks, holding, in addition to the already blaze of light, immense wax tapers. The Benediction was given by a Cardinal-Bishop; then followed the glorious *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving for the mercies of the past year.

Had a prophetic voice then uttered the coming events of the two following years, still greater would have been the awe and tenderness with which the Sacred Function was attended by all who valued the existing state of things—soon to be theirs no more; while others, even then, would have been raised above the mysterious events of this life, and have felt with a venerable English Ecclesiastic present, who afterwards exclaimed, “Ah! when I witnessed that sight, I mentally beheld the time when, after the final judgment, all on the right hand of the Judge will together burst forth, as with one voice, singing, “*Te Deum laudamus. Te Dominum confitemur!*”

## CHAPTER XII.

We chronicle the feudal time,  
Of baron bold, and knight-hood gay,  
On England's fields, in youthful prime,  
From Norman blood, as best we may.

A more sultry day could scarcely have been known in any clime, than the one following the return of young Arthur de Gréy to the Roman College. It was a few days before the Feast of the Ascension, and, although only the latter end of May, the English were escaping from the city to the villas in the environs, and the Romans were commencing their mid-day repose.

During the winter and early spring, the young Count had been at the Jesuits' College at Chambery, to be nearer the Law Courts, in which his legal friends were rescuing for him the scanty remains of a still disputed property. During those months, the Jesuit Professor at the Roman College, whom Lady de Grey had been advised to consult, corresponded with Count Arthur; and now, on his arrival in Rome, directed him to pay his respects, with an elder student, to the consecrated widow, who destined him to inherit the property she was about to resign. The two students had been directed to the pious Locanda, and advised to inquire of the porter on the first floor the means of access to the reception-room of the Religious Ladies. Accordingly they besieged the great door of the first floor, and, by dint of ringing, at

length gained entrance, though the hand and arm that admitted them was coatless, and hastily drawn behind a high screen in the first ante-room. Arthur, however, compelled the sleepy possessor to receive his card, and obtained a promise to take it up stairs to the portress on the top floor. The young visitors were also requested with much civility, as the porter awoke to a full consciousness of his duty, to walk into the inner and vacant rooms, and there await his return. The two friends therefore proceeded through several rooms, looking at the pendant pictures, till, at the door of the large reception-room, hearing some movement within, they stopped, and the elder student said, "I think we had better not venture further."

At this instant, "*Favorisca! Favorisca!*"\* was vociferated in the shrillest tones from the room in question, and accordingly they entered; but were surprised to find no one in the room save a beautiful little girl, with as rare a specimen of beauty in a pet eastern bird perched on her hand.

"We have no business here," whispered Arthur to his friend, for the young beauty, after repressing a joyous laugh at their first entrance, was eyeing them with timid displeasure. Considering, however, that it would be better to account for their intrusion, he said, "Can you tell me, Mademoiselle, if there be any Religious Ladies in this house?"

"Yes," replied the child; "my own Reverend Sister lives here, with another Nun, and some more ladies."

\* Equivalent to "Please to walk in."

"Sister!" repeated Arthur, thinking of the great disparity of age between the Religious to whom his visit was intended, and the young creature before him, whose age could not exceed nine or ten years; "there must be some mistake. May I venture the request to know to whom I am speaking? May I hear your own name?"

"I am," said she, standing still more erect, "the Honourable Letitia Carrington; and when Papa goes to Heaven, my brother Ferdinand will be Lord Elverton."

"He will take good care, then, to pray his Father soon out of Purgatory," said Arthur, smiling; but he repented of his levity, when he observed that the little girl looked puzzled and offended.

At length she said, "And pray, Sir, who are you? to come into our rooms asking questions."

"I am honoured by the kind friendship of your Reverend Sister," replied Arthur more gravely; "and I bear the same name. I am the Count de Gréy."

"Oh!" cried Letitia. Then after a pause, "As your name is De Gréy, I will lend you Poll to amuse you, while I go up to my Reverend Sister to tell her that you are come:—but you must not teach my bird any bad words."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Arthur, as he received the bird, which immediately cried "*Felice notte.*"

"Dear Poll—good Poll!" said Letitia, kissing the pet. "I have taught her that to surprise Papa to-night, when I shall give her to him to put her on the perch."

She now went to a side door, which she seemed surprised to find locked, and hesitated for a few instants be-



fore she left the saloon by the long suite of ante-rooms and began to mount the open stairs.

She had reached the floor immediately above, when she met her Father conducting her Mother from her private rooms to the saloon. "Letitia! alone on these public stairs!" they both exclaimed.

"What courage!" said the Mother.

"What disobedience!" said the Father: and then continued, "Is this the way, Letitia Carrington, you intend to illustrate the character of dignity and reserve justly borne by the English and Spanish nations? Is it thus my young daughter is to begin her career in Italy, and prove her descent from the Houses of Elverton and Mendosa?"

"I could not come up the private way," pleaded Letitia, "for the door was locked; and I could not remain in the saloon, because there were two gentlemen in the ante-rooms, and directly Poll heard them she screamed out 'Favorisca,' and they came into the great saloon. But, indeed, it is not I that have taught her that word, but Ferdinand, ever since he went with Papa to the audience of the English Cardinal. Is it not so, Mamma?"

"It is—it is, my sweetest love," said Lady Elverton. "You are not to blame:—is she, my Lord? She could not, of course, remain in the saloon, and the private stairs, you hear, were not accessible."

"But why is she permitted," said Lord Elverton, "to remain one instant in those reception-rooms? And where are her attendants, or her governess? And what is to be done with her now?"

"Surely she may return with us," suggested Lady Elverton. "Where is Poll, my angel?"

"She is talking to the visitors," said Letitia; "and I have promised to go up stairs to tell my Reverend Sister that a gentleman has come who says that she is a kind friend to him, and that his name is De Gréy."

"De Gréy!" echoed Lord Elverton, aroused from his present annoyance to an awakened interest in his little daughter's tale.

At that moment a head peeped out from one of the rooms on that floor, and Letitia recognising her governess, called her to her aid, and left her fond mother's hand to fulfil her embassy. Lord Elverton passed down the stairs, but her Ladyship, though mechanically moving with him as she leaned on his arm, followed with her gaze the little form of Letitia, exclaiming in Spanish, "What to a childless mother's heart can wealth or honours bring?"

In the meanwhile, Poll had not only continued to wish her visitors "a happy night," but had learned a new word from her present guardian, which she was repeating almost to his satisfaction, when the sound of approaching footsteps induced her again to scream "Favorisca!" and cause a genuine smile from Lord Elverton as he entered, saying, "Can it be possible that once more I greet one who bears the name of De Gréy?"

Young Arthur then advancing, briefly told his tale; and as Lord Elverton showed an evident wish to identify his connection to the De Greys of England, Arthur proceeded to relate his family pedigree, and how the De Gréys of Languedoc were, in the time of Charlemagne,

reigning princes over that tract of country; how the elder branch became merged by alliance into a royal name, and passed to their greater inheritance from France; that the second branch were the De Greys of England, "who," said he, "I find spell the common proposition 'de,' which only means *of*, with a large D."

"And very tenacious are all our Anglo-Norman families of their great D," said Lord Elverton, "because it marks their date. They do not mind its being bad French: on the contrary, they like, in their insular pride, to be distinguished from any French name, however ancient or noble. By Norman," continued his Lordship, "I intend those warriors or courtiers who followed William of Normandy to the conquest of England. Our De Greys distinguished themselves by great valour at the battle of Hastings, and had grants of baronial lands awarded to them from the Crown, and were contented, generally speaking, to date from that epoch; but they traced from Languedoc, and I know not where else in the far mists of antiquity; so that a story goes of my old friend Sir Hugh, that, being once a little ruffled, he called the conquest 'a thing of yesterday.'"

Arthur laughed, and said, "This 'thing of yesterday,' however, has changed the title of the family. You do not acknowledge our Counts to be your Earls. You do not acknowledge us at all, except in mere courtesy: therefore, I should not like to become naturalized in England, to be the heir of your daughter Lady De Grey, as she so generously has intimated to me through my Preceptor of the Roman College."

Lord Elverton, though he felt this announcement to be

a slight imprudence on the part of young Arthur, and a slight shock to himself, merely said, "You must be satisfied that the Counts de Gréy became the proud barons of England, at Runnymede, Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and so on, till a fair lady of the elder English race carried the title into a family of Earls—and so we hear no more of the doughty Barons de Grey. They may be said to have had hereditary knighthood by their valour, until their present title was created by James the First, and granted to the younger branch of the English line, now extinct by the death of Sir Eustace De Grey, my son-in-law."

"I have no landed inheritance left in Languedoc," said Arthur De Gréy. "I have just returned from a melancholy and yet pleasing excursion round the country over which my ancestors had the right to march as sovereigns, with banners displayed, using their own coinage, and with power over life and death. I am the last of the third and youngest branch; but I can trace, and be traced, without a blot on my fair shield. I am Count Arthur de Gréy, with a clear three-hundred-a-year sterling, and my good sword when I leave the College. I will not live despoiled of my title, and despised in your proud England."

At this moment Poll, in a subdued tone, because not sure of her new word, said "Lillia! Lillia!" and the flush of national resentment on Arthur's brow was suddenly changed in character. He started up, without perceiving that Lord Elverton's countenance beamed towards him, and that his prudent fellow-student was trying to induce Poll to say once more "Felice notte." But his excitement

was still considered national, and produced the most kind and soothing expressions from both his noble hosts.

"I am not an exclusive," said Lord Elverton, "on the score of nationality. I have married a Spanish lady, and might say that I had become half Spanish, were I not conscious of nearly equal friendship and esteem for the 'preux Chevaliers' of France."

Arthur and his friend now received an invitation to the reception-room above, where the Religious Ladies spoke to those with whom they had essential business: and, as he mounted the stairs, certain more favourable ideas of England, and of the offered inheritance, arising either from Lord and Lady Elverton's kindness, or from a shadowing hope of sharing his lot in England with Lilia, began to warm his heart anew towards the Religious, in whom he had found so unexpected a benefactress.

The reception-room was vacant, and Arthur's reviving spirits began again to flag when he found himself addressed from behind a trellised partition thrown across an archway into some other room.

"Let us bless the Lord!" said the Religious, in Latin.

"Thanks be to God!" replied Arthur; and throwing himself on his knees, he begged her blessing.

She smilingly said, "I am no consecrated Abbess. I can only fervently pray, as I do, that Almighty God may bless you with a long, faithful life, and happy death."

"Amen," said Arthur rising. "That will do as well as any consecrated Abbess could give it me. And I hope, Madam, that you, and all the ladies, are well?" added he, vainly trying to distinguish who were in the inner room, and most cordially at that moment hating his

work and gratings, and all that indicated seclusion and restriction. "Has the beautiful young lady who was with you at Vevey come to Rome to finish her education with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, at Trinità del Monti?"

"No," replied the Religious, "Miss Sinclair is still with us, and has long wished me to return her thanks for the useful little book you lent her—the book which told you you are, and has fixed our future solicitude for your welfare."

"I am totally unworthy of all your goodness, Madam," said Arthur, with renewed depression of spirits. It seemed evident that, as he had been expected and prepared for, Lilia was not to appear, and he again resolved to decline the English estate. He had just read Madame de Staël's "Corinne," and a night-mare arose of stiff English ladies in a circle, eternally drinking tea, with port-wine-drinking lords and squires, to disgust him towards England.

"The Reverend Fathers of your College will have informed you," continued the Religious Lady, "that the gift is not to be made unconditionally. Three years, I understand, will intervene before you are of age. During these years—perhaps the most precious of your life—you must not only complete the course of studies and the classical tour proposed by these Reverend Professors, but you must also be prepared to become 'the Lord of the Manor' in its best meaning,—to become the Benefactor of the Church and of the poor, and the defender of the widow and orphan. You must reside on the estate, excepting journeys of business or of pious recreation, not

succeeding six months. Every third year you can revisit France. Is this too severe?"

"Oh, Madam!" again exclaimed poor Arthur, "I am too unworthy!"

At this instant, as he sat partly concealed by the drapery that hung on each side of the trellised archway, the door of the room in which he was seated was thrown open by a servant, and Lilla, dressed in white muslin, appeared, with a garland of blush-roses in her flaxen hair, and in her arms a little harp of true Erin green. Never did the intentions of any student of the Roman College undergo so rapid a change! but with admirable presence of mind, instead of springing towards the vision, he remembered that to secure its reality he must accept the estate, and repeating, in a tone of exultation more than despondency, "I am totally unworthy, Madam, of all your goodness," he added, "but it shall be the endeavour of my future life to prove my gratitude!"

Arthur then darted across the room to pour forth a string of compliments to the fair Lilla, which, although the colour rose to her cheek, she received with that condescending smile which girls of near eighteen are wont to bestow on boys of their own age, saying, "And I am very much pleased to see you again, Count Arthur, for you remind me of that happy evening at the Lake of Geneva."

"But surely," cried Arthur, "you have had many happy evenings since? Every day, every hour of your life ought to be happy!"

"Why that is exactly what my Father Confessor says," replied Lilla, laughing; "and as he never pays

me compliments, I must suppose that you learn a great deal of wisdom at your Roman College, and mean to tell me that if I do not always find happiness, it is because I do not seek it where alone it can be found?"

"No, indeed!" said Arthur, "I never meant to intrude on you anything so trite. I meant that you ought to be happy in reward for making others so, by your angelic beauty and captivation!"

"Reverend Mother, are you still here?" said Lilia, approaching the trellis.

"Undoubtedly I am," replied the Religious.

"It must be many years since you heard such nonsense," said Lilia.

"And if you, Lilia," said the Religious, "now suspect these praises to be nonsense, you will soon feel them to be so, and will never make them your aim in your avowed search after happiness."

"And why were you so happy that evening at Vevey?" inquired Arthur, returning to the religious retreat, as he observed that Lilia remained there.

"I was happy at Vevey," replied Lilia, "because I had determined to be contented without my brothers, provided they were happy, and to enjoy the beautiful scenes through which I was passing. I had begun to feel this on the Rhine, and then again on the terrace at Berne, where I first saw Mont Blanc; but there were still so many touching remembrances about those boys of mine, that I cried myself to sleep every night, except the night at Vevey."

"And the night at Vevey?" said Arthur eagerly, "who did you remember?"



"It was no longer *who*, but *what*," replied Lilia; "for I remembered the blue Lake, and the gliding vessels, and my newly-formed happiness; and at Martigni I remembered the Valley of the Rhone with its first miles of beautiful foliage, the majestic chestnut-trees, the tender acacias and brilliant barberries—then the narrower pass, the cascades on each side, in every form, the awful remains of whirlwinds, and," added she, laughing, "Reverend Mr. Terrison dropping fast asleep, and Lucy exclaiming 'how frightful!'"

"Then you did remember the '*who*,'" said Arthur, smiling; "and did you never remember to say an '*Ave*' for a poor scholar who often thought of you?"

"Not in his prayers," said she; "so he did not deserve to be remembered further than as the donor of a guide-book."

At this moment a Spanish lady, whom Lilia had thought to be already expecting her in the room, where she had found only the two students, entered to take charge of her down the stairs to Lady Elverton, who had included Lilia in her party to the Villa Borghese, where was that evening to be held an early juvenile fête. It was not, however, quite the time appointed to be ready, and the lady, seating herself, begged not to interrupt the little party; for the elder student, thinking that a good opening had now been made to take leave, continued standing, as a hint to his friend. But, amidst the many remembrances spoken of, had Arthur at that moment been called on to remember the Roman College, he could only have admitted a confused notion of some state-prison, attached to the church of Saint Ignatius, into

which muslin frocks and green harps were not admitted. The Spanish lady now begged Lilia to sing her some little Italian hymn, for which there was just time; and Lilia, instantly complying, struck the minor chords of the popular hymn to the Madonna; but then stopped, and said, "My little harp wants the deep bass notes for this chorus—you two Roman students must supply them." This they did, and all sang—

"*Evviva Maria ! Maria evviva !  
Evviva Maria, o Qui la cred.*"

"And when may I come again, Reverend Madam?" said Arthur, to whom it had suddenly occurred to take leave and wait below, that he might hand the fair Lilia to the carriage, and perhaps be invited by Lady Elverton to join her party to the fête.

"Come to see me once every month," replied the Religious, "and the next time bring the legal proofs that you are the last of the Counts de Gréy of Languedoc. These proofs, and your emblazoned pedigree, you wrote word were in the hands of the Superior of the College at Chamberry. Are they now in Rome?"

"They are, indeed," replied Arthur; "if you will permit me I will bring them to-morrow?"

"Not till this day month," said she; "and till then, and ever, may God bless you!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

I see thee on the mountain height  
Take thy majestic stand:  
Thy shadow, 'gainst the western light,  
Falls on the desert sand!

At mid-day on Ascension Thursday, 1846, was renewed the sublime scene of the Papal Benediction from the balcony of St. John Lateran,—a blessing, like that from St. Peter's at Easter, extending to the whole world, and conveying still more the character of universality, from the view of the vast Campagna spread before the Cathedral of St. John, skirted by the mountain range towards Albano.

Apart from the dense mass of carriages, and as much sheltered as the case would admit, under the straggling hedgerow-trees, between the Santa Scala and the spot where the Artillery was stationed, was a hired, but neat vehicle, half-open, and turned in the precise angle required to obtain a full view of the still vacant balcony of the church. A venerable old gentleman, who by his small round hat was apparently not a priest, was expatiating to his sole companion on the dignity of the titular Saint of the Basilic before them: "For," said he, "what says St. Bernard, 'The Church at Rome, that Mother and Mistress of all the Churches,' from which is said, 'Peter, I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not,' has been consecrated to bear, after the

name of the Saviour, that of St. John the Baptist. In truth, it is fitting that the spouse, in ascending the throne of her principality, should be accompanied by her most illustrious friend. Here was Peter crucified; here was Paul beheaded; yet the dignity remains to the Precursor. Rome is crimsoned by the blood of innumerable martyrs, yet all pre-eminence is awarded the holy Patriarch. Over all is John the greatest—universal is his prerogative: above all is he admirable. Who, in truth has ever been so gloriously announced? Who has ever been, from the womb of his mother, filled with the Holy Ghost, as the Gospel relates of him? Who has leaped in the maternal womb? Whose nativity does the Church celebrate with pomp? Who sighed for the desert? Who lived in the manner the most sublime? Who was the first to teach the power and kingdom of God? Who baptized the King of Glory? To whom was the Trinity first clearly manifested? To whom was the like testimony rendered by the Lord Jesus? Who has the Church similarly honoured? John the Patriarch, indeed! the chief and last of the Patriarchs. John the Prophet, and more than a Prophet! since he could point out with his finger Him whose coming he announced. John the Angel, and chosen of all angels, as the Saviour bears witness, saying, 'Behold I send my messenger before me.' John the Apostle, but the first and Prince of the Apostles, since he was the first 'Man sent from God.' John, Evangelist, and first announcer of the Gospel; a Preacher—preaching good tidings of the kingdom of God. John the Virgin, bright mirror of virginity—type of modesty—example of chastity. John the Martyr, and light of

martyrs, the very type of martyrdom; the voice that cries in the desert—the Precursor of the Judge—the Herald of the Divine Word—the brilliant and shining Lamp, Elias, uniting the Law and the Prophets!" "Well! what think you of this summary of all the perfections of Saint John the Baptist?" said the principal occupant of the carriage as he closed the small work of Saint Buonaventura, from which he had cited this passage of Saint Bernard. It was only yesterday that, in looking over this book again, I fell on this panegyric, and thought that instead of reading it through in a dry, cold humour, I would bring it here to read to day with proper enthusiasm; so that you have had the advantage as well as myself, Mrs. Moss, of filling your thoughts with this wonderful 'friend of God' in the very sight of his chief monument. Well!"

"Well, Sir, I have had all my life the greatest respect for Saint John the Baptist, and I think it very just that the first church in Rome should be dedicated to the first Christian man. But you had better now be getting out your long glasses, and kneel upon the seat, for I see the Bishops and Cardinals coming out, at last, on the balcony. Yes; and here come the white-feather fans, and the Pope himself."

And now the buzz of expectation was hushed—the preliminary prayers were said—the cannon sounded in the distance—and the holy Gregory, raising his paternal arms, gave his last benediction to Rome and to the world.

"Stay where you are," said Mr. Everard to the coachman, who, after devoutly kneeling on the turf, had remounted his box, "I will pay you for waiting quietly

here another half hour, instead of jamming me amongst all those other carriages."

The man obeyed; and at length, the time specified being expired, our old friend consented to being re-conducted to his apartments in the Via Gregoriana, on the Pincian, where, with his faithful companion, he had remained hidden from those he best loved since October in the past year. His concealment had been facilitated by two illnesses, not dangerous but tedious, during which Mrs. Moss was often obliged to leave him to the care of the kind Italian family with whom they lodged, in order to entertain him, on her return, by her characteristic accounts of all she had seen. One of the daughters of the family was always ready to accompany her: Mr. Everard paid the coach-hire, and very soon Mrs. Moss, in figured black silk for "greater doubles," and plain black silk for "semi-doubles," was most practically at home, not only in St. Peter's, but in all the principal churches where were held the sacred functions of Christmas, Epiphany, Holy Week, and Easter.

But an account of the ceremonies, and her own particular impressions, were not the only subjects of discourse to the invalid. Occasionally Mrs. Moss distinguished Lillia, either with Lady Elverton or with other ladies, who were soon discovered, by listening to her prattling countrywomen near her, to be the two Russian Princesses, who had apartments in the same Locanda. Thrice she had seen the two Nuns, and then Lillia was with them. These three memorable days—to visit the Sacred Crib at Santa Maria Maggiore, to ascend kneeling the Sacred Stairs during Holy Week, and to kiss the slab of the table

of the Last Supper at St. John Lateran's,—afforded sufficient food for thought and converse at the different seasons in which they had occurred. But Mr. Everard had not been ill during the whole of so many months. He had started up at the Epiphany, and every day of that octave had regularly attended the various Masses of the Orientals in communion with Rome, at Sant' Andrea della Valle. He purchased several copies of the little work detailing the ceremonies of that week, commemorative of "the three Kings," and the Call of the Gentiles; nor did he disdain the dramatic representation, at the altar end of the church, of these learned and royal magi offering their respective gifts to the infant King of Kings. On those days he caught occasional glimpses of a slight form like Lillia's, and once he was enabled unseen to watch her countenance as she gazed on the illuminated star; and he could trace, so he fancied, the bright and glowing aspirations of her soul. To her he had sent, on the eve of the Epiphany, one of the little books, but all in the same mystery: he would not direct the book himself, neither might Mrs. Moss direct it, "because," said he, "Lily may have seen your hand-writing on the pots of jam at Burnleigh;" therefore one of the daughters of their present home was to accomplish that task; and accordingly Lillia received her book with as much pleasure and wonderment as he could have desired, and was holding it open at the time he watched her.

But it was now a long time since the Epiphany: only Mrs. Moss, not he, had seen her in Holy Week ascend the Scala Santa. He would not seek her now, during these ten days of retreat and prayer, before Whit-

Sunday ; but then he would make up his mind—yes, he would conquer his nerves, and speak once more to Lily, and to that *other one* !

On the sacred day of the Ascension of *Saint Bernard*, that “other one,” and her Religious Sister, had received the Papal benediction kneeling at their open windows, the moment being announced to them by the discharge of artillery and the sound of every church-bell ; and they soon after fell into discourse respecting that triumphant day. Then the elder Religious, giving the book she held into the hand of Sister Agnes, desired her to read aloud the comments of Saint Bernard on the great Feast of the Ascension, thus :—

“My dearest Brethren, this solemnity is most glorious ! It is the consummation and completion of all the rest. It is the happy cloister of the long pilgrimage of Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God. Without doubt we do most justly celebrate that day of solemnity and joy, in which the super-celestial Sun, the Sun of Justice, manifested Himself to our sight : and still greater joy and exultation when, having rent the rock of the sepulchre, He appeared surrounded with happiness and consecrated the first fruits of our resurrection. But what would all these feasts signify to me, if my life were limited to this earth ? for I declare that the exile of my present existence is scarcely less intolerable to me than Hell !” Thus far Saint Bernard.

“As to the day of the Ascension,” says Saint Buonaventura, “it is truly the most solemn of all the Feasts of the Lord Jesus ; because to-day He is seated at the right hand of his Father, and takes the repose of his



pilgrimage. It is also the particular Feast of all the Celestial Spirits, who receive new joy in beholding their Lord for the first time clothed in His humanity. On this day also begins the first restoration of the losses which these blessed Spirits had experienced, when a third part of their angelic company fell with Lucifer. It is equally the Festival of all that multitude of illustrious Patriarchs and Prophets, and holy souls, who to-day for the first time enter their supernal country."

"And therefore," added Sister Agnes, "it is very selfish in me to sigh when I extinguish the Paschal Candle, in token that the visible Presence of our risen Lord is no more with us. This is indeed *His* Feast—all the rest were for us.

"And this also includes us," said the elder Religious, "for what says our Lord?—'It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come, whom I will send you—the Spirit of Truth, who will teach you all truth.' And then the Angels:—'This Jesus, who is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come as you have seen Him going into Heaven.' And let us remember that other precious consolation of our Lord, 'I will not leave you orphans: I go, and I come to you, and your heart shall rejoice. Alleluia!'"

In the afternoon of Whit-Monday, Lord Elverton ascended from his own rooms to those occupied by his daughter; and entering the reception-room, rang the little bell pendant at the grating. As his Lordship had established a particular mode of sounding that little bell, no one ever obeyed its call on those occasions but the person with whom he came expressly to converse; and

In a few instants the pious offering of their first sentences were made to God, and Lord Elverton then said, "Geraldine, I fear that the intelligence just brought me is too true. Our good old Pope is dead!"

As Lord Elverton received no reply or comment, he became fearful that he had given the mournful news too abruptly; but was re-assured in overhearing the softly repeated words of the "De profundis," in which he joined; and the psalm and versicle being finished, his Lordship said, "Will this most unexpected event embarrass your affairs, my dear child?"

"I believe not," she replied; "unless, which God forbid, a Pope should be elected who cares not for England."

"That is little likely," said Lord Elverton, "and my mind is much relieved. I feared that, at the best, you would find things greatly delayed by this event."

"I shall find things greatly delayed," said Geraldine, "if the Cardinals are compelled to remain long in conclave; but this first twelvemonth in Rome I devote to prayer and spiritual consultation, and am not yet ready to present my petition to the Head of the Church."

"As to the detention of the Cardinals in the Conclave, there never has, is not, nor ever perhaps will be a question more impossible to decide," said Lord Elverton. "We know from history how the most reasonable calculations have been at fault respecting Papal elections. Foreign and political influences, however, do not retard as they once did: it is now tacitly understood that Italians only can be chosen. But by this exclusion of the

Cardinals you lose not only your great 'friend at court,' but also your spiritual director."

"It is very true," replied Geraldine, "that our holy Cardinal is both to me: but during these summer months I can spare everything but his promised prayers; for having given his Eminence, in separate interviews, my whole confidence respecting the proposed Religious Institute, he desired me, at our last meeting, to draw up the whole in the form of Constitutions, which will occupy me to the end of the most prolonged Conclave. But can you tell me no particulars of the illness and death of his late Holiness?"

"Nothing further," said Lord Elverton, "than that he felt a sudden chill after giving the Benediction on Ascension Day at St. John Lateran's. It does not appear that during these ten days there were any symptoms to alarm until yesterday, when the humours to which he was always subject, and which had settled in one of his legs, produced a rapid mortification. I was told half an hour ago that the Cardinals do not yet know of this great death."

At this instant the Princess entered with her chief lady companion, Madame Julie, to tell the same news, and make the same inquiries respecting the influence which the death of the Holy Father might have in retarding the religious affairs of her friend. They were accompanied by the same Canon of St. Peter's, Dom Pietro, who had some months before made the eulogium of the Princess to the English Religious; and in a few instants Bishop Pompallier, whom they had first seen in the Confessional of St. Peter's, and who, with

Dom Pietro, had now become their true and kind friend, came up from his own rooms on the second floor with the same benevolent motive. The Recluse returned her grateful acknowledgements, and re-assured her friends as she had done her father. In honour of the Bishop she threw open the window of her trellis, and fetched her three companions to receive his blessing, and to listen to the interesting conversation that ensued. The Princess, with tears in her eyes, first commenced filially lamenting the venerable Pontiff, under whom all her Catholic years had been passed, and found consolation in recounting to her willing auditors his many virtues. The Bishop then spoke of the late Pope's strength of mind, force of character, and aptitude for business, which was first fully displayed when Cardinal Head of the Propaganda Fide; and Dom Pietro remarked that when God wills the elevation of a man no opposition can avail. "Gregory," said he, "met with human opposition at every step, from his early youth to his supreme dignity, but in vain: he became Monk, Prior, Abbot, Bishop, Cardinal, Pope."

"And with him," said Lord Elverton, "dies not only a wise Pope and a good man, but the last representative of principles which his successor, without miraculous assistance, will find it impossible to maintain. The disaffected in the Papal States are in formidable number; the prisoners of state are a force in themselves: order and peace of mere constraint have been hitherto kept, because the Pope was old, and a new election soon expected. But from all that has passed under my observation since this last visit to Rome, it may be apprehended that the Roman people will threaten, and endeavour to sway the Conclave."

CHAPTER XLV.

'Tis not in heartlessness we turn,  
From Gregory's honoured tomb,  
Dimly the future to discern,  
Who may the Pope become.

It is because the Office more  
Demands our filial sigh,  
Than personal regrets implore  
Tears to his memory.

THE fortnight which intervened between the death of Pope Gregory the Sixteenth and the entrance of the Cardinals into the Conclave to elect his successor, was employed in rendering the last honours due to him who was both Priest and King, and was also necessarily a time of great labour to the Cardinals; every one who had business of any kind to transact crowding their ante-rooms, and urging their claim to be seen and heard, and this with the more excitement and pertinacity, as it was almost universally expected that the Conclave would last some months. During that fortnight the Cardinal Grand Chamberlain directed all the funeral obsequies of the lamented Pontiff. Gregory had died in the Vatican, and when embalmed lay in the Sistine Chapel of that palace, on a simple bier, clothed in the white habit of a Monk of Camaldoli. From this chapel he was, after two days, dressed in the full Pontifical robes, and removed in solemn procession to a side chapel in the church of St. Peter, where the feet could be kissed through the iron rail-

ing; and, after two more days, the solemn interment took place in their vast basilic—a catafalco, or temporary tomb, having been erected in the centre aisle just before the choir of the Canons. The remains of the humble and holy Pius the Eighth were removed to the catacombs below, and those of his successor in the Pontificate were placed in the funeral chamber allotted to the last deceased High Pontiff, which is close to the Canons' choir. These two removals were, as they always are, performed privately.

On the day but one before the Conclave our English Religious was admitted to the great privilege of an audience with her Cardinal Protector. She had previously sent her respectful condolence, and now took with her, not Sister Agnes, but the Spanish lady, who from henceforth we will call Donna Candida. This excellent woman often proved a great comfort to her English friend, in giving her kind services on these and other occasions; and besides the advantage of looking most suitably venerable and respectable, possessed the still greater merits of patience and discretion. With the impression received from better judges than herself, that the Cardinals were not to be seen or heard of for some months, this interview with her holy friend and director seemed a farewell to the Religious, and every word of advice from him doubly precious. As usual, however, scruples had to take flight before obedience. His Eminence was not only pleased and gratified that she and her companions had witnessed the sacred ceremonies attendant on the death of the late Pope, but desired her to go herself, and

take them, to see the preparations made in the Palace of the Quirinal for the Conclave.

"Go into my cell," said his Eminence, smiling, "that you may afterwards better understand my life during my long imprisonment, and may more constantly pray for me. The cells are drawn by lot, and mine is 41."

After promising to do so, she said, "Shall I ever see Cardinal Acton again?"

"So you intend," said his Eminence playfully, "that I am to die in my prison?"

"No," said she, smiling, "but perhaps you will be made Pope."

"Had the case been otherwise likely," said the Cardinal, "I have made it impossible. The Conclave could not elect the native of a heretical country."

"But your Eminence is also a Neapolitan," said she.

"That is exactly the question to which I refer," replied the Cardinal. "It was necessary that I should declare myself of one or the other country, and I declared myself an Englishman." His Eminence then gave her the minutest details of the mode of election, while she listened with deep interest the Reverend Secretary entered, bringing to the Cardinal, among other papers, the newly issued summer quarter of the Devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration, bound expressly for the Cardinals, in crimson and gold. His Eminence, as he took the book, presented it as a farewell keepsake to his Religious friend, and she, devoutly kissing it, soon after received his blessing and withdrew.

During the mid-day repose of the Sunday following the two Religious and their companions were admitted

within the Quirinal Palace to see all the preparations for the Conclave. The courts and first flight of stairs were strewed with the sleeping workmen, who had still some things to finish before evening. The pious Master of the Locanda, who was with the visitors, had been over the palace on such occasions, and described everything most accurately. The chief scene of interest was of course the Chapel, of so many historical recollections, and now again fitted up for another vivid scene of, perhaps, unparalleled emotion. They were made to observe the dais over each Cardinal's throne, and the cord and pulley by which, when the election is made, his Eminence lowers his dais in token of submission to the new Pope, whose canopy alone remains suspended. They particularly observed the stove where the papers of each day are burned towards evening, the narrow iron chimney of which is protruded through the front wall of the palace, and gives the signal to those without whether the election be deferred or terminated. If no smoke appear the public conclude that the last day's votes are satisfactory, and the Pope elected. After silently praying in that memorable spot, our party left the Chapel of the Conclave, and passed through long suites of rooms fitted up as temporary chapels, containing each, generally, three or five altars, that each Cardinal, and also their attendant ecclesiastics, may daily offer the Adorable Sacrifice. The next sight was the cell "No. 41," which the elder Religious desired, in most willing obedience, to visit. It was composed of three small, but comfortable rooms, and close to the scene of action, the Chapel: but on looking at the title over the door, his Eminence Cardinal Michera,



dean of the Sacred College, not Cardinal Acton, was the destined occupant of that commodious cell! How was that? Oh! it was because Cardinal Michera was old and heavy, and his lot had fallen on a cell in the upper corridor, less commodious, and difficult of access. It was sufficient to the generous and self-denying Cardinal Acton to know this, and the exchange of cells was made. Our visitors then begged to be conducted to the cell which his Eminence was actually to occupy, and entered it with increased respect and interest. It was just opposite the Noviciate College of the Society of Jesus.

On their return to their rooms in their present home they found the Princesses and Lord Elverton, who at separate times in the morning had conducted their parties over the Quirinal Palace, now consulting about the event of that evening.

"Geraldine," said Lord Elverton; "should you not like to see the entrance of the Cardinals into the Conclave? It is a solemn sight."

"If they walk," replied she; "but the Princess tells me that so great is the popular excitement in favour of Cardinal Michera, the Franciscan Bishop of Frascati, that their Eminences are to be conveyed in carriages from the church of St. Silvester to the Quirinal Palace."

"Oh!" whispered Lilla eagerly: "which is the church? where does it stand? May I go?"

"You have frequently passed it," said the Princess. "It is in the narrow end of the piazza, distant from the Palace, and attached to it is a convent occupied by Missionary Priests. As I can have access to the raised garden opposite for myself and the ladies in my suite,

I will include you with the permission of the Reverend Mother Paula."

"Oh! how good of your Excellency," said the delighted Lilla. "And why do the Cardinals go specially to that little church?"

"The Cardinals," said Dom Pietro, "assemble in the church of St. Silvester, from its convenient position. They there make their first invocation to the Holy Ghost, with other prayers, after which commences the only walk ever taken by Cardinals in the open squares or streets of Rome. This rarity adds to the solemnity of the procession. All are, or ought to be, in meditation on the great work they have in hand, and praying for purity of motive in their votes."

At six o'clock in the evening of that Sunday, the 14th of June, 1846, the sacred College of Cardinals assembled in the above-mentioned church, and, after the accustomed devotions, their Eminences were driven rapidly in their respective carriages to the Quirinal Palace, and were walled up from the public. As it had been so universally believed that the difficulty of coming conscientiously to a unanimous decision would prolong the Conclave to many weeks, if not months, it may be supposed that people were disposed to turn their minds to other subjects, and our Religious Pilgrim, after arranging to say daily with her companions one of the hymns to the Holy Ghost, had by the Tuesday evening returned quietly to her prescribed writing, when the little bell suspended to her trellys in the parlour ringing furiously, and without a pause, aroused her to some alarm, especially as she heard the voice of her young brother call

ing to her by every name and title she had ever possessed in the world or in the Convent. Some accident or calamity to their father was the first thought, and hastening to the trellis, she exclaimed, after the usual pious greeting, "Oh, Ferdinand, what can you mean?" But the nearly breathless boy could still only repeat the words, "No smoke—no smoke!"

"Do you really mean," said she, "that the Conclave have elected the new Pope?"

"I do—I do," cried he, recovering his breath. "We all were up at Monte Cavallo, watching for the smoke of the burned votes to come forth from the iron funnel, as it did yesterday evening, and it was full half-an-hour past the time before any one there could dare believe anything so extraordinary: but then people looked at each other, and began to nod and shrug, and rub their hands, and the Ecclesiastics began to group together; and on Papa's asking one of them if the thing were possible? he replied that all things were possible to the Holy Ghost, and that he fully believed the election was made. Then off I scampered, and have scarcely stopped till now, that I might be the first to tell you the news, the good news of a new Pope, and the poor Cardinals' release from their prison."

Ferdinand received the expected thanks, and having borrowed a fan from Lilla, sat fanning himself till more news, true and false, were brought in by the different inmates of the Locanda to the reception-room of the Religious. The first was that Cardinal Gizzi was elected, for that he was the only very small Cardinal, and the Reverend Sacristan had not provided the re-

quired white soutane small enough, and had sent in all haste for one the proper size.

"Oh," said some one present, "then there is still intercourse held between those within and those without the Palace?"

"Yes," said Ferdinand, who had learned all the details, and was now proud to show off his knowledge, especially to Lilla: "Yes, there are the 'turns,' just like the strictest Monastery, into the Sacristies, and into the kitchens, and every Cardinal has his dinner sent to him daily from his own palace, by his own servants in their state liveries. I saw our own Cardinal's dinner on its way to him yesterday, in a sort of palanquin. I recognised the liveries of crimson and white. But this dinner had, like every other one, to pass through the 'turn,' into the kitchen of inspection, where every chicken or bird of any sort is cut open, to see if any letter or writing has been put inside, and all the different pastries and rolls of bread are likewise cut about, till their Eminences get each a cold and mangled dinner. And in the same way, if anything has been omitted for the use of the Chapels, the Sacristan may send for it by speaking at the 'turn;' but every thing that comes into the Sacristy is inspected in the same way, particularly if it be lined or trimmed."

Madame Julie now entered, with doubts of its being Cardinal Gizzi, as Dom Pietro had informed them that the Reverend Sacristan, being obliged to provide three sizes of the Papal Soutane, must send for whichever size is missing, and could no more ascertain than themselves who the new Pope was, as no one in the Palace can intrude on the secrets of the Conclave. It was expected

that the proclamation would take place early on the following morning, and the Princess, whose drawing-room was full of Ecclesiastics, sent her affectionate salutations by Madame Julie, and wished to know what the Reverend Mothers would resolve to do?

Lilia could contain her silent subordination no longer.

"Oh! of course you will be present, Reverend Mother," cried she; "you *must* go, you *must* witness that scene! And even Sister Agnes longs to go. She has just said that there is nothing lately she has wished for so much. Now do not pull my sleeve, Sister Agnes, for you did say so."

"You may well say '*must*,'" said the Religious—"a word, Lilia, I never heard from you before; for I am under obedience to go to the Piazza on Monte Cavallo, and to take you all. The good Master of the house knows this, and has assured me that whenever the event should take place, he would mention that we were to be present, and that the various Ecclesiastics in the house would surround us. I arranged this in preference to having application made for us to obtain seats in the windows of the few houses near; because I remember well, during my sight-seeing days in Rome some years ago, the flutter and the chattering at palace-windows and what are called "reserved seats."

The next person who entered the sitting-room was the just-mentioned pious Conductor of the Locanda, who came to state that he had been faithful to his word; and that the Priests and Religious Men lodging in the house, including the venerable Father from La Trappe, would, with himself, take their station around the chairs secured

for the Religious Ladies. He had only to request that they would be ready by six o'clock in the morning.

"I shall come with you, Sister, if I may," said Ferdinand, "and I will tell my father so to-night. I believe he is going to take mamma and Letitia to one of those very palace-windows, crammed full of ladies. I dare say they will be very glad to know that I am safe with you, and he will join us if he can."

"And what shall I tell the Princess?" said Madam Julie.

"Tell her Excellency, with many thanks, the humble arrangement we have made to be in the crowd, but well protected," said the Religious. "And now, dear Ferdinand," added she, "you had better go down to your own rooms, and ask leave of your father to be with us, if you wish this; because you well know he does not like that permission should be asked for anything just at the last moment."

"Cousin Lilla," said Ferdinand, "you will want your great Roman fan to-morrow; so I will keep it for you. You must not fan yourself at your night-prayers, you know. Good night."

## CHAPTER XV.

Faith saw the Office, and Love saw the Man,  
Both to unite with Hope in the Almighty's plan

On Wednesday, the 17th of June, 1846, our English party arose at half-past four in the morning, were in the church of the Gesù at five, and, after remaining for Holy Mass, Communion, and Thanksgiving, returned to the Locanda to secure a light breakfast before proceeding, with Monsieur B. for their escort, to that spot on the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, which, after mature deliberation and experience, he had judged the most likely to unite every advantage. The chairs immediately around them had been secured for the Reverend Gentlemen, who had engaged to remain near the Religious Ladies; but as they did not mind making their way through the crowd, they were not yet on the appointed spot. Ferdinand had to wait for his father, who wished to know exactly where his daughter was placed before he should escort Lady Elverton to her seat in Palazzo Rospigliosi; and not till Ferdinand's anxiety and impatience had made some havock in Lillia's fan, did he get Lord Elverton fairly up the hill, and after some search seated on a vacant chair near the desired objects of their walk.

"This is very good," said his Lordship, looking around him: "you will have no sun, you are quiet, and nothing can impede your view. The only penalty you must pay, is the waiting in one place; but that is scarcely any

annoyance to women, above all to Nuns. How long have you been here?"

"Just an hour," replied his daughter.

"And you will probably have to wait just two hours more," said his Lordship, smiling; "but there will be many subjects of meditation for yourself and your little Saint Agnes there, who must not forget to pray hard during these two hours."

"But the election is made," said Sister Agnes; "and, I suppose, miraculously."

"We all privately suppose the election to be made," said Lord Elverton; "but do you see the window walled up that usually conducts to the balcony in front of the Palace? Do you also observe that point of interest, Geraldine?"

"Yes," replied she, "I know that I am to fix my eyes on that object."

"And until," said his Lordship, "we see the point of a pick-axe protruding from within to commence the breaking through this temporary wall, we are not permitted publicly and officially to believe that the new Pope is elected."

"What a moment of excitement that will be to all this fast assembling population," she observed.

"And succeeded," said Lord Elverton, "by one emotion after another, as you will find. I have once before been present at the proclamation of the new Father of the Faithful, and know nothing to be compared to it, unless it may be the return of the Holy Father to the City, after banishment or imprisonment, as took place in the days of good old Pius the Seventh."



"And there, Sister," said Ferdinand, "close by the walled-up window, is the famous iron funnel, or chimney, which was so eagerly watched yesterday evening, but which now we care for no longer."

"I must be faithful to my appointment with Beatrice," said his Lordship, rising; "and I have but little hope of returning, unless I can fall in the rear of one of the Religious processions on their return from the Palace. They will pass close by you. These Religious processions go up daily to the Palace during the Conclave, chaunting the hymn to the Holy Ghost, 'Veni Creator Spiritus,' and inquire whether the election be made. If the reply be in the negative, they return chaunting the same hymn: but, if the reply be that the new Pope is elected, then they come forth chaunting the 'Te Deum laudamus;' and the people listen eagerly to ascertain which it is the Monks on their return are chaunting."

"Then we shall know the fact publicly," said the Religious, "even before the wall is broken through?"

"If the procession, of whatever order it be, happen to arrive at an opportune moment, that is, a few instants before the proclamation on the balcony, the officials within the Palace are permitted to reveal the fact of the election. Now, farewell! When we meet again, it will be, please God, to congratulate each other on the event of to-day."

While Lord Elverton had been relating the above-mentioned details to the two Religious, the good old Master of the Locanda had been entertaining Lilla and Lucy in the same manner, together with several of the French and Irish Ecclesiastics of his house, who had now

collected on the appointed spot, and to whom the scene was quite novel. The Piazza was now apparently so densely crowded, that it would be a matter of extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, for the Religious processions to pass: but, oh! the elasticity of a Roman crowd! Behold! an avenue imperceptibly made through the centre of the Piazza, and the first arrived procession, composed of Franciscan Friars, now solemnly wending their way into the court of the Quirinal Palace. Other processions followed at the intervals of ten minutes and quarters of hours: still they returned chanting the same hymn of invocation, and when the last procession, composed of the parish priests of Rome, in surplices and atoles, passed and repassed, still imploring instead of rejoicing, a murmur ran throughout the Piazza that something was the matter. Was the new Pope ill? Was he dead? The uneasiness increased;—when, in the midst of this disappointment and alarm, suddenly cries of joy were heard: the sounds had been distinguished, and soon appeared the point of the friendly pick-axe, announcing that the wall was being broken through, and the Pope about to be proclaimed. In a few instants the door-way was made, and Cardinal Michera, Dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, and idol of the people, preceded by the cross, and accompanied by other Cardinals and attendant priests, came forth on the balcony to announce in a distinct and sonorous voice, to Rome and to the world, that Cardinal Mastai had been elected Sovereign Pontiff and Christ's Vicar on earth under the name of Pius the Ninth!

This announcement, this name of "Pio Nono," which afterwards became a talisman to win the hearts of his

people to an enthusiasm almost unparalleled, was in the first instance heard with indifference, if not disappointment. The multitude present would have preferred him who had made the proclamation; but he, exercising the influence he possessed over them, waved his white handkerchief, bidding them exclaim "Viva Pio Nono!" Then for the first time was that name sounded forth on the Quirinal Hill; the Cardinal Count Mastai had actually become their Father and their Sovereign, and the still pious and loyal Roman people soon felt and expressed their joy and fidelity, and became clamorous to see the Pope. In a short time their desires were gratified, Pius the Ninth appeared, and received a burst of welcome from the multitude: while he, full of emotion, wept and blessed alternately.

Two more interesting ceremonies took place that day, to one of which Lilia was taken, and Lucy to the other. One was the solemn passing, from the Quirinal Palace to that of the Vatican, of the new Pope in his carriage of state—the other his arrival and reception at St. Peter's, and his receiving the homage of the Cardinals, being seated on the altar. The last-mentioned ceremony, which can be witnessed but once, was the one to which Lilia was taken by the Princesses.

During the evening these kind friends accompanied the Bishop and Dom Pietro, who came to give the Religious the various anecdotes respecting the new Pontiff, which had already spread over the city in which he had been once well known and beloved; and in which it was now the emulation of all to remember and record, not only his talents and virtues, but the extraordinary facts of his

early life; and the Bishop requested Dom Pietro to relate these consecutively to the English Religious, which he did as follows:—"The Count Mastai made his first studies in the Roman Seminary, where it was remarked of him, that although of a mild and sweet disposition, he was always the leader of his companions. At the proper age his family made interest for his being admitted into the Royal Body Guard, which are here called 'la Guardia Nobile,' from its being composed solely of noblemen. On account of his epileptic fits he was rejected; and he, looking on this rejection as a call from God to think of a more devout life, resolved to enter the severe Order of the Passionists. Here also, on account of the same infirmity, he was rejected. Much afflicted, he went to the then reigning Pontiff, the holy Pius the Seventh, by whom he was much beloved. His Holiness desired him to enter the Church, and raising his hand gradually, added, 'e poi—e poi—e poi\*!' One account is, that in that interview the young Count made a vow that if his fits were cured he would enter the Church; another version is that Pius the Seventh laid his hand on his head, assuring him they would never return. These facts, however, are admitted by all, that from this interview the fits entirely left him, that he continued his studies, and became a priest full of zeal and heroic charity; serving the hospitals, venturing into the most noisome receptacles during the raging of the cholera, and frequently carrying the sick or the dead on his shoulders either to the hospital or for interment. The first public institution he was placed over in Rome was the one for indigent infant boys, called "Tatta

\* "And then—and then—and then!"

Giovanni \*,' from its founder. He was then sent with a Cardinal Nuncio to America; then recalled to be made Archbishop of Spoleto; then translated to the disaffected diocese of Imola, where he displayed his great talent for government; then made Cardinal; and lastly Pope. Thus has Almighty God, through early disappointment and humiliation, accomplished his designs on his servant, and notwithstanding the young nobleman's wishes—first to be a soldier, then a monk, has raised him to the highest station on the earth!"

"Well! this is most interesting," exclaimed Madame Julie, who had entered in time to hear the whole history: "and what age is our hero now?"

"His Holiness Pius the Ninth is just fifty-two," replied Dom Pietro.

"That is young for a Pope," said Madame Julie; "and the people seem enchanted to get one in apparently still the vigour of manhood. One of the servants of this house, who took care of Lucy and me in the crowd, never ceased repeating, with hysterical cries of joy, 'Non è vecchio—non è vecchio!'"†

A few days after the release from the Conclave, our Religious Pilgrini was admitted to an audience of her Lord Cardinal Protector, and, in passing through the ante-rooms, met the amiable mother of his Eminence with more care than usual on her sweet countenance, which, more youthful than his own, was generally full of placid content. In return for the congratulations offered that her son was restored to her, the reply was,

\* Daddy John.

† "He is not old—he is not old."

"Yes! but he is so ill!"—and while the Religious was listening, full of sympathy and alarm, the Cardinal appeared, with an open letter in his hand, and, after giving her and her Spanish friend his blessing, told them to go forward to his library, and that he would soon be with them. When his Eminence re-appeared he did look hectic and still thinner; but he rallied, and seemed pleased to speak of the choice which Heaven had made in Pius the Ninth. Our Religious then relating the anxiety which the assembled people had felt on Monte Cavallo, from the great delay in proclaiming the Pope, the Cardinal said that it had arisen from the indisposition of his Holiness, caused by the too great emotion of the previous day. "Do you remember," said his Eminence, "what I described to you of the three Cardinals, who each day are chosen afresh to make the scrutiny of the votes?"

"Yea," replied the Religious, "I remember everything which your Eminence has been good enough to relate to me."

"On that day," continued the Cardinal, "it fell to the lot of Cardinal Mastai, supported by two others, to count the votes, which he did with a firm voice, until, his own name occurring so often that he found two-thirds of the suffrages to be his, he paused, and his hand shook so much that Cardinal Patrizi, who was one of his supporters, held it and the papers. Cardinal Mastai then refused to continue reading, and proposed that the Conclave should proceed to a fresh scrutiny; but, by a simultaneous movement, all the other Cardinals drew the cards which support the dais over each throne, his alone

remaining, and exclaimed, 'Viva il Papa!' Cardinal Mastai, or rather the new Pope, then became so much agitated that we feared a rush of blood to the head. He was in a state of the greatest nervous suffering, and we had not a drop of cold water to give him. We altogether made such a noise," added Cardinal Acton, smiling, "that it was impossible for those without not to discover that we had finished the Conclave; yet we dared not open the door. At length the Pope revived, and exclaimed, 'It is the will of God,' and then added, 'Oh, holy soul of Pius the Seventh, who predicted this to me, protect me!'"

When the Cardinal had finished this recital of an event so interesting to history and to the world, which he had given in the graceful and animated manner peculiar to him, he would not allow that he was fatigued, and continued to speak on subjects of both public and private interest, concluding the interview by desiring the English Religious and her companions to be present at most if not all the ceremonies that would follow the elevation of Pius the Ninth to his present dignity.

The first High Mass sung by the new Pope in St. Peter's was the next event of interest to the Romans; and greatly astonished were some sober English priests at the delight with which those of Rome, with their musical genius and warm hearts, first heard and applauded the sonorous tones and exquisite patnos with which this highly-gifted and highly-favoured Vicar of Christ gave forth the sublime preface of the Mass. Our English Pilgrim, with her companions, was that day near the high altar in St. Peter's, hidden and attentive; and at the close she

blessed God, saying, "Behold the Pope who will understand and befriend me!"

After the High Mass on that day, the 21st of June, 1846, Pope Pius the Ninth was solemnly crowned on the balcony of the portico of St. Peter's, the mitre of Bishop being removed by the Cardinal Vicar, and on his sacred head being placed the Tiara, or triple crown, of Prophet, Priest and King.



## CHAPTER XVI.

Not in the catacombs alone,  
Do Saints in Rome abound :  
Some living round the tiaral throne,  
We hail on upper ground.

THE day before the coronation of Pius the Ninth our old friend, Mr. Everard, exerted power over his nerves sufficient to mount as far as the first floor of the pious Locanda, and discover himself to the family of Lord Elverton. After sitting half an hour amongst them, and wondering within himself how he could have kept away so long, it was ascertained for him that two Ecclesiastics having vacated their rooms, and left Rome immediately after the proclamation of the new Pope, there would be room for himself and a servant in the house. To this plan he consented, although he did not relinquish his apartments in the Via Gregoriana, and that very night, a happy night between sleeping and waking, he was near the friends of his English life—and, oh, wonderful event ! under the same roof with that "other one," whom he could not yet meet or mention.

Some years before Mr. Everard had had an internal struggle, a struggle that cost him some weeks of illness, before he could see Lady Elverton, then Mrs. Carrington, filling the places of that mother and that daughter who had successively filled his heart ; but, the struggle over, he loved her as the sister of Don Carlos Duago,

and for his sake, who had endured much adversity, he forgave her the ever-increasing prosperity that surrounded her. She was a faithful wife, a fond mother, a pious Catholic, gentle, graceful, and beautiful; and though she had no power to produce whatever mental stores she might possess, she was a patient, or perhaps an apparent listener to his ever-varied talk. Ferdinand and Letitia were nearly as much beloved for their uncle's sake as if they had possessed some blood of the Sinclairs; and he was now sitting between them, looking at the sacred presents made them since their coming to Rome, and debating aloud whether or not he would be one of Lady Elverton's escort to St. Peter's on the morrow, or go independently of any one, save perhaps his good faithful Moss. There were other and younger ladies who generally followed Lady Elverton, and he began to fear that too much would be required of him.

"Well!" cried he at last, "I will go with you all as far as St. Peter's: but I cannot be climbing up with you ladies over St. Andrew or St. Longinus. I have had that bird's-eye view once. Now I want to be close to the scene of action; and above all, I want to watch the countenance of the Cardinals. Sharp fellows, those Cardinals!"

On his return from the holy function, Lord Elverton, who delighted in the characteristics of Mr. Everard, questioned him respecting the impression made by the countenances of their Eminences, and he replied gravely, "I think they are very holy men. There were particularly five or six who had just the expression which artists endeavour to give in their ideal of Saints. I saw what I

expected—acuteness in the eye, but the whole seemed more deep and solid and humble than I had prepared myself to view. Who is that perfect specimen of holy and beautiful old age—that chief or senior, as it seemed, among them, who sat on the right hand of the throne, and went to and fro so often from the altar to the choir?—tall, pale, silver-haired, with a perfect outline of features."

"That," said Lord Elverton, "was Cardinal Fransone—head of the Sacred College for the Propagation of the Faith."

"Ha! the Propaganda Fide. I must go there! I must ascend and descend those stairs down which so many holy missionaries have passed to martyrdom!"

"Very well!" said Lord Elverton; "I must be going soon to the Secretary on business, and we will go together up and down those stairs."

"Who is the Secretary?" demanded Mr. Everard.

"Monsignor Brunelli, Archbishop of Thessalonica," replied his Lordship, "a wonderfully clever and good man. But as there is an endless variety amongst the Saints, you will find as great a contrast as any lover of strong effect could wish, between his Eminence the Cardinal Head and his Lordship the Secretary of that immense moral and spiritual machine the Propaganda. The Lord Cardinal Fransone all meek deliberation, Monsignor Brunelli all zealous action, and in person stout and florid; the Cardinal in his suite of rooms above, still, meditative, and comparatively solitary, except to give final decisions and sign important papers; his Lordship in his suite of rooms below—where all is stir, discussion,

and in portunity—granting, denying, postponing, reprimanding, complimenting, accepting, and consoling. The Cardinal spending his recreative hours, except on public days of reception, with his little birds, of which he has a choice variety, still in meditative solitude, until the hour arrives, which no weather or business ever prevents, for being driven to the Benediction Service at the church of the Perpetual Adoration, the Nuns of which convent are the spiritual daughters of his Eminence."

"And the recreative hours of the Archbishop Secretary?" demanded Mr. Everard.

"They are doubtless most exemplary," said Lord Elverton; "but I know Monsignor Brunelli only in his public capacity, while I am favoured by the private friendship of the holy Cardinal."

"Well, I must see these two men—these two great men!" said Mr. Everard.

"And should you not like," said his Lordship, "to have an introduction to Cardinal Mai, that fine old Mai—the most, or one of the most learned men of his age—the antiquary of the Vatican—the discoverer of vast Egyptian secrets?"

"Yes, I must contrive a little talk with that great man."

"And the Thaumaturgus of languages," said Lord Elverton, "the holy Cardinal of whom so many witty things have been written and said; amongst the rest, that he was elected interpreter of Babel!"

"Well! what of him?" said Mr. Everard.

"Why, here is one who can give you more details than I," said Lord Elverton, as Monsignor Lenti, the

English Pilgrim's first Roman friend, entered the room to pay his compliments to the father before mounting two pairs of stairs higher to seek the daughter. "Monsignor, I am endeavouring to give a slight and imperfect sketch of our Sacred College of Cardinals to my good and learned friend here," added his Lordship, after the first compliments had been exchanged.

"And how far have you proceeded, my Lord?" said the benevolent Prelate.

"I was just about to describe the wonderful gift of tongues bestowed on Cardinal Mezzofante," said Lord Elverton, "but have forgotten too much. Was it not after the battle of Marengo, that, as a humble but zealous Missionary Priest, he found the wounded and dying of almost every country in Europe brought into the hospitals, and that, with supplication to Heaven, he took up some French or German dictionary and discovered that he learned and retained everything without effort, and was then inspired to hear the confessions, and found that he could understand and exhort each one in his own tongue?"

"I believe all this to be quite correct," said Monsignor, and the virtues of the priest being equal to the wonders of the linguist, he was raised to the Cardinalate by our late Pope Gregory the Sixteenth."

"Many talents can lie dormant in persons," said Mr. Everard, "until some call of necessity or charity brings them forth to the world."

"Granted," said Monsignor; "history and biography have taught us this truth. But in these cases there is always to be traced in the child and the youth something of the genius of the man; not perhaps in the highest

regions of thought—metaphysics or mathematics—but in those which relate more to the perceptive powers, and to intercourse with man.”

“Yes, that is very true,” said Mr. Everard. “Saint Thomas of Aquinas, with his vast logical head, was not discovered by his fellow students; but a boy who, shallow in other respects, shall catch and retain words, is the admiration of the classes. And so this holy Mezzofante was not one of these clever boys! Well, I am well pleased to own the miracle. I expect to find miraculous manifestations everywhere in God’s Church, but more especially in Rome, and I shall visit this His servant, if permitted so to do, with awe and respect. And now, Monsignor, of all your Sacred College, to whom do you attribute the greatest sanctity?”

“God alone can see and judge the hearts of His servants,” replied Monsignor Lenti; “nor could I individually presume to place one Cardinal above another in the scale of excellence; but I do not fear to report the general feeling and voice of Rome, in saying that Cardinals Fransoni and Acton are recognised to be her Saints.”

“Acton!” repeated Mr. Everard much pleased; then added with a sigh, “Well done, poor old England!”

“England,” said the Prelate, “has a character now to support in giving Saints to Rome. Two Cardinals have successively borne that reputation, and a young and lovely Princess has lived and died amongst us, from an ancient and noble English family, whose eminent sanctity was recognised in Rome by her remains being borne in triumph to the family chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore.

You are aware, my Lord, that I speak of the Lady Guendaline Talbot, Princess Borghese?"

"I should like to know some of those details," said Lord Elverton.

"And I," said the Prelate, "am most happy to give them." But before Monsignor proceeded to relate those interesting and edifying traits in the brief life of the Lady Guendaline, Lord Elverton had sent for his little daughter, that she might be edified, and perchance inspired to emulation by the recital; and Letitia listened with fixed attention and with glowing cheek, how the young Princess, without departing from the claims of her rank and position, found time and opportunity, especially in the early hours of the day, to visit and console the sick and afflicted poor, gladdening their languid sight by a rare beauty sanctified in God's work, and re-assuring their faint hearts by the endearing familiarity and playfulness of holy innocence, captivating all to the sweet service of the Lord. Amongst many anecdotes of this loved and lovely one was her having herself made a dress for an old woman, which concealing beneath her shawl she carried to the poor dwelling, and in which she equipped her protégée; when, discovering that the dress had been made too long, the Princess drew forth her implements of needlework, and kneeling on the brick floor, performed that feat commonly called "running a tuck" in the gown of the old woman, and achieved the work to perfection.

Monsignor Lenti, as he finished these anecdotes, to which all had listened with pleased attention, took his

leave of the first floor, and began his long ascent to the top of the house in search of his first English friends.

"Well, it is clear that I cannot see her to-day, as Monsignor is engaging her," said Mr. Everard to himself, and inwardly relieved, like many a nervous man who thinks he shall be braver on the morrow. "I cannot see her to-day, so I'll go to my room, and ascertain if my books be come from the Via Gregoriana."

The next day he felt very well, and he determined to ascend the stairs. He would have mounted with still greater courage had he known that on this, for him, long postponed day, the Religious he went to see was generally taken to her private audience with his Eminence the English Cardinal; and accordingly, when he turned as he had been directed to the wing of the upper floor, where was the outer door of her rooms, he felt at once relieved and annoyed to find doors, gratings, and curtains all open, or removed, and the Italian maid, aided by Lucy, giving the weekly sweeping, to which the previous daily attentions of the broom had been but distant preparations. Mr. Everard was incapable of nourishing dislike to any class of persons, more especially if of the gentle, fair, and devout sex; but passing irritations, and half-hours of resentment had, during the course of his life, been more directed towards housemaids than to any body of people who had crossed his path, or, worse still, had put an impediment to the free access of his study. "Well!" would he say to the damsels of Burnleigh, those 'pitiless foes to a spider,' "What harm does he do to me? Let him and me alone in our quiet!" when on some occasions the 'hairy-legged spinner' had dropped with his long



thread of glue from the ceiling, to ascertain, in the spirit of adventure, what was going on at his desk; and now, scarcely mollified by Felicia kissing his hand, and Lucy who knew him, brandishing her feather duster with delighted surprise, he demanded, why did they cause that chaotic state on a Thursday, and not on a Saturday, the old-established day for making people miserable?

"Because, Sir," replied Lucy, "my Lady and the others are out; but I can make you as snug and quiet in a minute, as if you were sitting on Sunday morning with everything clean about you, in your own study corner at Burnleigh. Just step in, Sir."

Mr. Everard did step across the threshold of the outer door, exclaiming, "And now the Rubicon is passed!" and followed Lucy through a little ante-room to the visitors' reception-room, where she placed an arm-chair opposite the only window that afforded a good view, brought a footstool, and took away his hat and stick, for he had come up from his own room equipped in due form.

"And when do you expect the ladies home?" inquired he.

"Not this hour, Sir; for, after leaving the Cardinal's audience, they were to go the Thursday excursion to some distant church, with the two Princesses."

"Oh, I cannot wait here an hour!" cried Mr. Everard, remembering his dignity. "I cannot waste my time up here!"

"Why, Sir," said Lucy, "surely you can fill up the time, instead of wasting it, by meditating on the 'four last things;' or you can say a third portion of the Rosary, Sir; or I can fetch you the Spiritual Combat!"

"All in the Purgative way, Lucy," said he. "When do you intend to admit me to the Illuminative, and when to the Unitive?"

Lucy, not well knowing what he meant, here slipped away to the completion of the active task allotted her, and our old friend sat gazing during some minutes over terraced-topped houses, and through cupolas and domes of churches on the range of the Vaniculum. Then beginning again to feel a little nervous, he rose, looked at the pious ornaments of the room, and finding the trellised partition had a door, and that on this day of vigorous cleaning that door had been left unlocked and ajar, he threw it open, found himself greatly attracted towards that inner parlour, and after an instant or two of doubt, saying to himself "It is no cell—it is only a parlour," he entered, and was amongst the private pursuits, and, as he felt it, the private thoughts of the owner. In spite of his pique and disappointment at not having been consulted on, or even apprised of her pilgrimage to Rome, Mr. Everard looked with the fond and proud remembrance of former days on the materials which covered the work-table of the Religious—for the work was mental, and half a ream of small Roman folio, yet untouched, betokened a determined perseverance in finishing the theory of her supposed perfection. The books were in Latin or Italian, with the exception of a Douay Bible in English, and were, first, the Rule of Saint Benedict, a curious Venetian edition, printed for the use of the Benedictine dames of the Strict Observance, in 1738, with a declaration following each chapter of what could not in the said chapter be followed by cloistered women, with

a substitution of more hidden duties ; then came the Decrees of the Council of Trent, in all that related to Nuns, next followed a collection of Pontifical Bulls, regarding Nuns of all orders and degrees, principally of Saint Pius the Fifth and Gregory the Thirteenth; while, spread open, as the work from which the Religious was making her present extracts, was a thick quarto, printed, but unpublished, entitled "The Statutes of Saint Bruno." Mr. Everard could proceed no further: the Rule of Saint Benedict he had before seen; but this private loan from the Cloistered Carthusians, in their own binding, might have attracted a less ardent antiquary than was our friend: it was in Latin, too, which he preferred to Italian. Therefore, arrested, like the roaming bee, on this rich flower, Mr. Everard, being seated, leaned over its contents, and became for the hour a laborious solitary of the Chartreuse.

He was too much absorbed to hear after awhile the sound of footsteps, and whispering in the outer parlour, or to notice the entrance even of her he had come to visit, until the remembered voice aroused the echo in his heart; and forgetting that he had come expressly to upbraid her—forgetting every thing but his long-trying and faithful friendship, he started up to greet her as in days gone by. But he scarcely knew what he said, or what she responded, and, sitting down together, there was a long pause—not of embarrassment, but of full, deep thought, and unconscious emotion.

"After all," said at length Mr. Everard, "it is highly interesting and worthy of admiration to perceive that a character, if of firm original stamp, cannot change. The

direction of its impulses may change—for instance, from the world to heaven, from creatures to the Creator, and greater reserve, arising from the caution of advancing years, may prevent the free access once permitted into the recesses of that character. But an old privileged investigator cannot be totally excluded. I recognise you, Geraldine, in all that surrounds you here, to be the same who, at eleven years old, struck your pen through the word in an order that would have given you an inferior though easier instrument on which to commence your lessons on the harp; and who, on the remonstrances of your governess, sprang on an ottoman in the centre of the saloon, exclaiming, 'Not what is easy and superficial, but what, through time and labour, is perfect, can alone suit Geraldine Carrington!' I recognise you for the same who, at nineteen, said thus to your lover at parting, 'God and my father forbid our union! But for this prohibition, home, country, all would be left for your love. This sacrifice would have been deemed heroic in one placed like me; but is far greater heroism, for my father and my faith, to renounce your love: therefore I choose the best -- the heroic best -- and bid farewell for ever!' I recognise you for the same who, at three-and-twenty, having, by the grace of God, opened your eyes to the errors of that religion for which in good faith you had renounced your earthly love, desired that he might never know the change, saying, 'This silence will be the test that, in becoming a Catholic, I have sought God alone!' while at the same time you refused the silence exacted of you by the noble Protestant suitor, who made it the condition of his plighted troth. I recognise you for the same, who, in

your widowhood, believing to find united in your sole person the riches and honours of two ancient families, trusted, like Abraham, that God would provide an heir, and left all to become a poor Sister of Mercy; at an age, two-and-thirty, and after a life suited to your station, which made the step more heroic; nay more—who in that supernatural hour steeled your heart against the renewed addresses of your first love, leaving him for heavenly espousals! Therefore, Geraldine, shall I not trust you now? Shall I not believe that, as I have felt pain at every step you have made towards perfection, and that, nevertheless, I have finally understood and applauded it, so it will be in my appreciation of this your pilgrimage to Rome. The purity of your motives, thank God, I have never doubted; neither will I doubt but that He is with you, that same Holy Spirit, who has hitherto bestowed, in gradual increase, such gifts and graces to your soul!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

While others twine the rose of June  
 With lily and with eglantine,  
 And raise on high the hallowed tune  
 With voices full, to theme divine ;

I scarce can move the train along,  
 Or gaze on yonder canopy,  
 I cannot utter note of song,  
 Nor free from blinding tears mine eye :

And yet my tears are those of joy,  
 My loving heart prevents my lay ;  
 I fain would every power employ  
 On this my favourite holy day.

It may easily be supposed that the step once made into the rooms of the upper floor of the "Pilgrim-House," Mr. Everard there spent many of his leisure hours. But into the inner parlour could he enter no more, and therefore sat, like other secular friends, on the outside of the trellised partition, in a very comfortable easy-chair, where he was forced to content himself with hearing, more than seeing, his consecrated friend. But the summer plans for avoiding the intense heat of Rome were soon to disperse all the inmates of the Locanda, save the two Religious and Lucy ; and they were delayed only by the two great Festivals of Corpus Domini, and that of Saints Peter and Paul. To the former great solemnity the Religious Sisters were to be taken, and, as at the proclamation of the new Pope, the seats secured for them

were not those called "reserved," but chairs in an angle of the Piazza di San Pietro; and Lord Elverton, Mr. Everard, and several Ecclesiastics, with the good Master of the Locanda, sat behind and on the sides to prevent intrusion. Nothing could exceed the happiness of Mr. Everard, who sat immediately behind his darling Lily and that "other one," with his head a little advanced between them. On one side of him was Lord Elverton, and on the other an Irish Ecclesiastic, towards whom he had been attracted since the evening they first met at the table-d'hôte of the Pilgrim-House. This priest, who was a little lame, and to whom other circumstances had given a studious and meditative turn of mind, had been a frequent visitor to the parlour of the Religious Sisters throughout all those winter months in which Mr. Everard had nourished that loving pique, commonly called "riding the high horse," which he now declared to have contained a certain charm,—“Though not so great,” added he, “as that of dismounting to sit just as I am here placed, in a state of reconciliation, and as if Saint Juliana were hovering over my head!”

“Saint Juliana!” repeated Lilia. “Do you mean, Sir, that Saint who miraculously received the adorable Host on her death-bed?”

“You are referring, Lilia,” said her Religious relative, “to St. Giuliana Falconieri, whose picture hangs in our Pilgrim’s house.”

“But I,” said Mr. Everard, “am thinking of the Juliana of earlier date, whose life I will lend or give you, Lily.”

The first banners of the Religious procession now

appeared, and the conversation turned exclusively on the scene before them. After the different Religious Orders had passed, the Divine Centre and object of the festival approached, and all sank on their knees. The adorable Host was borne by the Sovereign Pontiff, on the shoulders of the papal bearers, surrounded by the Court, and followed by all the cavalry-troops in Rome. The Pope's march, the last effort of Rossini's genius, sounded forth the holy triumph of the day, and Rome was in her true glory—a glory peculiar and inimitable—alone among the nations; a glory reflected from on high, still untarnished by the fast gathering fumes of political discord—

Still, still we see, in ever-favoured Rome,  
The long processions through her columns come:  
These are her Christian triumphs, this her pride,  
To bear the Body of the Crucified.

Before the departure of the two Princesses for Albano, Princess Zénide took our elder Religious to a private interview with the holy and far-famed Abbess Macrina, the living martyr from Poland, whose existence, after such barbarous sufferings and wounds, is miraculous. The enthusiasm excited by her arrival, and the history of her wrongs, in which enthusiasm, not piety alone, but curiosity and politics were strongly mingled, had attracted such numbers to the apartment assigned her in the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, that scarcely the popular Pope himself could have more crowded audiences. On this occasion, however, of the meeting between the Pilgrims Macrina and Geraldine, the Princess, who acted as interpreter, was alone present, to recount to the Basilian Abbess the Sister of Mercy's



object in coming to Rome. Macrina listened with the deepest interest and approval, and while Geraldine felt touched and impressed by her venerable appearance and tenderly maternal manner, she was taken in Macrina's arms and pressed to her bosom, where she kissed the pectoral cross, the companion of all her sufferings. Then Macrina, drawing forth a little rosary and cross, and a relic of Saint Rose of Viterbo, presented them to Geraldine, exhorting her to courage and prophesying success; and finally, while Geraldine knelt before her, Macrina, raising her arms, invoked blessings on her, giving the full and solemn Abbatial Benediction, as consecrated Abbess of the ancient Order of Saint Basil.

One more holy sight remained to be enjoyed for the first time by Lilla, and also by Mr. Everard, his faithful companion, before leaving Rome for Loretto. This was the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's, which, through the kindness of Monsignor Lenti, they viewed to great advantage from a window opposite.

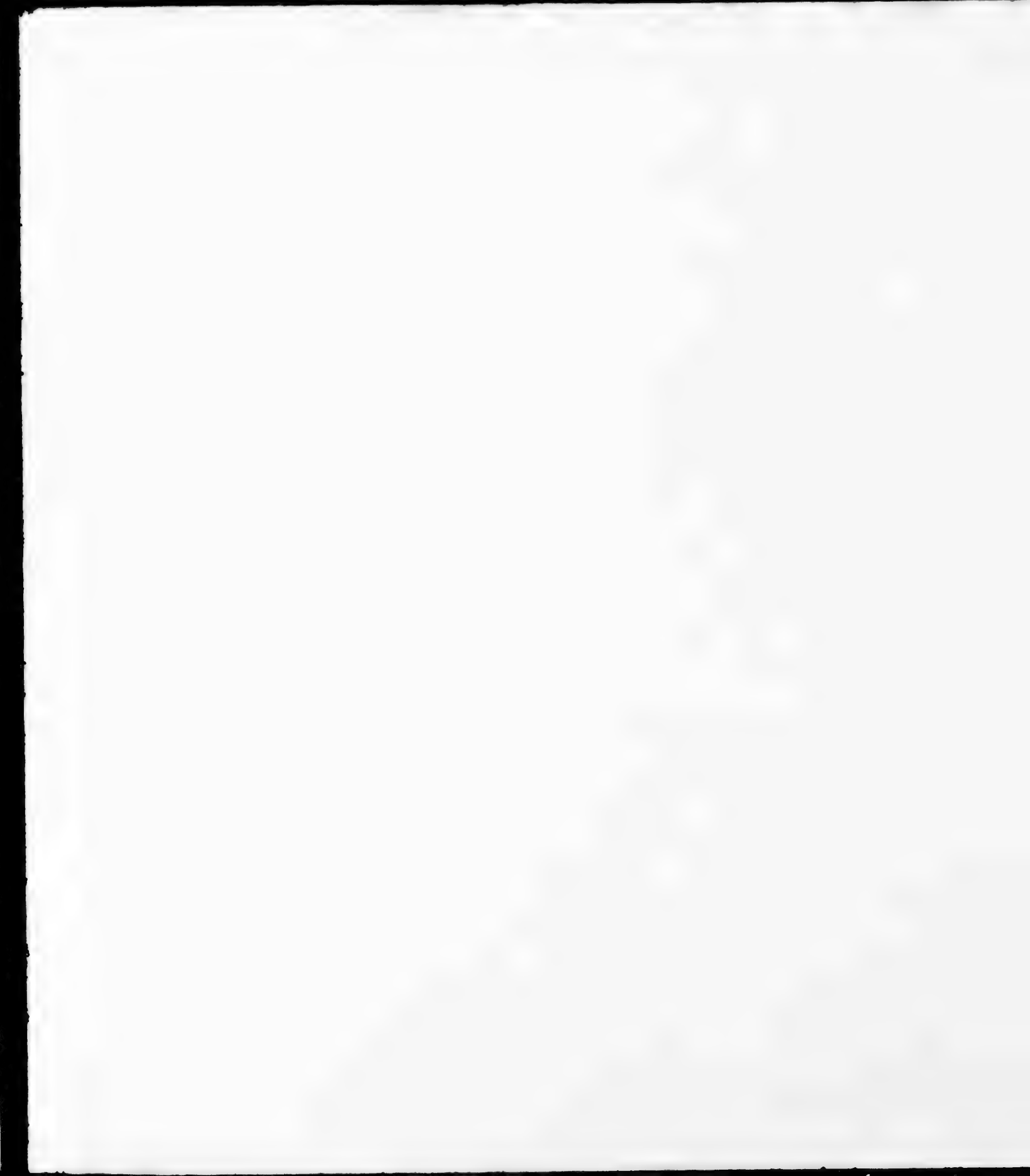
"And did the effect realize your expectations, Lilla?" said her Religious Guardian, at their recreation on the following day.

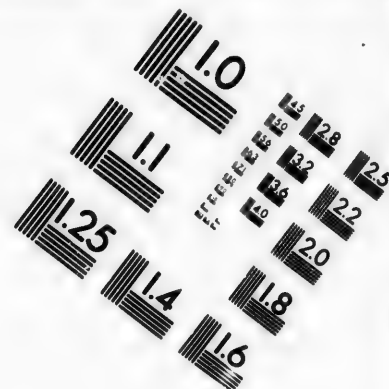
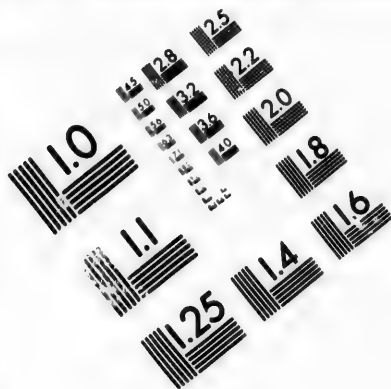
"Not at first," replied Lilla, "but afterwards I was quite bewildered with surprise and admiration."

"And did the increase of brilliancy, the movement, the glory, the clothing as it were of flame upon flame, suggest any comparison to your mind?" said the Religious.

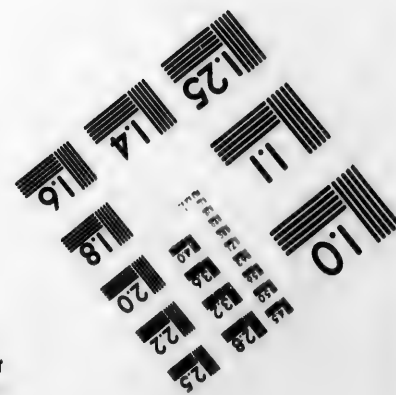
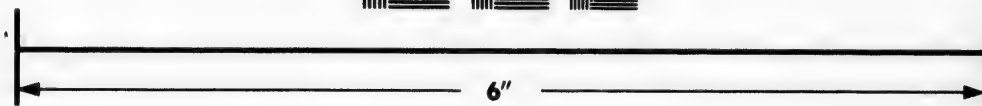
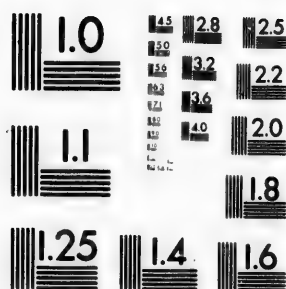
"Oh! tell me—tell me what you thought," cried Lilla, "when first you witnessed this change of illumination?"

"I thought," replied the Religious, "that I beheld the





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"Yes! but he is so ill!"—and while the Religious was listening, full of sympathy and alarm, the Cardinal appeared, with an open letter in his hand, and, after giving her and her Spanish friend his blessing, told them to go forward to his library, and that he would soon be with them. When his Eminence re-appeared he did look hectic and still thinner; but he rallied, and seemed pleased to speak of the choice which Heaven had made in Pius the Ninth. Our Religious then relating the anxiety which the assembled people had felt on Monte Cavallo, from the great delay in proclaiming the Pope, the Cardinal said that it had arisen from the indisposition of his Holiness, caused by the too great emotion of the previous day. "Do you remember," said his Eminence, "what I described to you of the three Cardinals, who each day are chosen afresh to make the scrutiny of the votes?"

"Yes," replied the Religious, "I remember everything which your Eminence has been good enough to relate to me."

"On that day," continued the Cardinal, "it fell to the lot of Cardinal Mastai, supported by two others, to count the votes, which he did with a firm voice, until, his own name occurring so often that he found two-thirds of the suffrages to be his, he paused, and his hand shook so much that Cardinal Patrizi, who was one of his supporters, held it and the papers. Cardinal Mastai then refused to continue reading, and proposed that the Conclave should proceed to a fresh scrutiny; but, by a simultaneous movement, all the other Cardinals drew the cards which support the dais over each throne, his alone

remaining, and exclaimed, 'Viva il Papa!' Cardinal Mastai, or rather the new Pope, then became so much agitated that we feared a rush of blood to the head. He was in a state of the greatest nervous suffering, and we had not a drop of cold water to give him. We altogether made such a noise," added Cardinal Acton, smiling, "that it was impossible for those without not to discover that we had finished the Conclave; yet we dared not open the door. At length the Pope revived, and exclaimed, 'It is the will of God,' and then added, 'Oh, holy soul of Pius the Seventh, who predicted this to me, protect me!'"

When the Cardinal had finished this recital of an event so interesting to history and to the world, which he had given in the graceful and animated manner peculiar to him, he would not allow that he was fatigued, and continued to speak on subjects of both public and private interest, concluding the interview by desiring the English Religious and her companions to be present at most if not all the ceremonies that would follow the elevation of Pius the Ninth to his present dignity.

The first High Mass sung by the new Pope in St. Peter's was the next event of interest to the Romans; and greatly astonished were some sober English priests at the delight with which those of Rome, with their musical genius and warm hearts, first heard and applauded the sonorous tones and exquisite patnos with which this highly-gifted and highly-favoured Vicar of Christ gave forth the sublime preface of the Mass. Our English Pilgrim, with her companions, was that day near the high altar in St. Peter's, hidden and attentive; and at the close she

blessed God, saying, "Behold the Pope who will understand and befriend me!"

After the High Mass on that day, the 21st of June, 1846, Pope Pius the Ninth was solemnly crowned on the balcony of the portico of St. Peter's, the mitre of Bishop being removed by the Cardinal Vicar, and on his sacred head being placed the Tiara, or triple crown, of Prophet, Priest and King.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Not in the catacombs alone,  
Do Saints in Rome abound :  
Some living round the tiara throne,  
We hail on upper ground.

THE day before the coronation of Pius the Ninth our old friend, Mr. Everard, exerted power over his nerves sufficient to mount as far as the first floor of the pious Locanda, and discover himself to the family of Lord Elverton. After sitting half an hour amongst them, and wondering within himself how he could have kept away so long, it was ascertained for him that two Ecclesiastics having vacated their rooms, and left Rome immediately after the proclamation of the new Pope, there would be room for himself and a servant in the house. To this plan he consented, although he did not relinquish his apartments in the Via Gregoriana, and that very night, a happy night between sleeping and waking, he was near the friends of his English life—and, oh, wonderful event ! under the same roof with that "other one," whom he could not yet meet or mention.

Some years before Mr. Everard had had an internal struggle, a struggle that cost him some weeks of illness, before he could see Lady Elverton, then Mrs. Carrington, filling the places of that mother and that daughter who had successively filled his heart ; but, the struggle over, he loved her as the sister of Don Carlos Duago,



and for his sake, who had endured much adversity, he forgave her the ever-increasing prosperity that surrounded her. She was a faithful wife, a fond mother, a pious Catholic, gentle, graceful, and beautiful; and though she had no power to produce whatever mental stores she might possess, she was a patient, or perhaps an apparent listener to his ever-varied talk. Ferdinand and Letitia were nearly as much beloved for their uncle's sake as if they had possessed some blood of the Sinclairs; and he was now sitting between them, looking at the sacred presents made them since their coming to Rome, and debating aloud whether or not he would be one of Lady Elverton's escort to St. Peter's on the morrow, or go independently of any one, save perhaps his good faithful Moss. There were other and younger ladies who generally followed Lady Elverton, and he began to fear that too much would be required of him.

"Well!" cried he at last, "I will go with you all as far as St. Peter's: but I cannot be climbing up with you ladies over St. Andrew or St. Longinus. I have had that bird's-eye view once. Now I want to be close to the scene of action; and above all, I want to watch the countenance of the Cardinals. Sharp fellows, those Cardinals!"

On his return from the holy function, Lord Elverton, who delighted in the characteristics of Mr. Everard, questioned him respecting the impression made by the countenances of their Eminences, and he replied gravely, "I think they are very holy men. There were particularly five or six who had just the expression which artists endeavour to give in their ideal of Saints. I saw what I

expected—acuteness in the eye, but the whole seemed more deep and solid and humble than I had prepared myself to view. Who is that perfect specimen of holy and beautiful old age—that chief or senior, as it seemed, among them, who sat on the right hand of the throne, and went to and fro so often from the altar to the choir?—tall, pale, silver-haired, with a perfect outline of features.”

“That,” said Lord Elverton, “was Cardinal Fransone—head of the Sacred College for the Propagation of the Faith.”

“Ha! the Propaganda Fide. I must go there! I must ascend and descend those stairs down which so many holy missionaries have passed to martyrdom!”

“Very well!” said Lord Elverton; “I must be going soon to the Secretary on business, and we will go together up and down those stairs.”

“Who is the Secretary?” demanded Mr. Everard.

“Monsignor Brunelli, Archbishop of Thessalonica,” replied his Lordship, “a wonderfully clever and good man. But as there is an endless variety amongst the Saints, you will find as great a contrast as any lover of strong effect could wish, between his Eminence the Cardinal Head and his Lordship the Secretary of that immense moral and spiritual machine the Propaganda. The Lord Cardinal Fransone all meek deliberation, Monsignor Brunelli all zealous action, and in person stout and florid; the Cardinal in his suite of rooms above, still, meditative, and comparatively solitary, except to give final decisions and sign important papers; his Lordship in his suite of rooms below—where all is stir, discussion,

and inportunity—granting, denying, postponing, reprinting, complimenting, accepting, and consoling. The Cardinal spending his recreative hours, except on public days of reception, with his little birds, of which he has a choice variety, still in meditative solitude, until the hour arrives, which no weather or business ever prevents, for being driven to the Benediction Service at the church of the Perpetual Adoration, the Nuns of which convent are the spiritual daughters of his Eminence."

"And the recreative hours of the Archbishop Secretary?" demanded Mr. Everard.

"They are doubtless most exemplary," said Lord Elverton; "but I know Monsignor Brunelli only in his public capacity, while I am favoured by the private friendship of the holy Cardinal."

"Well, I must see these two men—these two great men!" said Mr. Everard.

"And should you not like," said his Lordship, "to have an introduction to Cardinal Mai, that fine old Mai—the most, or one of the most learned men of his age—the antiquary of the Vatican—the discoverer of vast Egyptian secrets?"

"Yes, I must contrive a little talk with that great man."

"And the Thaumaturgus of languages," said Lord Elverton, "the holy Cardinal of whom so many witty things have been written and said; amongst the rest, that he was elected interpreter of Babel!"

"Well! what of him?" said Mr. Everard.

"Why, here is one who can give you more details than I," said Lord Elverton, as Monsignor Lenti, the

English Pilgrim's first Roman friend, entered the room to pay his compliments to the father before mounting two pairs of stairs higher to seek the daughter. "Monsignor, I am endeavouring to give a slight and imperfect sketch of our Sacred College of Cardinals to my good and learned friend here," added his Lordship, after the first compliments had been exchanged.

"And how far have you proceeded, my Lord?" said the benevolent Prelate.

"I was just about to describe the wonderful gift of tongues bestowed on Cardinal Mezzofante," said Lord Elverton, "but have forgotten too much. Was it not after the battle of Marengo, that, as a humble but zealous Missionary Priest, he found the wounded and dying of almost every country in Europe brought into the hospitals, and that, with supplication to Heaven, he took up some French or German dictionary and discovered that he learned and retained everything without effort, and was then inspired to hear the confessions, and found that he could understand and exhort each one in his own tongue?"

"I believe all this to be quite correct," said Monsignor, and the virtues of the priest being equal to the wonders of the linguist, he was raised to the Cardinalate by our late Pope Gregory the Sixteenth."

"Many talents can lie dormant in persons," said Mr. Everard, "until some call of necessity or charity brings them forth to the world."

"Granted," said Monsignor; "history and biography have taught us this truth. But in these cases there is always to be traced in the child and the youth something of the genius of the man; not perhaps in the highest

regions of thought—metaphysics or mathematics—but in those which relate more to the perceptive powers, and to intercourse with man.”

“Yes, that is very true,” said Mr. Everard. “Saint Thomas of Aquinas, with his vast logical head, was not discovered by his fellow students; but a boy who, shallow in other respects, shall catch and retain words, is the admiration of the classes. And so this holy Mezzofante was not one of these clever boys? Well, I am well pleased to own the miracle. I expect to find miraculous manifestations everywhere in God’s Church, but more especially in Rome, and I shall visit this His servant, if permitted so to do, with awe and respect. And now, Monsignor, of all your Sacred College, to whom do you attribute the greatest sanctity?”

“God alone can see and judge the hearts of His servants,” replied Monsignor Lenti; “nor could I individually presume to place one Cardinal above another in the scale of excellence; but I do not fear to report the general feeling and voice of Rome, in saying that Cardinals Fransoni and Acton are recognised to be her Saints.”

“Acton!” repeated Mr. Everard much pleased; then added with a sigh, “Well done, poor old England!”

“England,” said the Prelate, “has a character now to support in giving Saints to Rome. Two Cardinals have successively borne that reputation, and a young and lovely Princess has lived and died amongst us, from an ancient and noble English family, whose eminent sanctity was recognised in Rome by her remains being borne in triumph to the family chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore.

You are aware, my Lord, that I speak of the Lady Guendaline Talbot, Princess Borghese?"

"I should like to know some of those details," said Lord Elverton.

"And I," said the Prelate, "am most happy to give them." But before Monsignor proceeded to relate those interesting and edifying traits in the brief life of the Lady Guendaline, Lord Elverton had sent for his little daughter, that she might be edified, and perchance inspired to emulation by the recital; and Letitia listened with fixed attention and with glowing cheek, how the young Princess, without departing from the claims of her rank and position, found time and opportunity, especially in the early hours of the day, to visit and console the sick and afflicted poor, gladdening their languid sight by a rare beauty sanctified in God's work, and re-assuring their faint hearts by the endearing familiarity and playfulness of holy innocence, captivating all to the sweet service of the Lord. Amongst many anecdotes of this loved and lovely one was her having herself made a dress for an old woman, which concealing beneath her shawl she carried to the poor dwelling, and in which she equipped her protégée; when, discovering that the dress had been made too long, the Princess drew forth her implements of needlework, and kneeling on the brick floor, performed that feat commonly called "running a tuck" in the gown of the old woman, and achieved the work to perfection.

Monsignor Lenti, as he finished these anecdotes, to which all had listened with pleased attention, took his

leave of the first floor, and began his long ascent to the top of the house in search of his first English friends.

"Well, it is clear that I cannot see her to-day, as Monsignor is engaging her," said Mr. Everard to himself, and inwardly relieved, like many a nervous man who thinks he shall be braver on the morrow. "I cannot see her to-day, so I'll go to my room, and ascertain if my books be come from the Via Gregoriana."

The next day he felt very well, and he determined to ascend the stairs. He would have mounted with still greater courage had he known that on this, for him, long postponed day, the Religious he went to see was generally taken to her private audience with his Eminence the English Cardinal; and accordingly, when he turned as he had been directed to the wing of the upper floor, where was the outer door of her rooms, he felt at once relieved and annoyed to find doors, gratings, and curtains all open, or removed, and the Italian maid, aided by Lucy, giving the weekly sweeping, to which the previous daily attentions of the broom had been but distant preparations. Mr. Everard was incapable of nourishing dislike to any class of persons, more especially if of the gentle, fair, and devout sex; but passing irritations, and half-hours of resentment had, during the course of his life, been more directed towards housemaids than to any body of people who had crossed his path, or, worse still, had put an impediment to the free access of his study. "Well!" would he say to the damsels of Burnleigh, those 'pitiless foes to a spider,' "What harm does he do to me? Let him and me alone in our quiet!" when on some occasions the 'hairy-legged spinner' had dropped with his long

thread of glue from the ceiling, to ascertain, in the spirit of adventure, what was going on at his desk; and now, scarcely mollified by Felicia kissing his hand, and Lucy who knew him, brandishing her feather duster with delighted surprise, he demanded, why did they cause that chaotic state on a Thursday, and not on a Saturday, the old-established day for making people miserable?

"Because, Sir," replied Lucy, "my Lady and the others are out; but I can make you as snug and quiet in a minute, as if you were sitting on Sunday morning with everything clean about you, in your own study corner at Burnleigh. Just step in, Sir."

Mr. Everard did step across the threshold of the outer door, exclaiming, "And now the Rubicon is passed!" and followed Lucy through a little ante-room to the visitors' reception-room, where she placed an arm-chair opposite the only window that afforded a good view, brought a footstool, and took away his hat and stick, for he had come up from his own room equipped in due form.

"And when do you expect the ladies home?" inquired he.

"Not this hour, Sir; for, after leaving the Cardinal's audience, they were to go the Thursday excursion to some distant church, with the two Princesses."

"Oh, I cannot wait here an hour!" cried Mr. Everard, remembering his dignity. "I cannot waste my time up here!"

"Why, Sir," said Lucy, "surely you can fill up the time, instead of wasting it, by meditating on the 'four last things;' or you can say a third portion of the Rosary, Sir; or I can fetch you the Spiritual Combat!"



"All in the Purgative way, Lucy," said he. "When do you intend to admit me to the Illuminative, and when to the Unitive?"

Lucy, not well knowing what he meant, here slipped away to the completion of the active task allotted her, and our old friend sat gazing during some minutes over terraced-topped houses, and through cupolas and domes of churches on the range of the Vaniculum. Then beginning again to feel a little nervous, he rose, looked at the pious ornaments of the room, and finding the trellised partition had a door, and that on this day of vigorous cleaning that door had been left unlocked and ajar, he threw it open, found himself greatly attracted towards that inner parlour, and after an instant or two of doubt, saying to himself "It is no cell—it is only a parlour," he entered, and was amongst the private pursuits, and, as he felt it, the private thoughts of the owner. In spite of his pique and disappointment at not having been consulted on, or even apprised of her pilgrimage to Rome, Mr. Everard looked with the fond and proud remembrance of former days on the materials which covered the work-table of the Religious—for the work was mental, and half a ream of small Roman folio, yet untouched, betokened a determined perseverance in finishing the theory of her supposed perfection. The books were in Latin or Italian, with the exception of a Douay Bible in English, and were, first, the Rule of Saint Benedict, a curious Venetian edition, printed for the use of the Benedictine dames of the Strict Observance, in 1738, with a declaration following each chapter of what could not in the said chapter be followed by cloistered women, with

a substitution of more hidden duties ; then came the Decrees of the Council of Trent, in all that related to Nuns , next followed a collection of Pontifical Bulls, regarding Nuns of all orders and degrees, principally of Saint Pius the Fifth and Gregory the Thirteenth ; while, spread open, as the work from which the Religious was making her present extracts, was a thick quarto, printed, but unpublished, entitled "The Statutes of Saint Bruno." Mr. Everard could proceed no further : the Rule of Saint Benedict he had before seen ; but this private loan from the Cloistered Carthusians, in their own binding, might have attracted a less ardent antiquary than was our friend : it was in Latin, too, which he preferred to Italian. Therefore, arrested, like the roaming bee, on this rich flower, Mr. Everard, being seated, leaned over its contents, and became for the hour a laborious solitary of the Chartreuse.

He was too much absorbed to hear after awhile the sound of footsteps, and whispering in the outer parlour, or to notice the entrance even of her he had come to visit, until the remembered voice aroused the echo in his heart ; and forgetting that he had come expressly to upbraid her—forgetting every thing but his long-trying and faithful friendship, he started up to greet her as in days gone by. But he scarcely knew what he said, or what she responded, and, sitting down together, there was a long pause—not of embarrassment, but of full, deep thought, and unconscious emotion.

"After all," said at length Mr. Everard, "it is highly interesting and worthy of admiration to perceive that a character, if of firm original stamp, cannot change. The

direction of its impulses may change—for instance, from the world to heaven, from creatures to the Creator, and greater reserve, arising from the caution of advancing years, may prevent the free access once permitted into the recesses of that character. But an old privileged investigator cannot be totally excluded. I recognise you, Geraldine, in all that surrounds you here, to be the same who, at eleven years old, struck your pen through the word in an order that would have given you an inferior though easier instrument on which to commence your lessons on the harp; and who, on the remonstrances of your governess, sprang on an ottoman in the centre of the saloon, exclaiming, 'Not what is easy and superficial, but what, through time and labour, is perfect, can alone suit Geraldine Carrington!' I recognise you for the same who, at nineteen, said thus to your lover at parting, 'God and my father forbid our union! But for this prohibition, home, country, all would be left for your love. This sacrifice would have been deemed heroic in one placed like me; but is far greater heroism, for my father and my faith, to renounce your love: therefore I choose the best—the heroic best—and bid farewell for ever!' I recognise you for the same who, at three-and-twenty, having, by the grace of God, opened your eyes to the errors of that religion for which in good faith you had renounced your earthly love, desired that he might never know the change, saying, 'This silence will be the test that, in becoming a Catholic, I have sought God alone!' while at the same time you refused the silence exacted of you by the noble Protestant suitor, who made it the condition of his plighted troth. I recognise you for the same, who, in

your widowhood, believing to find united in your sole person the riches and honours of two ancient families, trusted, like Abraham, that God would provide an heir, and left all to become a poor Sister of Mercy ; at an age, two-and-thirty, and after a life suited to your station, which made the step more heroic ; nay more—who in that supernatural hour steeled your heart against the renewed addresses of your first love, leaving him for heavenly espousals ! Therefore, Geraldine, shall I not trust you now ? Shall I not believe that, as I have felt pain at every step you have made towards perfection, and that, nevertheless, I have finally understood and applauded it, so it will be in my appreciation of this your pilgrimage to Rome. The purity of your motives, thank God, I have never doubted ; neither will I doubt but that He is with you, that same Holy Spirit, who has hitherto bestowed, in gradual increase, such gifts and graces to your soul !”

## CHAPTER XVII.

While others twine the rose of June  
 With lily and with egplantine,  
 And raise on high the hallowed tune  
 With voices full, to theme divine ;

I scarce can move the train along,  
 Or gaze on yonder canopy,  
 I cannot utter note of song,  
 Nor free from blinding tears mine eye :

And yet my tears are those of joy,  
 My loving heart prevents my lay ;  
 I fain would every power employ  
 On this my favourite holy day.

It may easily be supposed that the step once made into the rooms of the upper floor of the "Pilgrim-House," Mr. Everard there spent many of his leisure hours. But into the inner parlour could he enter no more, and therefore sat, like other secular friends, on the outside of the trellised partition, in a very comfortable easy-chair, where he was forced to content himself with hearing, more than seeing, his consecrated friend. But the summer plans for avoiding the intense heat of Rome were soon to disperse all the inmates of the Locanda, save the two Religious and Lucy ; and they were delayed only by the two great Festivals of Corpus Domini, and that of Saints Peter and Paul. To the former great solemnity the Religious Sisters were to be taken, and, as at the proclamation of the new Pope, the seats secured for them

were not those called "reserved," but chairs in an angle of the Piazza di San Pietro; and Lord Elverton, Mr. Everard, and several Ecclesiastics, with the good Master of the Locanda, sat behind and on the sides to prevent intrusion. Nothing could exceed the happiness of Mr. Everard, who sat immediately behind his darling Lily and that "other one," with his head a little advanced between them. On one side of him was Lord Elverton, and on the other an Irish Ecclesiastic, towards whom he had been attracted since the evening they first met at the table-d'hôte of the Pilgrim-House. This priest, who was a little lame, and to whom other circumstances had given a studious and meditative turn of mind, had been a frequent visitor to the parlour of the Religious Sisters throughout all those winter months in which Mr. Everard had nourished that loving pique, commonly called "riding the high horse," which he now declared to have contained a certain charm,—“Though not so great,” added he, “as that of dismounting to sit just as I am here placed, in a state of reconciliation, and as if Saint Juliana were hovering over my head!”

“Saint Juliana!” repeated Lilia. “Do you mean, Sir, that Saint who miraculously received the adorable Host on her death-bed?”

“You are referring, Lilia,” said her Religious relative, “to St. Giuliana Falconieri, whose picture hangs in our Pilgrim’s house.”

“But I,” said Mr. Everard, “am thinking of the Juliana of earlier date, whose life I will lend or give you, Lily.”

The first banners of the Religious procession now

appeared, and the conversation turned exclusively on the scene before them. After the different Religious Orders had passed, the Divine Centre and object of the festival approached, and all sank on their knees. The adorable Host was borne by the Sovereign Pontiff, on the shoulders of the papal bearers, surrounded by the Court, and followed by all the cavalry-troops in Rome. The Pope's march, the last effort of Rossini's genius, sounded forth the holy triumph of the day, and Rome was in her true glory—a glory peculiar and inimitable—alone among the nations; a glory reflected from on high, still untarnished by the fast gathering fumes of political discord—

Still, still we see, in ever-favoured Rome,  
The long processions through her columns come :  
These are her Christian triumphs, this her pride,  
To bear the Body of the Crucified.

Before the departure of the two Princesses for Albano, Princess Zénéide took our elder Religious to a private interview with the holy and far-famed Abbess Macrina, the living martyr from Poland, whose existence, after such barbarous sufferings and wounds, is miraculous. The enthusiasm excited by her arrival, and the history of her wrongs, in which enthusiasm, not piety alone, but curiosity and politics were strongly mingled, had attracted such numbers to the apartment assigned her in the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, that scarcely the popular Pope himself could have more crowded audiences. On this occasion, however, of the meeting between the Pilgrims Macrina and Geraldine, the Princess, who acted as interpreter, was alone present, to recount to the Basilian Abbess the Sister of Mercy's

object in coming to Rome. Macrina listened with the deepest interest and approval, and while Geraldine felt touched and impressed by her venerable appearance and tenderly maternal manner, she was taken in Macrina's arms and pressed to her bosom, where she kissed the pectoral cross, the companion of all her sufferings. Then Macrina, drawing forth a little rosary and cross, and a relic of Saint Rose of Viterbo, presented them to Geraldine, exhorting her to courage and prophesying success; and finally, while Geraldine knelt before her, Macrina, raising her arms, invoked blessings on her, giving the full and solemn Abbatial Benediction, as consecrated Abbess of the ancient Order of Saint Basil.

One more holy sight remained to be enjoyed for the first time by Lilia, and also by Mr. Everard, his faithful companion, before leaving Rome for Loretto. This was the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's, which, through the kindness of Monsignor Lenti, they viewed to great advantage from a window opposite.

"And did the effect realize your expectations, Lilia?" said her Religious Guardian, at their recreation on the following day.

"Not at first," replied Lilia, "but afterwards I was quite bewildered with surprise and admiration."

"And did the increase of brilliancy, the movement, the glory, the clothing as it were of flame upon flame, suggest any comparison to your mind?" said the Religious.

"Oh! tell me—tell me what you thought," cried Lilia, "when first you witnessed this change of illumination?"

"I thought," replied the Religious, "that I beheld the



already glorified souls resuming their now glorified bodies at the general resurrection."

In three days from that time Lord and Lady Elverton, with their young son and daughter, had departed for Naples and Sorrento; the two Princesses to Albano; and Mr. Everard, with Lilia and Mrs. Moss, to Loretto. Nor was the pious Locanda the only house to remain nearly empty in Rome. All those devoted to the occupation of strangers were now tenantless; and stillness—the stillness suited to the holy city, became each week more sensibly felt and enjoyed by the English Religious Sisters, who could now take long evening walks, sit unperceived on grass-grown fragments of the classic past, and visit churches hitherto unexplored.

In these recreative rambles the senior Religious could seldom indulge. She had an arduous task before her, and the devotions of each day being concluded, she drew forth from her portfolio the notes made at different times, containing the spiritual hopes of many years. That first evening of the actual commencement of her allotted task, having in the morning offered for it the intention of holy Mass and Communion, and having now recited the hymn to the Holy Ghost, a sudden glow of consolation filled her breast. She was in Rome! She was in Rome commanded to write the Constitutions of the Order of her long ideal preference! and kissing the feet of her crucifix, she wiped away her tears, and wrote "Constitutions of the Religious Solitaries of Jesus and Mary." Then followed chapter after chapter, the first being an introduction announcing the object and spirit of the Institute. During the laborious months which followed, the

whole was written, and for the most part with so strong an impulse that the words seemed inspired. Other parts were written very deliberately, revolving in the retrospect the practical working of different religious theories, adopting such only as had proved likely to insure to the proposed Institute the greatest personal holiness and the firmest conventual peace. Some subordinate parts, about which she felt still undecided, she left, as a mere sketch, to be filled according to the advice she should receive; and there yet remained one or two important points respecting which she could not venture to write a word. In this latter case, when the usual aspirations with which she began each section were unanswered, she would lay down her pen, and returning to the church of the Gesù, would enter either the chapel of the Madonna, or that of Saint Francis of Assisium, and there concealed, but still having a full view of the high altar, she would implore, in the Sacramental Presence, a clearer knowledge of the will of God. At length the Institute, in its form of government and its component parts, was in its theory finished.

Geraldine, once a Sister of Mercy, was to become a Solitary of Jesus—a Silent Adorer of His Sacramental Presence, a choral vocalist to His praise, a meditative, studious recluse, and to associate to her devotions and employments other kindred spirits. But could she forget the poor? Could she forget that a voice had once said, "Sick, and in prison, and you visited me not!" Behold here the mental conflict of years. Behold the vision of the Perpetual Adoration in her cell, with other celestial invitations to personal seclusion, and yet the

ever recurring inspirations to deeds of charity and mercy! And now the struggle is past. The mystery is solved. This new branch of the Benedictine Order contains, besides the usual two ranks of Choir Nun and Lay Sister, an intermediate class, to whom are confided the "Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy," under the title of "Handmaids of Jesus and Mary."

Next to the holy Cardinal, the mind that had the most immediately grasped the whole scope of the Institute was that of the celebrated Abbé Gerbet, at that time chaplain to the two Russian Princesses. He had not actually left the walls of Rome, but had removed from the Locanda to the Princess's villa, near St. John Lateran, where, in a cool alcove formed under the ruined aqueduct of Nero, he was continuing his work entitled "Sketch of Christian Rome;" and as he was aware that our English Pilgrim was still to be found in the holy city, he occasionally returned for a day and night to his old rooms; and, notwithstanding his laborious studies and weak health, would not only pass a leisure half-hour in spiritual recreation with the Religious, but still more kindly consented to the thought and responsibility of giving his comments on the manuscript she now presented to him.

In about a fortnight the Abbé brought it back, saying, "I perceive, Madam, that you have, in fact, two Active bodies in your Institute, and that those who are wholly Contemplative form the middle body. In this you have, perhaps unconsciously, followed the principles laid down by Saint Bernard and Saint Buonaventura, who, in treating of the Active life, hold that it ought to precede the Contemplative: and again, that when the soul has been

nourished and strengthened by Divine love in contemplation, she should occasionally return to action; not, as in the earlier career of the Active life, to lay up a store of good works for herself, but to benefit others."

"You mean," said the Religious, "that those holding offices of trust in their convent, must necessarily lead a mixed life, however contemplative may be the order of their vocation?"

"Yes, I do mean this," replied the Ecclesiastic. "Superiors and officials in a convent cannot be wholly Contemplative. However secluded the position of the convent, however strict the enclosure, the duties entrusted must oblige them to descend from the solitude of their preference to the action required of them. Saint Bernard declares that seldom did his monks leave him a single half hour to the repose of contemplation. It is, therefore, well for the soul to have been previously occupied with God alone in solitude, or at least in the solitude of the spirit: that during some years he has lived undisturbed by public or private concerns: and, to continue in the words of Saint Buonaventura, that he has not 'occupied himself with the temporal affairs of his relations and connections, remembering them only in reason, in piety, and compassion. Nothing of himself, for himself. The contemplative soul must cast everything rapidly behind him, and become as if insensible or dead, that he may give himself up to God alone, unless some necessity, in spite of himself, should hinder him.' In your proposed Institute, Madam, there is such a body of blessed Contemplatives, who, whether they have passed through the Active life in its first state, or have at once

been called by the Divine Spouse to be alone with Him, are to furnish those who govern the Community, and who, in so doing, return to the Active life in its second state. With respect to this body of Contemplatives, I observe that you have again followed those two great masters in the spiritual life, Saints Bernard and Buonaventura, in protecting Mary from the well-meant persecution of Martha; for what says St. Bernard?—'Be not surprised if he who works, and does good, murmurs against his brother who remains in the inactivity of contemplation;' because we find in the Gospel that Martha did thus with Mary. But we do not find that Mary murmured against Martha for not imitating her conduct. Could you have believed that, in the house where the Lord is received, the voice of murmuring should be heard! Happy the House, and blessed the Community, where Martha complains of Mary! And behold the prerogative of Mary—in every circumstance God is her advocate. 'The Pharisee is indignant with her, her sister complains of her, the disciples even murmur at her; yet she remains silent, and Christ replies for her. Let Mary then remain in peace: let her taste how sweet is the Lord; let her sit at the feet of Jesus in security and devotion, beholding Him, preserving her soul in His presence, and receiving every word from the mouth of Him whose tenderness is lovely, and whose speech is sweet; for grace is poured forth on His lips, His beauty surpasseth that of the sons of men, and the glory even of the angels. Rejoice and give thanks, Mary, who hast chosen the better part. Blessed are the eyes which see what thou seest, and the ears which deserve to hear what

thou hearest. Blessed thou who receivest the Divine whispers in the midst of that silence in which it is good for a man to expect the Lord.' This for Saint Bernard. And now, Madam, I will turn to a part in your Constitutions which, for its prudence, I the more especially admired. It is a good commentary on Saint Bernard's text, 'Let Mary then remain in peace.' The Reverend Abbé then opening the manuscript, continued: "The part I allude to is from the chapter relating to those entitled 'The Handmaids of Jesus, or the Active Sisters of the Institute.' Thus—'As these Religious Sisters are constantly employed in advising, instructing, consoling, and reproving others; commanding every respect and obedience from their auditors, and receiving on all sides applause and admiration; let them rejoice to occupy in the Abbey no offices but those specified in the Constitutions, of the Almoner and Portress. Let them employ their monastic hours in renewing the purity and fervour of their vocation—in leading an interior and hidden life, in performing with humility the penances in choir, chapter, and refectory. Let them delight to be no longer teachers, but listeners; leaving the anxious cares of the mistress, to become a little child in simplicity and peace.' This is a law full of prudence, Madam—this will prevent all rivalry and confusion in your Abbey."

"Have you remembered, Reverend Sir," said she, "the request I made you in your last visit respecting the head of the Active Sisters, under the title of the Mother Almoner?"

"I have, indeed, remembered the request with which you honoured me," said he. "It was to place her for

you exactly where she ought to be, among the officials of the Abbey ; and I assure you, Reverend Madam, I did not attempt so important an affair without great thought : the Mother Almoner has, in consequence, become a sort of spiritual daughter of mine—I hope she will behave extremely well, and so justify my solicitude for her interests ! I considered that in the Benedictine Order, on which your Institute is based—the government being that of Abbess, Prioress, Sub-Prioress, and Economist—considering that of these the Sub-Prioress, having the charge of the choir duties, is more especially the ‘ Mary’ of the Community, and considering further that the Economist has generally the immediate government of the Lay Sisters, who are, or ought to be, subordinate to the Missionary Sisters, I placed my client, the Mother Almoner, in quality of ‘ Martha,’ next to ‘ Mary,’ the Sub-Prioress. On looking again through the distribution you had made, I think I was right ; for you legislate for Choir Nuns and Lay Sisters, but introduce an active body of perhaps well-educated women into the Institute, who, having the privilege of ascending hereafter to the choir duties, ought at once to be placed above the Lay Sisters : therefore their immediate superior and representative should hold her middle place, between the representative of the Choir Nuns and the representative of the Lay Sisters. Are you pleased with this arrangement, Madam ?”

“ Perfectly so,” replied she, “ it is where I supposed Reverend Sir, that you would place your ‘ client.’ In France, as in England, we are accustomed to find well-bred and well-educated women in the active and unclois-

tered religious life. Not so in Italy: the different ranks in religion are preserved with the greatest care, not, of course, from worldly pride, but for the sake of conventual peace; and all those Orders or Congregations devoted to popular instruction, or to the care of the sick, are composed of pious women in humble life, whose portion is given from a fund under the disposal of certain functionaries, or from endowments made by noble families. It would be difficult, therefore, to make an Italian ecclesiastic comprehend that any of our future Active Sisters could be eligible to pass into the rank of Choir Nun. I have laid down the reasons for affording such a possibility," added the Religious, "in the first chapter of the Constitutions—but, as you are looking at your watch, we will discuss this point another time. And now give me your parting blessing!"



## CHAPTER XVIII.

Where can we find a simile  
Expressive of the solace found,  
When treasured thoughts reflected be  
In kindred mind on holy ground ?

SEVERAL days sooner than was expected, the Reverend Abbé Gerbet again visited the centre of Rome, and resumed his instructive conference with his English Religious friend.

"Had I been able, Madam," said he, "to have remained longer at my last visit, I should have asked you why you considered any explanation necessary in admitting the Active members of your Institute to a trial of the Contemplative duties? Did we not bring good authority to prove that such is the ordinary progress of the spiritual life?"

"To many minds," replied she, "some explanation is required, because any change, even from good to greater good, is looked upon as evil."

"But," said he, smiling, "I trust you do not place my mind in such timorous company?"

"I could scarcely do so," said she, also smiling, "to the mind kindred with those of Montalambert and Lacordaire. But if such be the usual spiritual process, the precursive and active part of a young Catholic's inclinations are generally watched and analysed by her Confessor before he permits her to take the actual step of entering a Convent; and she has generally the advantage of visiting

and knowing intimately the details of different Orders and Congregations, so that it can be tolerably well ascertained before she enters her noviciate that her vocation is to persevere in the Order of her first choice. But it is not thus with the increasing body of unmarried female converts to the Faith, who have for the most part received the further grace of religious vocation. They correspond to the call—they desire to devote their whole being to God, and their choice would often be the silent repose and peace of the cloister, did not long habits of thought still cling to them respecting the useless idle life called 'Contemplative,' and the super-eminent value of that called 'Active.' Should any such, having joined our Handmaids of Jesus, discover, after a few years' active service, that where their choice would have been, there was their true vocation, they can, with the consent of their Superiors and Confessor, pass, without a second noviciate, to a trial of the cloistral duties."

"I perceive," said the Reverend Abbé, "the distinction between the two cases provided for. I have been supposing a mind advancing, as I had the honour to describe to you in my last visit; and you are also providing a remedy for a mind mistaken in its choice. This is admirable; and the more so that you say 'a trial' of the cloistral duties, which implies that, if the true call were the Active life, and the 'mistake' were in making the change, the case is not hopeless. The trial will have proved the real vocation, and the mind will hereafter remain in peace amidst its active duties. And now, instead of my borrowing your manuscript again, tell me, Madam, whether you have provided a remedy for any mind naturally

gifted for action, which, mistaking a temporary re-action for a permanent change, has entered prematurely into the cloister ?”

“Yes,” replied she, “I will read the extract required ;” and taking up the manuscript, she read as follows :—“In like manner the Religious Solitary, until she takes the Vow of Enclosure, is at liberty to exchange her cloistral duties for those of active charity in the Institute. But should she, on the contrary, have proved her true call to the Contemplative life, she may take the solemn and irrevocable vows of that state, and be raised to the consecration.”

“Reverend Madam,” said the Abbé, “let me exhort you to be firm to what has been inspired you on this point ; for here, within the Conventual Enclosure, without change of Superiors, without publicity, without, I conclude, any invidious reflections from the Community, the mind will have its free choice of the means by which to offer its willing service to God.”

“Provided the Ecclesiastical Authorities here accept the plan,” replied the Religious, “I hope never to yield this prominent quality in the Institute. But you have just spoken of ‘invidious reflections’ made within the Enclosure. Were these not prohibited, there would be, indeed, no sisterly peace. Have you time to hear a rather long extract on this subject ?”

“I have time, and more than inclination,” replied he, “for I am anxious on this point of perfect mental freedom.”

The Religious then turning to the chapter in question, read as follows :—“As in Heaven the Saints, who have served God in contemplation or in action, live in uninter-

rupted harmony, admiring the vocation of others, although they love their own the best; so let the Contemplatives of this Religious Institute admire the vocation of their Active Sisters, remembering that it was the oversolicitude, not the occupation of Saint Martha, that was reprehended by our Lord. And let the Active Handmaids admire the vocation of our Solitaires, although they cannot yet understand why Jesus has pronounced it to be pre-eminently blessed. How beautiful is the variety of every flower in the garden of our King! Let every Religious, therefore, who is transplanted from the broad way of the world into this enclosed garden, cherish those who thrive in the calm shade of the valley grove, and also those who flourish in the open breeze of the hill-top, for they are placed where He wills them to be who created them for His service and His love. The Religious of this Institute must consider as most precious their Union, as Sister Spouses, in the love of their Lord Jesus Christ, and never permit the slightest interruption to this sweet harmony. No Religious is to try the temper of another, under the plea of increasing her merit, or to indulge in personal reflections, unpleasant jokes, and rude banterings: for how can she tell that her remark on her Sister may not be as ill-timed as it is ill-judged, and may not surprise her just when she is laboring under some full sorrow, and may add the last drop, till she can contain no more, and is driven into impatience or sullen anger by her who becomes the occasion of sin!

"The Religious are never to make joking, or unkind observations on any country, province, national customs, rank, or profession, that could give pain to any inmate of

the Abbey ; but on all occasions are to exercise self-control, and that true politeness of the heart which is born of humility and charity ; for all rudeness is but selfishness. It is the preference of self—of self-convenience and self-indulgence, at the expense of charity, and to the destruction of humility !

“ Blessed is she to whom it may be said, ‘ Thou hast loved thy Sister as thyself, without regard to utility or recompense of any kind ; but thou hast loved her cordially, because thou didst desire only that she might serve God, behold God, and possess eternal life.’ A true Religious in Community is loaded with the infirmities, necessities, and perversities of others. She must carry this burden of her Sisters, and so fulfil in its perfection the precept of the Gospel, and for her reward enjoying, even in this world, peace of soul—the sweetness and repose of a good conscience, which ever lives with the Spirit of Mercy. Should a Sister commit, or omit something essential, judge her not—think it ignorance, think it involuntary, think it accidental. But, should the fact be too glaring for these pious suppositions, then say with Saint Buonaventura, ‘ It was a violent temptation. What would have become of me had I been similarly tried ?’

“ At recreation, and all other times, the Religious will repress all idle curiosity respecting each other’s former life in the world, especially on the arrival of a new inmate, not seeking to know the rank or fortune of her connections, or whether she be born of Catholic or Protestant parents, or whether she be a convert to the Faith. The Superiors and Confessors only will receive the entire confidence of each Religious. The Community will also

abstain from making comparisons between the holy lives of Martha and Mary, such discussions being worse than useless. That life is best for each to which God has lovingly invited her."

"And to this, Reverend Sir," continued the Religious, "I have further written in addition, in the chapter of the Noviciate; but this part I prefer your kindly reading in silence."

The Reverend Abbé, therefore, took the manuscript and attentively perused the part submitted to him, at the end of which he smiled.

"Now, why that smile?" said she.

"Why, Madam," replied he, "I thought I knew a good deal about Noviciates, but you have let me into a few secrets more; and I highly approve of the mode in which you have at once secured freedom of choice, and prompt and passive obedience to the Rules attached to each choice. There is but one more question left still, I think, undecided—the degree of intercourse between the Contemplatives, the Missionaries, and the Labourers of the Institute?"

"You have given that title of 'Missionary' only playfully, I conclude," said the Religious; "we do not presume to adopt the term. But as it clearly expresses that we have a body of Active Sisters devoted to good works, who leave the Enclosure, and are re-admitted—passing from the cloister to the world, and back again to the cloister, the world for the present may remain. Now this intercourse with the world is for Jesus Christ alone, not for variety, novelty, and recreation. For His sake the Missionary Sister has often to pass through crowds, to

watch by, and instruct those of a different sex, to overhear, and perhaps rebuke a language of coarseness and immorality; and receives an especial grace to walk blameless through the ordeal, preserving a gentle gravity, a meek reserve, a modest dignity that shall attract the good and awe the bad, teaching them that she who is divinely sent is divinely protected. Most precious will it be to that Sister to know that in that hour of care and fatigue there is a hidden Adorer in supplication for her necessities: and precious will it be to hear on her return the choral chaunt in which remembrance is made of our absent Sisters, and to be assured that she is the object of maternal love, solicitude, and approval in the hearts of her Superiors. Let this suffice, except at rare intervals."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Reverend Abbé, "the Missionary and Contemplative Sisters are not to have personal intercourse but at distant epochs! Are you not in this a little over-cautious? Are you not preventing useful emulation and mental enlargement, on both sides? But I will await your reasons."

"They are these," replied she. "We desire that our Missionary Sisters should have no other thoughts than to fulfil in their vocation the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. They are to have no other cares, and the goad of solicitude is to be spared them. They are literally to take no thought for their life, what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or wherewith they shall be clothed: they will enjoy the functions of the church or chapel, undistracted by any charge of its adornment. They will, if listeners, unite their intention to the choir chaunt, without obligation to follow it, either vocally or

mentally; and all this freedom from monastic obligation is that they may carry to its utmost perfection their appropriated division of the Institute. Now the same undisturbed power to carry our vocation to perfection, we Solitaries and Perpetual Adorers claim for ourselves. We desire to go onward to the perfection of our calling according to the means prescribed us in our holy Rule and our Constitutions; and this is certain, that the more the world is shut out, so much the more does Heaven enter the consecrated cloister."

"Most true," said the Reverend Abbé, "but by the 'world' you mean, of course, the spirit of the world. Now we should hope that the humble and self-denying Handmaids of Jesus and Mary would give, as well as receive edification, in the more frequent intercourse between the two branches of the Institute."

"But let us more clearly understand each other," said the Religious. "It is not intended to exclude a solemn and silent intercourse between the Contemplative and Active Sisters. I am alluding, as I thought you were, to the hour of recreation and conversation. The Active Sisters will have this alleviation twice a-day, the Solitaries only on Sundays and great festivals; and we have thought of admitting our Handmaids of Jesus and Mary only at Christmas, Easter, the Assumption, and Michaelmas, for this reason, that both parties can the better edify each other by *deeds, not words*. The Missionary Sister will receive more edification by the uninterrupted order she observes in the duties of the Cloistered Nun, than by the best chosen sentences on the hidden life; and the Choir Nun will be far more edified by the report



she hears, through the Abbess or Prioress, of the persevering zeal of her Missionary Sister, than by the most eloquent commentary on purity of intention, and the merit of gaining souls to Christ. Women can rarely be trusted with spiritual conferences, except in their own body corporate: and even then, these so-called conferences are generally passed in relating pious anecdotes, or in repeating passages from spiritual writers: and with respect to conventual recreations, it is certain that when minds are unbent they most especially require to be congenial, or they do but annoy each other; therefore, that the minds of our Solitaries may really unbend and recreate, let them not admit those of a different vocation, except on the already mentioned solemnities, when the devotion of the season, and the sight of their highly esteemed Sisters may sufficiently recreate their minds. That which can be enjoyed but rarely is highly prized, and the reverse has passed into a proverb."

"But my client, the Mother Almoner," said the Abbé, smiling. "She must be admitted much oftener."

"She must be admitted," replied the Religious, "not only once a month officially, to give an account of her responsible charge, but is exhorted, you will find in this manuscript, to seek the Reverend Lady Abbess for counsel and support in every emergency. The private Sisters are equally exhorted to be contented with the direction of the Mother Almoner; but, with her consent given by herself, or by the advice of the Confessor, communicated by himself, each Missionary Sister can confer in private with the Reverend Lady Abbess, on the first Sunday of the month."

"That is good," said the Abbé; "perhaps it is sufficient: and the Abbess can by this means acquire a more intimate knowledge of each Sister's character and feelings than by general meetings. And now for 'the Labourers'—the Lay Sisters."

"They are in like manner," said she, "to be satisfied with the direction in ordinary of the Dame Economist, who will every month officially give a report of her charge; but should a Lay Sister desire to speak privately to her Abbess, she can do so on the day set apart for those interviews—the first Thursday of the month."

"To return to my client," said the Reverend Abbé, "to whom you perceive I am very faithful: I see that she is eligible to be at once elected Pro-Abbess. Here is the page in the chapter of the Reverend Lady Abbess:—'The Abbess, if chosen from the ranks of the professed Active Sisters of the Institution, called the Handmaids of Jesus and Mary, must not be consecrated until she have passed two years in the exercise of the Contemplative duties, especially the Perpetual Adoration and the Divine Office in Choir. During these two years she will be called "Pro-Abbess" and "Reverend Mother." She cannot use the Sacred Emblems, or give the Abbatial blessing, but in every other respect she will hold the place of a duly consecrated Abbess. At the expiration of the term of probation, the Lord Bishop will either break or confirm the election.'"

"Do you object," said the Religious, "to this possibility of electing one of the Active Members of the Institute?"

"Not as a contingency," replied he, "and guarded as

It is here ; for you have given here a two years' trial—a Noviciate, in fact—to learn the mechanical part of her new duties ; and, I conclude, that unless the Chapter Nuns observe a Saint Gertrude or a Saint Teresa among the Active Sisters, they will not elect beyond their own immediate body ?”

“No,” replied she. “I merely wish that such a possibility may be, for these two reasons—First, that our Active Sisters may feel that they are daughters, not boarders in the Abbey ; and secondly, that ambition may not be a hidden motive to leave the Active for the Contemplative life, in order to be eligible to the government of the Abbey.”

“I see,” said he, “that you have touched on the subject of ambition before, at the close of the chapter on the Vow of Poverty ;” and opening the manuscript, he read aloud :—“Let a Religious act up to what is here written, and she will perform all the obligations of her Vow of Poverty. But would she soar to a perfection above even these obligations, let her reflect and feel that, until a Religious has, by the grace of God, overcome ambition, she is not perfectly ‘poor.’ The enemy is most subtle in disguising a love of promotion, under various pretences ; but she who is in the constant habit of self-examination will detect his artifices. She who is ‘poor in spirit’ will accept or resign an office without a view to self-interest or self-indulgence. She is poor,—she possesses nothing,—nothing can be hers. She knows this, she feels this, she rejoices in this. She passes from one employment, one office to another, as she would, on a journey, alight from one vehicle and step into the next

appointed for her. Both may be equally useful to help her on her road ; but, would it not prove imbecility of mind to become attached to one of these vehicles, and to desire to take up her abode and make her home in it ? A Solitary of Jesus, if truly poor in spirit, seeks not the praise even of the good ; she resists that natural propensity to fill the purse of her self-love with the golden opinions of others. Novices may sometimes require praise ; nor would we totally withhold it from them ; but the true Spouse of Him who was despised and rejected of men, can desire no part in their applause. Is she not dead, and her life hidden in Christ ? Oh ! what can *she* require of the shades and phantoms of a perishable world ? She has already weighed it in the balance, and found it wanting ; and has purchased, with all she then had, that ' Pearl of great price,' and found those true riches which moth cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. The sense of which everlasting treasure gives her a light and free heart to soar above all those of time and sense, and ascend to Him who has promised to, and is reserving for her, the boundless riches of Heaven. Let the Religious Solitary, then, bear in mind both the exterior and interior poverty required by her vow, and let her press onward to its perfection : generously renouncing, not only the riches of the world and the desire of them, but also the honour, the praise, the love of all creatures : seeking only His love and His praise who, in pronouncing those blessed who are ' pure in spirit,' has promised that even here shall commence within them the ' kingdom of Heaven !' "

## CHAPTER XIX.

Thanks be to God that not alone  
To Rome, as to our Head, we come,  
In humble filial part :  
But that we also find, and feel  
The genial pulse to warm and heal,  
From her maternal Heart !

TOWARDS the end of September in that year, 1846, our English Pilgrim, having finished her allotted task, was gladdened by the news that her holy friend and director, Cardinal Acton, had returned in better health from the country to his Palace in Rome. In a few days she was admitted to see and hear him once more—and these were happy interviews. Few were aware of his return ; the ante-rooms were empty—she was not hurried by any one—brighter hopes were before her—and his Eminence looked less ill than she had expected, and was more than ever kind, and gentle, and holy. At length the written Constitutions of the Institute were spoken of, and she was desired to bring or send them. She preferred the latter, and gave the Cardinal a fortnight wherein to peruse the manuscript before she again sought an audience. On that day she approached his Eminence with great timidity. “If,” thought she, “he should treat the work with contempt?—or wholly condemn it?—or not yet have read a line?” The two former suppositions so much alarmed her that she began almost to hope in the latter, till, having received the Cardinal’s blessing, and being

seated by him, she at length ventured to raise her eyes and perceived his Eminence was watching her emotion and smiling with great complacency. This gave her courage. The Cardinal then said, "Well! of course I must think it all very beautiful: you have proved also to have great knowledge of the Religious life and of Religious Communities. There are some few things, however, that must be changed." These parts were accordingly all changed in obedience to his better judgment. They were few in number, and not amongst those written under the strong impulse described in a former chapter, save one. There was one point of real importance in the estimation of both, in which they differed according to the vocation of each; the Cardinal following the ideas of Saint Ignatius Loyola, respecting the vows—even of the cloistered Solitaries, and our Pilgrim those of Saint Benedict. At length, after some anxious and unhappy days, she wrote to his Eminence that, as she could not expect the divine blessing on the work unless it were begun and continued in obedience, she yielded in understanding as in will. Soon after this submission she reaped her reward; for his Eminence did not forbid her, as she had thought, to expect in the end the solemn and irrevocable vows: and now, with grateful heart, she enjoyed the further solace of hearing, through the Roman official employed, that her petition to his Holiness was proceeding surely, though with Roman slowness, to its final success; and with a safe conscience she began then to share the cool walks and visit the distant churches with her two companions, from sunset to the Ave Maria.

"Why! what an idle life you are leading now, Ma-

dani," cried the Reverend Mr. Terrison, who was the first to return to Rome of the dispersed summer party.

"I am only taking a deep breath," returned she, "like the poor Deacon in the long 'Ite missa est!'"

"Well!" said he, "who would have the heart to deny you a little leisure? Not I—particularly after so many months passed at that most idle of places, Naples. However, I finished the business which took me there, and of which I will give you an account some day. Sister Agnes is looking well, I dare say, if I could but see her face, and Lucy is much improved; but where is Miss Lilia?"

"She is on her way back from Loretto and Assisium," said the Religious, "where she has been spending the sultry months with our old friend Mr. Everard and an elderly lady called Mrs. Moss. This pilgrimage to Loretto has greatly interested them all; and I am told, in the few lines which announce their return, that I am to prepare myself for something that will make me very happy."

"Mr. Everard is bringing you a stock of blessed rosaries, bells, and crucifixes, depend on it," said Mr. Terrison, "with relics of the sacred building; but do they say nothing of Assisium?"

"Yea, indeed, they say much more about Assisium than of Loretto, which is part of the mystery; and you may well imagine our Lilia, with her warm heart and bright mind, standing on the actual spot where stood Saint Clare when holding the sacred vessel which contained the Divine Mysteries, and thus scaring away the

army of the Saracens. Have you ever visited that scene?"

"Yes; I used generally to go north in the summer, during my long life in Rome formerly, and have been twice at Assisium. The commemorative spot still belongs, as it ought, to the poor Clares, who in Italy are invariably confounded with and called Capucine (Capuchinesses.) It is now a great window, opened only on solemn occasions, to which you go, as I suppose did Saint Clare, by a corridor. It is singular, after reading in the life of Saint Francis, how much he objected, in his holy poverty, to the innovations of 'Brother Elias,' to find the large sleeves and handsome folds of the Conventualists to have taken exclusive possession of Saint Damians at Assisium. They are in black, too, and seem to have imitated the Benedictines: so that you find the proper scanty and patched brown habit of the Franciscans only amongst the poor Clares, at the founder's native place and first settlement."

"But, at Rome, and over the rest of Italy," said she, "you will find the Franciscan brown spread in the proportion of, I should imagine, ten or even fifteen to one of any other colour."

"You see the Franciscan Friars more than you do the Religious of any other Orders," replied Mr. Terrison, "because they are for ever on the move; but undoubtedly they are the most numerous of any Order in the Church. The principal church and convent of the Observantines are here close to us, at the Ara Celli, on the capitol. You have often climbed those many steps, I conclude, which is more than I intend to do again till the



winter. It was in that church, while the Friars were chanting vespers, that Gibbon first thought of writing his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' as I suppose you know."

"Yes," replied she, "I did remember the circumstance when I first visited that interesting old church, so shabby without and so well kept within; but that was many years ago. I remembered this time the churches in connection with the Ara Coeli in Rome—above all, the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, which is served by the Observantin Franciscans."

"Yes," said he, "it is so. The Franciscans have possession of the holy places in Jerusalem."

"Two Orders in Rome," said the Religious, "are so conspicuously prominent, that all the others are but specimens of what they might become, or might once have been, in a wider field for development. These two Orders are the Jesuits and the Franciscans—the one have received their mission to preach to and instruct the rich, and the other the poor. Both are faithful and in full vigour; so that Rome is well served."

Mr. Terrison replied, "You see and judge very accurately, Madam, of things as they have been, and perhaps still are; but I rather think we have a second Ganganelli on the Papal throne, who will fill the scale on the popular side!"

"This is prophecy," said she, smiling, "into which I dare not enter; but your mention of Pope Clement the Fourteenth recalls to me the convent of his private days, attached to the church of the Holy Apostles; and that he was an Observantin Franciscan. So is also, I think,

Cardinal Michera, Dean of the Sacred College—yet he is not in Franciscan brown?"

"No," said Mr. Terrison; "he is of that branch still well remembered in England, from the name being retained in London of the place, 'Grey Friars,' and the song, 'It was a Friar of Order Grey went forth to tell his beads, &c.' Ah, that Michera!" added Mr. Terrison, smiling, "and that old troublesome question of the balance of power and the rights of the people, and the slippery acts of those in high office!"

"As the Franciscans," said the Religious, "are the popular Mendicant Order, they are the representatives of the People, and it is consistent and right in them to urge all their claims, short of innovation, just as it is consistent and right in the Jesuit Order, who represent the aristocracy, to urge their claims, short of innovation, like our Houses of Lords and Commons."

At this moment Lucy entered, with delight exclaiming, "They are returned! Miss Lilla is just behind me, and Mr. Everard coming up the stairs." So it proved, and Lilla's welcome back was doubly joyful from the unexpected return of Mr. Terrison to Rome. "I should not have been so wanting in respect to Mr. Everard," said the nearly breathless girl, "as to run past him up the stairs, but he desired me to proceed on my way, and give notice that he was coming to pay you his respects immediately, Reverend Mother."

"And this wonderful secret," said Mr. Terrison, "what is it? Are you going to be married, Miss Lilla? You are dressed much more gaily than you were when I went off to Naples."

"That is not the secret," replied Lilia; "and as the secret is not mine, although I know it, I had better perhaps not be present when Mr. Everard imparts it, and, if Reverend Mother pleases, I will visit dear Sister Agnes in her little room."

This permission readily given, Lilia glided off by another door, just as Mr. Everard was making his slow way into the outer reception-room and shaking hands with the Reverend Mr. Terrison. "Why, you seem very much exhausted, Sir," said the latter, "by toiling up these four pairs of stairs. I believe this good lady has perched herself here on purpose to prove who are and who are not her friends. Is that so, Madam?"

"Oh! it is not fatigue of body," said Mr. Everard, seating himself in the easy chair close to the trellis, and responding "Thanks be to God" to the salutation of his Religious friend. "It is not the body—it is the mind, Sir; and I am very glad to find you here, and to speak with you two alone. Have you any one with you in your parlour, Geraldine?"

"No one," replied she; "you can speak in perfect confidence."

"Well, then," said he, "I have returned to Rome a month before the intended time. My mind has become resolved on a certain point, and delay, which is soothing in some states of the mutual process, is now insufferable. I am determined to be a recognised son of the Roman Catholic Church, by reading my recantation and abjuration of former protests against her; and this, my determination, took place at Loretto, whither I had gone undoubtedly by a secret disposition of Divine Providence,

although I can recal only a romantic sympathy with pilgrimages made in the middle ages to that shrine. I knew perfectly well the records of the Sacred House of Loretto—that it is the house of Nazareth—that house in which, first announced by the Angel Gabriel, the Adorable Trinity descended, and where those ineffable nuptials took place of the Holy Ghost with the Virgin Mary; that Joseph there endured all the anguish of doubting her he venerated, and there received from the Angel, during his sleep, the assurance that the ‘Word had taken Flesh’ to dwell among us. There did the Son of the Living God, Himself God and man, pass the eighteen hidden years of His human life, while Mary kept His sayings in her heart. And I also knew that, up to a certain date (1289), that house remained in the sight of all at Nazareth, and on the morrow it was seen no more; and up to the date of that morrow no such house had ever been seen at Loretto; and yet there it was—not gradually, but at once perfect, having been borne there in the night by Angels! All this I knew historically, and I journeyed there with interest, conversing with and instructing my two companions; but when I saw the humble dimensions of the home of Jesus Christ, I felt powerfully moved; and the splendour of faith that surrounds that little cottage added to my emotion. Well did He know on what land to present that relic of His Life on earth! Undoubting faith—ardent love, in every token, surrounded me. I knelt and wept—and then I drew forth my little prayer-book and said the Litany of Loretto, for I knew it not by heart; and I repeated with increasing hope and warmth every title of that glorious Mother to whom, in

that house, even Jesus had been 'subject;' and when I had said it three times, I began to converse more freely with her as the Mistress and Lady of the house, beseeching her to accept my abjuration of all protests against her just claims to my service and homage for ever. I should have made my abjuration at Loretto, but the priest there recommended me to come back to Rome, and to make it to either our English Cardinal, or to the Cardinal Head of the Propaganda Fide. So here I am, and here is my secret, Geraldine, my dearest child."

Here Mr. Everard paused to receive, as truly did he, the congratulations, full of grateful joy and emotion, from the filial heart of the Religious. The Reverend Mr. Terrison then wished him joy with all the pious cordiality of the priest and the friend. In the mean time Mrs. Moss and Lucy had not forgotten that the venerable old gentleman was much exhausted, and therefore the arrival of refreshments in the parlour, and the return of Lilia, was a little beneficial interruption to his strong emotions. After quaffing, however, of a certain concoction from the hands of Mrs. Moss, which was "a secret" in its way, and partaking of other viands, Mr. Everard, with renewed vigour, poured forth his abundant thoughts, and at length mentioned the subject of his future Confessor.

"I had supposed," said he to Mr. Terrison, "that my mind was made up respecting the Ecclesiastic I should prefer to receive my long story; but perhaps Divine Providence, in bringing you, Sir, unexpectedly from Naples, intends that you should become my Confessor."

"Oh, God bless you, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Terrison, "do not fix on me. I have not for many years heard any

confessions but from Nuns. I can manage their little scruples for them, and explain a few of their visions; but my net has never been let down into the open sea, and with such a great fish as you it would be sure to break!"

Mr. Everard smiled, but his colour rose, and he said "A great fish' means a great sinner!"

"Not at all, Sir. It means just a great 'catch': either a great sinner, or a great genius, or a great man in power. All this greatness is beyond my ability. I know you, Sir, to be a very learned man, and to have rather an eccentric genius, and I know that I could not do you justice. There is, however, one in Rome who will be more than a match for you, and to him I recommend you. Probably he is the very Ecclesiastic who first occurred to you?"

"My intention was, and is again to seek the English Jesuit Father, in their church close by our Locanda," said Mr. Everard, appeased. "He is *your* Confessor, Geraldine?"

"I am grateful to say he is," replied the Religious.

"Then to-morrow, please God," said Mr. Everard, "I will make my way to that Confessional, to be hooked by that great fisher of men—not to make my confession, however, but to speak of my abjuration, and a few other matters, preliminary to beginning that aforesaid long history of seventy years."

## CHAPTER XX.

Some minds around the world may roam,  
Without the power to think or feel ;  
Better such minds had staid at home  
To tend the plough or spinning-wheel !

While full of meditative power,  
Comparing facts with primal cause,  
Whether in court, or camp, or bower,  
Others progress without a pause.

MR. EVERARD'S Catholic proceedings were conducted with the same alternations of communicativeness and mystery that previously had attended his residence in Rome. First he uttered aloud the various reasons that might preponderate in favour of his being received into the Church by the English Cardinal, then laid down the motives that might influence him to prefer making his abjuration to the Cardinal Head of the Propagation of the Faith ; but, after stating the case on both sides with a skill and enthusiasm that had, as he intended, excited some curiosity to know his final preference, he kept his own mysterious counsel from all but Mrs. Moes, who was to make her protest against Protestantism at the same time.

"I wish," said he, "to make that choice of things and positions, which may hereafter cause in the retrospect an agreeable sensation to the mind, of suitable cause and effect, and of rational embrace of opportunity." Still, what that choice was remained a secret even to Lord

Elverton, when, on his return to Rome in the following month, Mr. Everard challenged him to fulfil his promise of taking him up those celebrated stairs at the Sacred College of the Propaganda Fide which he had not yet trodden."

"But my appointment," said Lord Elverton, "with the Secretary is not yet fixed."

"But my appointment," returned Mr. Everard, "with the Cardinal Head is fixed, and fixed for to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

"Well, then," said Lord Elverton, smiling, "if you already are on such terms with his Eminence as to have fixed a private audience, you cannot require my introduction, or even my presence."

"Yes, I do require it—I do wish it, and adjure you, my Lord, by our long friendship not to refuse me this favour," said Mr. Everard with emotion.

"Why, Everard!" said his Lordship, surprised, "what means this? Does the mere thought of visiting the Propaganda cause this emotion, or are you purposing something eccentric?"

"If by eccentric," returned Mr. Everard, "you mean deviating from the centre—irregular, incoherent, anomalous—I am not."

"Well," said Lord Elverton, "I will go with you: but if you intend to address the Cardinal in a speech mixed of all the languages taught in the College, or any other display of learning, I shall take French leave."

"I am to make a speech," said Mr. Everard, "but it shall be such a speech as shall root you to the ground whereon you stand!"



Lord Elverton laughed, and remembering that he was too well known to be made ridiculous by any part Mr. Everard might act, the appointment was fixed and adhered to, while the Reverend Mr. Terrison took care of Mrs. Moss and an English friend of hers, who had made up her mind to the same step into the one fold. These two respectable females, with their Reverend Guide, were already in one of the ante-rooms leading to the reception-room of Cardinal Fransone, when Lord Elverton and Mr. Everard passed them, to the ante-room immediately adjoining the intended place of audience. After a few instants, the Reverend Chamberlain, who had preceded them into the private rooms of his Eminence, returned, and, throwing open the folding-doors of a deep recess, they found themselves to be, without moving, in the body of the private chapel, the sanctuary of which was now displayed to them. The Cardinal then entered, not in his private soutane of black, edged with crimson, but in his state dress, with rochet and stole; and while Lord Elverton exchanged greetings with his Eminence, Mr. Everard received the written act of abjuration of Protestantism, and the moment being arrived, the Cardinal standing in the centre of the altar platform, with the surpliced Priests on each side, he (Mr. Everard), a late but sincere confessor of the Faith, knelt on the genuflectory placed for him, and read the established Act of Faith, which admitted him into the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ.

After this followed the Conditional Baptism; during which simple, but ample flow of water on his head, Mr. Everard's repressed emotion found vent in soothing tears.

The double function over, our old friend was most kindly addressed by the venerable Cardinal, first in a short but impressive discourse, and then, being led with Lord Elverton into his Eminence's private room, a cheerful and interesting conversation ensued, which had charms so great in that locality, and on such an occasion, that Lord Elverton, having twice mentioned the Cardinal's early dinner and mid-day repose, and fearful that China or America might be mentioned, or the missions of Oceania, fairly bore off his friend, through all the ceremonial parting bows, to the head of the stairs. Here Mr. Everard remembered that to descend these stairs had once been the chief object of his visit to the Propaganda Fide.

"I cannot hurry down, General," said he; "you may leave me—I know my way home: every time-worn and consecrated step speaks volumes!"

"In that case," said Lord Elverton, "as I cannot stay to listen to a whole library of the annals of the Faith, I will take you at your word; and as I shall doubtless find the carriage at the door at home, I will send it for you, or, if not at hand, I will send Iago." Accordingly off went his Lordship, but not until he had taken Mr. Everard's hand, and said, "Here, then, on these stairs, I cordially wish you joy and feel that I leave you in a countless company of unseen friends, to whom you are now united in the Faith."

"Could I forgive myself hereafter," now soliloquized Mr. Everard, "if, remembering that I had, on such a memorable day, descended these steps without that appreciation of their silent sympathy with my present position—without that grasp of all they offer me in testi-

mony of the heroic faith of the Church! But I am not worthy to tread in the centre of these steps—time-worn by martyrs. I will proceed down the side. And why thus late, oh! Theobald Everard, dost thou walk the way of the Saints!" Here he stopped and wept—then descended a step, then stopped and wept anew—till various Ecclesiastics, detained beyond the usual hour of suspension from business, passed down from Monsignor Brunelli's rooms, and whispered "*Piange questo Vecchiarello!*" Then a young secular who was with them, supposing that the stranger was dispirited respecting some application made to those in power, addressed him with that affectionate zeal which struck the grateful chords in Mr. Everard's heart; the rest drew round him, and it was some time before he could explain that partly regret and contrition, partly joy and gratitude, had caused him to weep, as he thought alone, on those memorable stairs. Then followed briefly the history of the past hour in Cardinal Fransone's rooms, and the interest around him increased to enthusiasm. "*Eh! proprio è un santo!*" cried they.

When they were obliged to proceed on their way, the young man who had first accosted him remained to offer him support down the stairs, and to listen to his further comments, with the affectionate respect of a son towards a father; and as congenial minds soon understand each other, Mr. Everard began to perceive that his young companion was no ordinary person, and before the carriage arrived had ascertained that he was the young Count Giocchino Bertinelli, the same Ecclesiastical lawyer who, first introduced by Monsignor Lenti to conduct

the practical part of Lady de Grey's religious affairs, had on that very day conveyed, from his Eminence Cardinal Acton to Monsignor Brunelli, the necessary written information preparatory to obtaining the official document called the Rescript of Encouragement, containing the Indulgences, partial and plenary, for which she had petitioned, as her first step in the proposed foundation. But Signor Bertinelli did not, of course, reveal the secrets of his religious client, however favourable they might be: he had merely discovered himself to Mr. Everard as employed as an Advocate in the Ecclesiastical Court, and then on his way to leave important messages with a lady, from the Secretary of the Propaganda, and from his Eminence the Head of the Sacred Rites, Cardinal Ferretti, should there be yet time before "Mezzo Giorno." Iago announcing the carriage just as they reached the foot of the stairs, enabled Mr. Everard to return the kindness of his new friend by proposing to conduct him sooner and with less fatigue to the destined spot. This was accepted, and the destined spot proving to be the Locanda in Piazza di Ara Coeli, Mr. Everard permitted Signor Bertinelli to mount to the top floor to arrange his essential business, while he retired to the much needed repose of the following two hours of the day.

After the departure of Signor Bertinelli, Lord Elverton came to impart to his daughter the events of the morning, and much interesting communication ensued on both sides: first, the actual entrance of their valued friend, Mr. Everard into the Church; next, the assurance she had just received from Cardinal Ferretti, that the public grant of Indulgences, according to her petition

would be accorded as soon as all the preparatory forms should be complied with.

"I would exhort you, Geraldine," said his Lordship, "not to be disappointed at the tediousness that will still take place, did I not perceive that you have already learned Roman patience. You tell me that Cardinal Forattini has seen the Pope (who is his cousin, you are aware), and that His Holiness told him privately that he saw no difficulty whatever in promising to grant the Rescript directly it should be again petitioned for through the Cardinal Head of the Propaganda Fide; but many months will still take place, depend on it, before you see the precious stamp of authority, which, I conclude, you will kiss as a relic?"

"Additional delay, and additional trouble to his Eminence Cardinal Acton," said Geraldine, "is given by the seemingly worldly documents required. I have been determined not to be disedified at anything conducted by authority in Rome, and therefore I am waiting, with what you term 'Roman patience,' to have it satisfactorily explained to me why, in addition to the laudable scrutiny made into my life and conduct in the world, and my life and conduct in religion, I am to produce my long pedigree and revive the forgotten honours of the Carringtons and the De Greys?"

"And you will accept no explanation from me, a worldly secular?" said Lord Elverton, smiling.

"Yes, indeed I will," returned she, "I know my dearest Father to be one of the most acute and correct explainers that I could possibly have, of the discipline of the Church."

"This is the explanation, then, to be given," said his Lordship, "of the reasons why the Church requires these documents to prove that you are of ancient and noble descent, and that your life, previous to your entrance into Religion, was not only without reproach in the sight of man, but one of ease and elegance as became your birth. It is because proof must be given that your change was a sacrifice, not a gain. Many persons may journey to, or rise up in Rome, of an ambitious or restless spirit, who having no other way to become celebrated, may be-think them to climb up to fame by means of the Church, either by founding an Order or Congregation, or by prophesying, going into extacies, or having visions. And a person of low birth finds it extremely difficult to get anything done for him in Rome, on account of the suspicion attached to his purity of motive. You will find this explanation a correct one, because, whatever knowledge I may previously have had on the subject, I have improved it for your sake, Geraldine. I asked an Ecclesiastic of long-tried friendship, Canonico Zacharia, the other day, in what way I could best serve my daughter and her good cause in Rome, and the reply was, 'By being what you are—a nobleman; and one not of new, but revived and ancient title;' and then followed the reasons just as I have given them to you. Are you satisfied?"

"I must think first of my Father's care of me," said Geraldine, suddenly and irrepressibly moved to tears; and a short silence ensued of mutual emotion. She then said, "I am perfectly satisfied as regards myself—I am the gainer by this cautious wisdom; but I cannot help dwelling with commiseration on the wounded feelings of

the person of humble birth, who, as you have just said, 'finds it extremely difficult to get anything done for him in Rome, on account of the suspicions attached to his purity of motive!' Can anything be more painfully offensive to an upright and delicate mind than suspicion of its pure intention?"

"But do you suppose," said Lord Elverton, "that people of low birth have all these delicate sensibilities which are the honourable torment of 'gentle blood'?"

"Oh! often, often," cried she. "I have, in my life of a Sister of Mercy, often found in the lowliest station the purest, most delicate, and upright feelings. I believe in the power of education, of association, and, above all, of religious principle; but I have no fixed belief in the hereditary transmission of heroic sentiments."

"Still," said Lord Elverton, "from what you have just said of the advantages of education, association, and religious teaching, you will find that elevated, honourable and delicate feelings are the distinctive prerogatives of noble blood, although I grant you as many exceptions as you can possibly desire among the sick and dying poor whom you have visited as a Sister of Mercy. And now, my dear child," said Lord Elverton, rising, "pray for me, that I likewise may have Roman patience, for these Indian affairs drag on to a tedious length. The compliment paid to the wisdom and skill of him I am to succeed will detain him in Calcutta, and me in Rome, or elsewhere in Europe, till the spring, to the great annoyance of those about to follow me to India, and at great additional expense to myself. However, during this interval Beatrice has her children with her, and I shall

have further proved how Ferdinand likes, and is liked at his college, before I leave him. Tell me whether it was your advice which induced Lilia Sinclair to decline being one of Beatrice's companions to Naples? It was an inconsiderate invitation, made unknown to me, and I rejoiced to find that the young lady had made choice of Assisium and Loretto."

"Lilia did consult me," replied her Religious relative, "on the three invitations made her for the summer 'villeggiatura,' for the Russian Princesses wished her to accompany them to Albano. I advised her to accept the offer made by Mr. Everard, to take her to Loretto and Assisium, and she instantly and cheerfully complied."

"Did she impart to you," said Lord Elverton, "that Ferdinand, on the eve of our journey, besought her never to accept 'that Frenchman'—meaning young Arthur de Gréy, but to wait for him? This I heard through Donna Candida."

"No, indeed," replied Geraldine. "But I do not think the silence was caused by any wish for concealment from me, but simply she did not understand that such a boy could be in earnest."

"Do you think," continued his Lordship, "that Miss Sinclair intends to marry, or to become a Nun?"

"The opinion I have formed," replied his Daughter, "is not founded on any certain basis; I therefore think it would be premature to give it, even to you, my dear Father."

Here they were agreeably interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Everard, refreshed by his repose, and full of calm and grateful thoughts, which, in his usual felicitous



manner, he now poured forth to his willing and soon sole auditor, his Recluse Friend, as Lord Elverton was called away to visitors, and arrived in his own suite of rooms just in time to countermand the illuminations and band of music which Lady Elverton, in the innocent fervour of her congratulations, had arranged should celebrate Mr. Everard's blessed entrance into the Church. His Lordship, however, could not bear to witness her disappointment, and that of their little daughter; therefore, with a caution not to let Mr. Everard be aware of the extent of their joy, which he would perhaps consider a reflection on his former exemplary life, the lamps were hung mid festoons of box and everlasting, and the band struck up up the Papal and Patriotic March, still enjoying its first enthusiastic reception in Rome.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Ah ! leave the lily in the shade,  
Beneath the sheltering thorn ;  
And cull the rose of sunny glade  
In the fragrance of the morn.

THE November of 1846 had brought back to their winter quarters in Rome the families of Lord Elverton and of the Princess V., just when the solemn public event was preparing of the Sovereign Pontiff "taking possession" of the Head and Mother of all Churches ; and this final act of inauguration was expected to be unusually interesting, as the Ecclesiastical Procession was to be performed on horseback. It was even reported that the Pope would ride the white mule, tributary from the King of Naples ; and all balconies and windows on the line of route to Saint John Lateran were hired, or begged for, in eager competition. Lillia and Lucy were taken by different friends to view the procession ; and entertained the Religious Sisters, on their return, by their various descriptions : amongst the rest, having seen Monsignor Lenti in his purple silk hood, looking most meek, and resigned to the apparently novel circumstance of finding himself on horseback. They had also recognised other well-known faces in the various ancient costumes proper to that occasion, and greatly admired the Spanish court-dress of the Lay Assistants ; but, on the whole, the feeling with which Lillia reviewed the day was that of

disappointment; and this feeling was still more strongly expressed by Donna Candida, who had followed Ferdinand to his sister's room, to tell of the day's ceremony.

"I witnessed," said she, "that joyful day of the eighth of September, when you, Don Ferdinando, were out of Rome—that day when Pius the Ninth kept the Nativity of our blessed Lady in her church, called 'of the People,' Santa Maria del Popolo, and went, as he did to-day in his state-carriage; but he then passed through the triumphal archway erected by his grateful people, and all hearts were so full of enthusiastic joy that no shouts, or music, or strewing of flowers, or waving of banners, could satisfy their excited feeling. Now to-day there seemed to be a hidden damper on the spirits of the multitude—perhaps they were disappointed that the Cardinals not only did not ride, but did not seem disposed to form part of the public procession. Many of the Cardinals were driven by a private way to San Giovanni Laterano. Why was this?"

"They were in a political 'brown study,'" said Ferdinand, "and so was my Father. Almost all the time that Letida and I and Arthur were amusing ourselves in the front of the balcony in Piazza Trajana, my father and his friends were prophesying evil from the Pope's liberal sentiments and popular concessions. But how, pray, could he have done otherwise than he has done? As for me, I like this Pope—he is a fine fellow! So the more my Father sighed and groaned behind me, the more loudly I shouted out 'Viva Pio Nono!'"

"Don Ferdinando," said Donna Candida, "you must not differ from your noble Father in anything, most

especially in religion, politics, and matrimonial connection."

"Oh!" cried Ferdinand, laughing, "I will take you at your word, Donna Candida: I will compromise with my Father on all three topics, and then you and he will find that I follow his footsteps too closely. Pray, Lilia, why would you not come to our balcony to-day, instead of going to a poky window with old Mr. Everard and Mrs. Moss?"

"I was invited to the window," replied Lilia, "and not to the balcony."

"Not invited!" exclaimed Ferdinand indignantly.

"There was not room—there was not room," interposed Donna Candida, hurriedly. "And now, Don Ferdinando, talk a little to your Reverend Sister. It was for her you desired me to come with you up here; and I will chat a little with the young people about the Spanish costumes that were so much admired to-day.—They were introduced, my dears, as the court-dress of all the Laity in the time of one of our Spanish Popes, and, being so noble and graceful, have continued ever since, and I suppose will continue to be worn on all state occasions.—Don Ferdinando, you ought not to whisper while I am discoursing, and to the very person whom I am chiefly engaging. This is not the etiquette in Spain, and is a little too rude even for England, especially as your most Reverend Sister has addressed you twice."

"Lilia," continued Ferdinand, "is not this the evening that my Mother expects you to join her in the singing lesson?"

"Yes," replied she, "and therefore I had better go to my own room, and look over the new trio."

"No, no," said he, not observing that Donna Candida had left them to give honourable notice to Lord Elverton that his son was not keeping to the conditions of his visit: "No, no, Lilia, you do not require to study and practise like other girls. Leave the music alone, and tell me why you did not come to Naples with us?"

"Because," replied Lilia, "Reverend Mother preferred Loretto and Assisium for me."

"And which would you yourself have preferred?" demanded he.

"I should have preferred Naples," said Lilia; "but afterwards I was thankful, as I always am, to have yielded to her advice. My attraction to Naples was from the remembrance of my early classical studies with my brothers. But what have I to do now with all those fictions? What can equal the exquisite reality of all the records of the Saints?"

"You are a Saint yourself," said Ferdinand, "and you look like one! For there are Saints at Naples, both living and dead, so that you could perfectly well have satisfied your devotion, and have made me happy at the same time."

"Oh, yes!" said she: "since Mr. Terrison's return I have become acquainted with the histories of Saint Januarius, Saint Alphonsus Liguori, and above all of Saint Filomena, who, though a Greek by birth, and martyred in Rome, has chosen to be the Patron Saint of the kingdom of Naples."

"We visited her shrine at Mugnano," said Ferdinand.

"We saw her miraculously perfect body. She must have been the image of you."

"That is not correct," observed Lilla, laughing; "an image cannot precede the original, and Saint Filomena was martyred by Diocletian in the fourth century."

"Never mind verbal slips of the tongue," said Ferdinand: "You are very much like Saint Filomena, according to those whom you will deem better judges perhaps than myself. When we were afterwards looking at the most beautiful painting there is in Naples of the young martyr, Mr. Terrison, who accompanied us, said to my Father, 'Do you not see a great likeness to a young English lady we have left in Rome?' and my Father replied 'Yes; and to another English lady, now a Saint in Heaven—the mother of my daughter Geraldine.'"

"Lilla," said the hitherto silent and unseen Religious, "you can retire now to look over the new music in your room, until you are sent for by Lady Elverton."

Lilla instantly rose to obey, and Ferdinand, after telling her that he should await her return, remained alone with the Sister, who had been the ostensible motive for paying this visit. She led him to speak of his college, his studies, his devotions, and finally of young Arthur de Gréy, smiling to perceive that the two youths had duly inherited the mingled friendship and rivalry which had descended through generations between the Houses of De Grey and Carrington.

"Arthur and I are always together," said Ferdinand, "and yet we are always sparring. He is a better scholar than I, but then he is three years older—so takes the lead with no merit. I am not a bit annoyed at his suc-

ness, or, rather, I am glad enough of it; but then the conceit of the fellow, to think he can ever marry Lily Sinclair! That slip of a Frenchman, who will never be taller or stouter than he is at nineteen! 'Tis quite absurd, is it not? You do not think, surely, do you, Sister, that he has any chance of being accepted?"

At this instant Lord Elverton entered, assigning for the motive of his visit that he had just seen Monsignor Vizzadelli, secretary to Cardinal Ferritti; and although to an acute observer it might have appeared that his Lordship had nothing new to announce in the progress of his daughter's affairs, yet he engaged both her and his son in conversation respecting the Sacred Congregation for granting Indulgences; then spoke of Cardinal Ostini, that fine old prince of the Church, who was then at the head of Sacred Rites and Congregations; till, at the end of half-an-hour, rising to depart, he offered to Ferdinand to take him to the Arcadian Academy, where he would hear specimens of the best modern Italian composition, both in prose and verse.

"No, I thank you, my Lord," replied Ferdinand. "It is a heavy business with these would-be shepherds: I am more entertained at home."

"But you ought abroad to seek every varied means of improvement," said Lord Elverton; "'for home-bred youths have ever homely wits.' I preach to you, Ferdinand, nothing that I have not myself practised."

"Oh!" cried Ferdinand, "I do not hope ever to imitate you, my Lord, in your active and successful career. You have 'achieved greatness,' and I have 'greatness thrust

upon me.' There is but one action in your whole life to which I aspire. You married a Sinclair—so will I!"

"Are you alone, my dear Geraldine?" said his Lordship in a low voice.

"I am," she replied; "would my dear Father wish me also to withdraw?"

"No, no!" said he in a louder tone, "remain to witness this humorous scene of a boy, not sixteen, making his solemn choice for life!"

"I shall not always be too young," said Ferdinand, "to have my solemn choice respected; and therefore, my Lord, I give you fair notice, that if Lilia Sinclair will have me, I shall think of no one else. You said yourself the other day, that she became more beautiful, because more expressive, every year; and by the time I am of age, she will be only three-and-twenty and five months."

"These intermarriages," said Lord Elverton, "are silly things. You are already intimately connected. What more can you wish? The Church does not sanction the marriage of cousins. Ah!" continued his Lordship, with his never-failing presence of mind, as the outer door opened, "here is your cousin Lilia with her music-scroll; we will escort her down the stairs to the singing appointment."

"Cousin!" exclaimed Ferdinand, indignant at the mention of a difficulty which did not exist—"we are cousins merely by courtesy. There is no real tie of blood between us."

Lilia, who had unconsciously advanced, overheard this last speech, and totally misunderstood its meaning. For the first time in her young life a grief pierced her heart,



different in its nature from that which she had known in parting from her brothers and in thinking on her distant home; and she felt bewildered by the seeming unkindness and haughtiness of Ferdinand. She mechanically moved down the stairs with Lord Elverton, whom she thought unusually affable, and began her singing lesson with many distractions and but little zest. After kind inquiries from Lady Elverton whether she were not ill, the master proposed that the young lady should rest awhile, during a duet with himself, the MS. of which he placed before Lady Elverton. While Lilia sat alone during this performance on a distant sofa, many former and lonely thoughts recurred to her mind. She wiped away some tears which had fallen on the damask cushion on which she leaned, and began more distinctly and practically to recal the promise she had made the Reverend Mr. Terrison the day before her confirmation, that, like a good soldier, she would not lose courage in fighting the spiritual combat, but would mount steadily the mystical steps to wisdom; and so absorbed did she become in these good resolutions, that she never perceived the departure of the singing-master, who had arranged with Lady Elverton to give a double lesson in the following week, and was aroused only by the approach of her Ladyship with some aromatic remedies for a headache.

On the following morning Lilia was fetched by Donna Candida to another tête-à-tête with her really kind friend Lady Elverton. This conference was important, and in a few days its subject was entrusted to all those who had Lilia's true interests at heart. It was no less than the offer from Lord and Lady Elverton to include Lilia in

the number of young ladies who were to accompany her Ladyship to Calcutta, and to occupy the posts of "Maids of Honour" in the Anglo-Indian Court.

Two of her friends had been immediately referred to—Mr. Everard, to whom her parents had consigned her, and Lady de Grey, under whose immediate care she had been during the last year. The reply from Mr. Everard was, "Tell Lily to consult Father Duago;" and as Lady de Grey had given a reply nearly to the same purpose, namely, that she trusted Lilia would be entirely guided by the advice she should receive in the Confessional, the open discussion of "Lilia's voyage to India" was exchanged for a discreet silence until Father Duago and the Reverend Mr. Terrison should either agree or yield one to the other respecting the fate of their spiritual charge. What Lilia herself wished remained equally a secret until, some weeks after the first mention of the subject, it was won from her by a sudden claim on her confidence, in the following manner:

Lilia had been taken during the octave of Christmas to the church of the Ara Coeli, to hear the infant preachers, who, having been previously trained, exhort their elders to turn in love and penitence to the Crib of the Infant Jesus. Having promised to give a description of these little preachers, and of the scenic representation of the "Stable of Bethlehem," to the young Letitia, Lilia, on her return, remained with Mr. Everard in Lady Elverton's drawing-room, expecting Lord Elverton, who had given a conditional promise to his little daughter to take her on the following day. The condition was that Lilia could faithfully report that no risk would be incurred to

Letitia by the pious but homely crowd. Letitia, after eager inquiries, sat watching the door for her Father's entrance; while Mr. Eversd., pleased to exchange his own stove for Lady Elverton's open French hearth, took his chair within the glass screen, and put his feet on the new logs of wood, where he soon began to doze. The two youths from the Roman College now sauntered into the room from pious sight-seeing in the churches, and Lillia removed from Letitia to the further end of the room, where, taking a sheet of paper and a pencil from a table near her, she began to occupy herself in silence and apart. Arthur and Ferdinand, instead of approaching her as usual, had become during that day's walk each on his guard against the other, and had each resolved on measures prompt and hidden. Arthur, however, drew near the table covered with drawing materials, whence Lillia had provided herself with employment, and himself began in an opposite corner to exercise a talent over which he possessed a masterly facility. At length, Letitia's governess having entered the drawing-room, Lady Elverton withdrew to her evening toilette. Ferdinand followed her to commence his line of tactics; and immediately Arthur, moving softly to the table where Lillia was seated, entreated her to exchange their sheets of drawing-paper.

"This is not drawing-paper," she replied. "I have not been drawing; I have been writing."

"But would you not like to see *my* drawing?" said Arthur.

"If it be well executed, and a sacred subject," said Lillia.

"It is to *me* a sacred subject," said he, "and if we differ as to the merit of its execution, you must permit me to say that on this point you are not a fit judge."

"What can it be?" said Lilia, moved to curiosity, and turning up the paper, which Arthur had laid with the blank side towards her.

She had too quick an eye for likenesses not to recognise instantly that the profile and figure were her own; and while she doubted the intention of the drawing, an extract beneath, from a poet who has but too well known how to vary in every bewitching phrase the declaration of young earthly love, left her no longer in ignorance of Arthur de Gréy's sentiments. Lilia gently placed the drawing reversed on the table again, at a little distance from them both. She did not wish or think it right to keep the poetry, and she did not wish or think it right to give Arthur back her picture: it did not occur to her at that moment to tear the paper, and there was a long silence. At length Arthur whispered, "Speak, Lilia—speak!"

"I will grant your original request," said she, "which was to exchange our private papers;" and taking Arthur's she now tore it through the centre.

"That is quite useless, Lilia," said he; "I can supply its place in half an hour."

Lilia then laid her private writing before Arthur, and he read thus:—

Oh! I will be the happy bride  
Of Him the Saints adore:  
None lower can content my pride  
My heart with riches store.

This earth is all too mean to love,  
Its ties and joys must sever :  
But in the Bridal Court above,  
They will be mine for ever !

Arthur laid his head on the paper ; and Mr. Everard having been roused at length to take a turn up the room, received Letitia's little hand in his as she came to whisper to him " Arthur is crying !"

" Then tell him," said Mr. Everard, in a more audible tone, as they together approached the table, " tell him to weep for nothing but his sins ; because Divine Providence has that in store for him which will prove far better and happier than what he would himself now fancy in these boyish hours. Arthur de Gréy," continued Mr. Everard, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, " *Servite Dominum cum Letitia !*"

Arthur raised his head, and fixed his astonished gaze on the noble and beautiful child.

" Is this a prophecy ?" said Lilia, as she arose to leave the room.

" If it prove so," replied Mr. Everard, " it will not be the first time that a Carrington has consoled a De Gréy !"

## CHAPTER XXII.

Give me the youthful heart unstained by guile—  
The promise free, the sympathy sincere,  
The open look, the undesigned smile,  
The generous impulse and the ready tear.

DURING the weeks between Christmas and Lent, Lady Elverton was "at home" on all Thursday evenings; and these soirées were generally musical, terminating with refreshments and a lottery or a raffle. On the first of these evenings, which occurred a few days after Mr. Everard's prophetic and consoling views for Count Arthur de Gréy, Lilia, having performed her awarded part of the trio with Lady Elverton and the Professor, retired amidst enthusiastic plaudits to sit with Letitia and the Governess, a little apart from the amateur crowd around the piano-forte. She had not been seated many instants as listener to a chorus of perfect harmony, when young Ferdinand stole behind her chair. "I know all about India," said he in a low voice; "a fine piece of policy to take you out of my sight and marry you to some hanger-on of the Governor-General; but I drew it all out of my Mother: she cannot keep a secret; but she is an angel for all that. I told her that I had a dreadful headache, and she immediately exclaimed, 'Then, my precious boy, marry Lily Sinclair if you cannot be happy without her!' So do not think of India, my beautiful English Lily."

"I do not think of going to India," replied Lilia; "but it is not for your sake, Ferdinand, that I renounce what your Father terms 'the brilliant career that would await me;' and it is very capricious in you to say so haughtily one day that 'there is no real tie of blood between us,' and the next to call me your 'beautiful Lily.' I am not *your* Lily."

An explanation followed; and before the final close of the chorus, which had been repeated, Lilia was assured of Ferdinand's good faith. But no more conversation could continue that evening; it was not till a fortnight after that she could find an opportunity of declaring to him her vocation to be a Nun; and it was even then the labour of many days' correspondence and conversations before the young and prosperous Ferdinand could be persuaded that the beautiful Lilia had made choice of a state of life which she preferred to even becoming the Lady of the Manor Hall of her childhood's admiration, to the title and riches which were so attractively displayed to her in the person of Lady Elverton, and, more wonderful still, to the generous and devoted affection of the lover-boy.

"I thank you very much, dear Ferdinand," said she, "for all your goodness to me: I am very sorry to seem so ungrateful; but I am happier with all the thoughts and affections which fill my heart and mind when sitting or kneeling between my cousin Geraldine and Sister Agnes, than with any motive which you can urge to make me prefer to be with you."

"But, if you were forced to marry any one, you would prefer to marry me? You prefer me to every one else? To Arthur de Gréy, for instance? Only tell me this,

Lilia, and I will be silent. If you were compelled to marry either Arthur or me, which would you choose? Speak, I tell you, Lilia! If you will tell me the truth, I will tease you no more; but if you will not confide this to me, I will torment you all day long. Now just answer this simple question—which of the two would you rather marry—myself or Arthur de Gréy?"

"Then you must never tell any one," said Lilia.

"No, no! I never will," said he.

"But you must promise," said she.

"I promise," said Ferdinand; "and I never broke a promise in my life."

"Then," said Lilia, "if I were obliged to marry any one, I would rather marry you."

"That is right!" cried Ferdinand. "Well, now I think I can bear it better. And now tell me, Lily, why you prefer me to every one else?"

"It would be very difficult," said Lilia, "to give reasonable motives for my preferring you to Count Arthur, for my reason should give the preference to him: he is the most deserving of my esteem."

"Well, but I am by far the handsomest fellow," said Ferdinand, "and I shall soon be as old as he, and much more manly."

"Those are two very insufficient reasons," replied she; "for I can see the perfection of beauty in sacred pictures: and I shall not like you better for becoming more man-like—quite the contrary. I feel more affection for you, because you are still a boy, and remind me of Fred and Harry: then, sometimes, when you are neither haughty nor impatient, you remind me very much of your uncle, Don Carlos, whom I have always called 'Father Duago;'"



and whenever I am reminded of that holy priest, I also recal the promise I made to him that I would never choose evil, but always choose good, and prefer God, who is the Sovereign Good, to all His creatures, however good and excellent. This was before I was confirmed, and since that sacrament, which bestowed on me, among other gifts of the Holy Ghost, the gift of 'Counsel,' which is the power to choose that which is best among good things, I have determined to dedicate myself entirely to God, because the Church gives the first palm to consecrated virginity; secondly, to widowhood; and last, to matrimony—all three being good and blessed by God. Mr. Terrison had just given me permission to make this decision, and to confide it to your saintly sister, who I hope will really become my Reverend Mother, when Lord and Lady Elverton invited me to accompany them to India, and this my resolution has become known to them and to all my friends in Rome."

"Oh, Lilia!" cried Ferdinand, "how can I care for any one after you? I shall never forget you. I wish I could benefit you. Oh, Lilia, listen! perhaps I can benefit both you and my sister—but this is a great secret—you must promise to tell no one."

"You mean that I must tell no one out of confession?" demanded Lilia, "because I must not receive any confidence to be withheld from Mr. Terrison?"

"Well, you may tell Mr. Terrison, *bona fide* on your knees in the Confessional, between the Confiteor and the Absolution," said he: "but take care he does not get you to give the least hint of this secret at another time. And now this is it—but it is a long story, and will be necessarily made longer, because you know so little of worldly

affairs. You know, however, that my Father became Lord Elverton about five years ago—yes! I was then between ten and eleven years of age. The title was not newly created, but revived, having lain dormant during three centuries; and the great difficulty to my Father had been, not the tracing up to the last possessor of the title, which was clear enough, but that this last possessor, who died in 1567, was a Baroness Elverton in her own right, proving that the title, in default of a direct male heir, descended through the female line. Now, my Father knew very well that a more direct descendant than himself existed in the person of an old lady, who was most tenacious of her pedigree, and quite aware that in her lay the dormant honours of her race; and as she possessed documents which it was most important for him to see, and, if possible, to have copied, he paid her several visits on his return from Spain, as if merely from friendly courtesy, saying that as they had no nearer relations than themselves they ought to become better acquainted. My Father, knowing the disposition of his old cousin, confined his conversation to war and politics, and never approached the topic he had at heart till Mrs. Haggerstone Carrington, for she had married and was a widow, began at length to inform him of all that he desired to know; and after ascertaining, as she thought, that my Father was quite contented with military honours and manorial rights, and saw the full force of her claims, exclusive of himself, to the dormant Barony, she asked his assistance in laying her case before the House of Lords. My Father at first excused himself, and finally was prevailed on to receive the important papers, and from that time began the diplomatic relations between

two most consummate politicians. I wish you could hear my Father give his own account of how each endeavoured to make use of the other, step by step, till at last it became a difficult matter how to proceed; and I was taken up to London, and introduced to Mrs. Haggerstone Carrington, in order to facilitate a compromise."

"This does not interest or entertain me," said Lilla. "I always feel my heart quite sink at hearing of these worldly struggles. It is very wrong for baptized persons to seek all that was renounced for them in the sacrament of their baptism. What did it signify to this lady, who was a childless widow, to become Baroness Elverton?"

"Why, that is precisely what any one would ask who knew less of human nature than did my Father; but he described most humorously the other night to Mr. Everard how Mrs. Haggerstone, by the influence of hope, became younger and younger, and, by the friendly aid of the toilette, younger still, until it became obvious that she intended to marry once more, and that the confidential lawyer was the favoured man."

"Oh! Ferdinand," said the wearied Lilla, "why do you talk about such uninteresting things?"

"You will soon discover why," said he; "have but a little patience. I was taken to visit Mrs. Haggerstone, and she happened to take a great fancy to me. My Father then made the request that she would take the entire charge of me during important business which would detain him three days on the north side of London—I believe he was the whole time in Berkeley Square; but, however, never mind that. I was placed under the confidential charge of Mrs. Haggerstone, and really was very well amused. Iago called on me two or three times

a-day, to know whether I were happy, and, I believe, had a lodging during those three days close to the very extraordinary dwelling of my new friend. We went over one of our great bridges, and through a wide populous street till we stopped at the side of a small church, and passed under an archway, and through strong barred gates into a court, where the carriage could go no further. It was in the evening, and the whole affair seemed so gloomy, that directly I leaped down from the carriage I told Iago in Spanish that I would not stay the night there unless he slept in my room. And then, to get to that room, I had to be shown through long corridors, open on one side into another court, with a little garden in the middle full of crosses marked O.S.B., which means Order of Saint Benedict, and I was informed that I was in the ancient cloisters and cemetery of the Benedictine Dames, suppressed in 1560, of whom the Abbesses had chiefly been selected from my family. Are you interested now, Lilia?"

"Yes, indeed," replied she. "Go on, Ferdinand."

"I was then shown into a large high room of panelled wainscotting," continued Ferdinand; "and in each panel hung a half-length portrait of the successive Abbesses: some looked grim enough. However, the supper-table was spread and well lighted, and Iago remained until the lady of the cloistered mansion came in, dressed most queerly, so that I scarcely recognised her again. She embraced me, and welcomed me to the chapter-room of 'London Abbey,' for so she affirmed these old premises had a right to be called. And then, while I feasted on all sorts of dainties, she gave me the long history of the rise and fall of the Abbey, which I will tell you some other time, because my chief aim is to interest you in

the locality. After supper Mrs. Haggerstone further informed me that the little church at the entrance-gate belonged by right to the property, but that, in order to secure it for Catholic use, it had been ceded to a foreign embassy, and that we should have our night-prayers in the Nuns' private choir, which had become her chapel. Thither we went, and a very pretty chapel she had made at the altar end, but it was awfully gloomy where we knelt; and when she stuck me into a high niche, which she termed a 'stall,' I felt stifled by the ghost of some former occupant, and called out, 'Iago, come here, and bring some lights!' which he told me afterwards was a most daring innovation on the routine and discipline of the house; but nothing I did could offend her, and yet I must have tried her patience pretty well. My bedroom was called 'the Bishop's room,' and was a very handsome apartment, with folding doors opening into a deep recess, fitted up like the sanctuary of a chapel—just as the Cardinals have their private chapels here in Rome. In the morning, when Iago opened the windows, a great contrast was presented to the gloom of the other side of the house as seen by twilight. There was the old-fashioned garden beneath, looking as trim and neat as a monastic garden ought to look, and beyond it the gables and pinnacles of the well-preserved old Abbey, which retains its cloistral manner of looking into itself—I suppose, to set the example of self-examination. The part of the building which contained the Nuns' cells was at right angles with the Bishop's rooms, and all their windows were turned to the south-east, away from observation, into their own private garden. I was shown over the whole of these ancient premises, which are still

In excellent repair, above all, the kitchens and refectory. There is a good orchard and also a meadow, independent of the nearest nursery ground, which belong to the property. I did not pay all this exact attention at the period of my first visit to Mrs. Haggerstone, but have had reason since to make myself acquainted with all particulars, as this property is bequeathed direct to me; and now that more than ever I am interested in this 'London Abbey,' as it was once called, I will show you the plan of the premises as they now are; and if you like them, Lillia, I will, when I come of age, present them to my Sister and her Community for your sake, for she is founding her Institute on the Benedictine rule and government, and intends to establish the Perpetual Adoration as it is in Rome, for the public benefit as well as for the devotion of the Convent, which, if we can get the devotion introduced into that little church, will exactly suit the London Abbey. Are you pleased, Lillia?"

"I think that you have a very good heart, Ferdinand; and I would rather have you for the Benefactor of our Convent than any one else, and it will always be with a full, grateful heart I shall pray for you. I shall like whatever you like for our foundation in England; but I believe that Lady de Grey expects to fix in the country, and I love the country best."

"We shall see!" said Ferdinand. There is an old rhyming prophecy, which Mrs. Haggerstone fancied to centre in herself, but which I think more applicable to my sister Geraldine. It runs thus:—

"Our London Abbey sleeps beneath the ground,  
Until a widowed Carrington be found,  
Who shall unlock the massive hidden gate,  
And raise our honour to their ancient state."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Child of the Mist!" thy favored eye  
Beholds at length the morning star,  
Which, beaming in the eastern sky,  
Guides to the rock beheld afar.

On the 17th of January, 1847, our English Pilgrim received, from the most Reverend Secretary of the Propaganda Fide, the Rescript of Indulgences so long desired, so ardently prayed for; and immediately calling her Sisters in Religion, they together said with grateful heart the "Magnificate," the 98th and 150th Psalms, the "Benedictus," and the glorious "Te Deum." This Rescript of Indulgences was, as Monsignor Brunelli himself informed her, a "Rescript of Encouragement" for the Religious Institute she was hoping to found; and after Lord Elverton had perused it, he congratulated her, as did all her ecclesiastical friends, telling her that success was now a mere question of time and patience. On the following day, the Religious, accompanied by Sister Agnes, went to return her grateful acknowledgments to his Eminence Cardinal Acton, who had chiefly aided to procure this valuable Papal permission, but who would receive no thanks from our Pilgrim, saying that the success was all owing to her 'own fame and merit.' "Did that saintly being suppose," said she afterwards, "that I was, like himself, so grounded in humility that I could bear his praise!"

With thankful heart she now applied herself with renewed zeal to forward the good work; and about a fortnight after was occupied in writing an important letter to England, when Felicia, the Italian maid-servant, interrupted her with the notice that a tall lady in black was in the ante-room, waiting to be admitted. The Religious, scarcely interrupting the rapid course of her pen, told the servant to ask for the lady's card, and in a few instants Felicia returned, stating that the lady had entered the parlour, and desired her to say that she had played her cards too well to have any left, and that she hoped the Reverend Mother would not keep her long waiting, for fear her heart would leap over the grating! The delighted Felicia added, "Tanto allegra questa Signora, proprio è cara cara." Making an act of patience, our Religious moved with listless step to the grating, saying the accustomed "Let us bless the Lord!"

"With all my heart, you dear blessed creature!" exclaimed the visitor.

The next words were, "Oh, Katherine!"—"Oh, Geraldine!"

Then, after a pause, this truly welcome visitor began, "I have much to tell, and much to hear. my ever beloved friend. As to the much I have to tell, I should have told it all three years ago, had I not found that you were at your old, well recognised, and most characteristic hunt after perfection; and as I was reading the life of Saint Benedict Biscop just at the time I heard of your leaving the Elverton Convent, and had counted that he was at seventeen monasteries, before he felt satisfied to begin Weremouth and Jarrow, I supposed that



your monastic tour would include as many : however, it seems that you have been more moderate. And now, why was I reading the life of Saint Benedict Biscop, or of any Popish Saint ? Behold the reason ! I became a Popish sinner just three years ago, in our good old city of Edinburgh, and packed off all my Presbyterian library to sail across the Frith of Forth to an invincibly ignorant old cousin in Forfarshire. Oh ! so you are saying the Te Deum, my own, ever-ardent Geraldine ! I do not know it yet by heart, so I will be silent and join in spirit."

The hallowed hymn of joy was scarcely concluded before the two friends were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Everard ; but no interesting was this renewal of friendship to both him and Miss Graham, that, during the absorbing conversation which followed, the Religious remained silently praising God in grateful tears.

Other interruptions, of a less agreeable and congenial nature, at length occurring, Miss Graham retired within the private suite of rooms occupied by the Religious Sisters, and renewed a scarcely remembered friendship with the blushing and delighted Lillia, who, directly she was informed that Miss Graham had become a Catholic, took for granted that she intended to become a Nun.

"What a happy party we shall be, dear Miss Graham," said she, "all loving and serving God under the same roof, and hearing each other's voices only when uttering His praises !"

"God bless the poor child !" cried Miss Graham ; "what ! is she never to speak !"

"Oh, yes !" said Lillia, "I may speak when spoken to by Superiors, and if they give me leave ; and I may speak

to my Sister Novices at the daily recreations; but when I am professed I shall have to speak only on great festivals at recreation."

"And you are looking forward to this almost perpetual silence as to a great boon, you wonderful girl?" said Katherine.

"Oh, but I am not to be silent in the choir! I shall chant and sing there, and read aloud in the chapter-room and refectory. Surely it was among the designs of Divine Providence that I was taught Latin by my brothers' tutor, and have now acquired the proper pronunciation of it in Rome; for I may hope to be useful in the choir; and I am afraid I can be useful nowhere else in the convent."

After a few more comments on each side, Lilla had again inquired "How soon shall you be able to become a Novice, Miss Graham?" when the Senior Religious Sister entered the inner room; and the warm-hearted Katherine, on seeing her without the impediment of a grating, rushed to her, saying, "What possible use can I ever be to you, my precious Geraldine?"

"Why," said the latter, extricating herself from Katherine's fervent embrace, "if you will promise not to kiss me, I think you will make an admirable 'Mother Almoner.'"

"But if the Mother Almoner may not kiss, may she talk?" cried Miss Graham, laughing. "Pray who is this Mother Almoner?"

"You shall hear of all her qualities and duties in course of time," replied the Religious, again silently returning thanks to God, as she looked from Katherine to Lilla, both united with her now in faith as in affec-

tion. "And how long have you been in Rome, dear Katherine?" said she.

"Since last night," replied Miss Graham; "and this morning I resisted the temptation of going to Mass first at the Scots' Church, and drove magnanimously to St. Peter's, after which my only thought was of you. I am at present, with my own two Scotch servants and my Italian 'Minister for foreign affairs,' at a highly-respectable and highly-expensive hotel, under the invocation and protection of the pagan goddess of Wisdom, close by here. I was going in for a few minutes to the church opposite my windows to beg a blessing on our meeting, but finding that 'Minerva' presided likewise over the church, I came here first for an explanation of the mystery."

"The mystery consists," replied the Religious, "in the habit, common to all nations, of abridging titles in common parlance. You are living opposite the church once a pagan temple, and now entitled 'Santa Maria sopra Minerva.' As there are so many churches in Rome dedicated to the Mother of God, it is quite necessary to distinguish them from each other; and this title, which announces the victory of Christian truth over pagan fiction, has been abridged in all the carelessness of security, till, as you justly object, it actually seems to place church, square, and hotel under the continued protection of the fabled goddess."

"I have arrived in Rome," continued Miss Graham, "fully determined to probe to the bottom every apparent scandal, with an equal determination to find that the hidden cause is either the frailty of poor human nature, or my own misconception of the effect; and that, as a

logical necessity, nothing evil can arise from the faith of the Church."

"Miss Graham," said Lilia, "what made you become a Catholic?"

"That is a frank question, Lily," returned she, smiling.

"And one," said Lilia, colouring deeply, "that perhaps I ought not to have asked. You perceive now, Miss Graham, the advantage of holy silence, which not only positively prevents intrusive questions, but promotes such a habit of prudence and recollection as insures a person, even when speaking, from offending by the tongue. Sister Agnes possesses this holy prudence as much as Reverend Mother."

"You have not offended me at all," said Miss Graham, "so need not visit on yourself and me this self-inflicted reprehension; my humble Lily. But the history of my conversion to the Church must not be entered upon to-day. Sufficient that to-day I made known the blessed fact, and heard the words of Church thanksgiving from the lips of her I love best on earth."

As the evening advanced, and those of the Carrington family who had been dispersed now met in a sociable circle, with their usual intimates, in Lady Elverton's warmest drawing-room, the welcome news became known that Lady de Grey's early and dear friend, Miss Graham, had arrived in Rome—was actually in the house, and had become a Catholic three years before; with the additional comments, that, whereas Katherine Graham had in earlier life been too thin for her marked features, and had been often marred by too flushed a skin, she had now in maturer years, become a very fine and handsome woman, had succeeded to a very pretty fortune, and was

as warm-hearted and pleasant as ever. The next act was Lord Elverton's mounting, with his young son, to the upper suite of rooms, there to welcome and congratulate Miss Graham, and to express, as he truly felt, for his daughter and himself, his joy to greet her once more. "Can you spare us the last half-hour of your evening?" said his Lordship: "Beatrice was too fearful of intruding to venture up stairs; but she hopes that on your way to your carriage you will permit her to express in person her participation in our joy." Katherine did consent, and during her evening visit, which extended to an hour, became personally interested in the topic discussed with solicitude by Mr. Everard, and with earnest sympathy by the rest of the domestic party. This was the proposed public presentation to his Holiness Pius the Ninth, of the body of English converts then in Rome.

"A highly interesting and truly historical event," said Mr. Everard. "I would not but be present, both for the actual personal contribution of number, character, and testimony, but also for the future gratification—perhaps the greatest—of feasting on the retrospect; that is, ruminating on the past fact, that in the year of our Lord 1847 I had been one of a chosen band—chosen of the Spirit, which bloweth where He listeth—from millions of honest-minded, conscientious countrymen—chosen by extraordinary grace—chosen by free grace—chosen by incomprehensible, unfathomable love, to stand on the true Pisgah, and view the promised land!"

"I believe," said Lord Elverton, "that our friend Mr. R., son of a distinguished and exemplary Bishop of the Anglican Establishment, and himself till lately a Minister of the Established Church, has originated this happy

thought, of the English converts in Rome receiving in a body the benediction of the Head of the Church, before returning to their protesting and opposing country."

The week following this first mention of the proposed presentation to his Holiness, it was further made known that the day was fixed for the 7th of April; and our Religious Pilgrim, in order that her expected exemption from this public presentation might be, not from self-will, but from obedience, sent to his Eminence Cardinal Acton, representing the event in question, and, having thus done, giving no further thought to any personal share in this public act, was writing, in compliance with Mr. Terrison's wishes, an abstract of the Religious Institute, when a gentle but rapid tap at the door was followed by the uninvited entrance of Lilia, who, sinking on her knees, could only just articulate the words, "Oh! Fred and Harry!"

"What of them, dear child?"

"In an hour—in an hour," gasped Lilia.

"Do you really mean," further inquired the Religious, "that your brothers are arrived in Rome, and intend to visit you within an hour?"

"I do, I do—yes, they are in Rome! Oh, my God! I desire to love Thee above all creatures!—Look, here is their letter. They are at the same hotel as Miss Graham. Why have they come to Rome? Is it to pagan or to Christian Rome they have come? Oh, what a state of doubt! but I shall know within an hour, for I have had the letter full five minutes, and the messenger must have been more than five minutes coming—in three quarters of an hour perhaps. Ah, what happiness! My God! give them grace to become great Saints!"

"I perceive," said the Religious, as she gave back the rapidly-written letter, "that Frederick refers to a former letter which you have never received, and which doubtless contained information interesting and important. May God in His infinite Mercy give them light, and fidelity to that light. As you cannot now leave the house to go before the Adorable Sacrament in the church, go to our oratory, and entreat a blessing on this unexpected and joyful meeting."

Lilia instantly obeyed; but in a very few minutes, rising from her knees, she passed rapidly to her own room, followed by Lucy; and there, from among the many dresses presented to her, through the medium of Donna Candida and Mrs. Moss, she drew forth her white English muslin frock and garland of blush-roses, adding round her neck a gold chain and blessed crucifix, given her at Loretto, and round her arm a rich and beautiful Spanish rosary, the gift of Lady Elverton. This done, without replying to the various questions of Lucy, Lilia returned to the oratory and remained in prayer. The Religious, whose door had been left wide open by the agitated girl when she first went to the oratory, was surprised to hear her so soon leave her prayer; but, raising her eyes as Lilia passed, immediately discerned that she was acting on some inspiration given: and this opinion was confirmed by observing the change operated in her between the first announcement of the arrival of her brothers in Rome, and that now given by the house portress, that they were actually awaiting her in the outer parlour of the suite of rooms.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Amid good things, ah! ever choose the best,  
And let the conscience, smiling in the breast,  
Exclaim, "My all to Him who all has given,"  
And spring from earth to gain an endless Heaven.

FREDERICK and Henry Sinclair stood in the reception-parlour of their Religious relative too much absorbed in the immediately-expected interview with their sister to speak to each other. On the brow of the elder brother hung a load of thought and care. The countenance of the younger was brighter; but his eyes showed that he had been relieved by tears; and at each sound his colour varied, as he watched the entrance-door. But few minutes passed before that door was gently opened, and it seemed as though an angel of hope and light stood before them. Was it?—could it be?—Yes! it was indeed their own Lilia; and, rushing towards her, each seized a hand, and each would have kissed a cheek, but she, shrinking from the tall and manly Frederick, although she pressed his hand, leaned instinctively towards the still youthful Harry, and he only gave her the fraternal salute. "Do you not recognise me, Lily?" said Frederick, now drawing her towards him and pressing her to his heart. Still there they stood all three, till Frederick placing her a chair they took their seats beside her, each holding a hand: and Lilia recalled the day when she had thus sat between these loved brothers nearly broken-



hearted at the thought of parting, and she said, "Oh, what happiness!"—Then out poured the questions, the replies, the exclamations, the recitals—all in the loving confusion of fond hearts, assured of each other's affection: and, "Oh, how beautiful you are grown, Lily!"—and "How tall you are, Frederick!"—and "Harry, how glad I am, you look just the same as you did when you started for Norway; and I received all your letters but the last: and what was in that last letter? Tell me, dear Fred, why have I this great happiness? Why have you come to Rome? Now, why does Fred look again so grave, Harry? Have you come to Pagan or to Christian Rome?"

"To Christian Rome," replied Frederick.

"Then, oh! dearest brother," cried Lillia, "look not grave or tearful; for what says our Lord? 'He that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting.'"

"True," said Frederick, "we ought to have more courage; God loves a cheerful giver."

"Oh, you *have* courage. You have proved that you have courage. Have you not already left all?"

"Yes," said Harry. "And you know, Lill, that God, who accepted the 'all' of the Apostles, which, in a worldly view, was little enough, will accept our 'all,' which for Fred was something really to resign, as the Bishop had declared him his heir; and when he heard of Fred having realized his hopes of being a double-class man, and making choice of the Church for a profession,

he gave him the best living in the diocese, which is held for him, or rather *was* held for him by Dr. Mottleby, until he should be eligible; and as for the 'all' of the heart, that was worse still for poor Fred, being the eldest son at home, losing his father's confidence and his mother's love."

Here Lilla felt the hand that held her right hand tremble and turn cold, and she exclaimed, "Oh! Frederick, does not God say, 'Can a woman forget her infant, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb; and if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee, saith the Lord Almighty.'"

"Yes," said Frederick, "I have been given strength to offer up my poor 'all' to God. But Harry speaks as if he had been merely a witness, and not a sufferer. This was not the case. Besides, to a generous heart it is often worse to witness than to suffer pain."

"And what made you first perceive," asked Lilla, "that there is but one Church, separated into three parts—the Church Militant, the Church Purifying, and the Church Triumphant."

"Do you remember," replied Frederick, "that when we fancied you would get permission to go with us to Norway, there was a small packet which you kept out of your trunk, and which was not to be put into the bag of books?"

"Yes," replied Lilla, "it was a precious little packet, so I begged it might go into a corner of your trunk. I remembered very well that you had it; but when I sent on the packet across to Harry, Mr. Everard, whom I





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consulted, told me not to remind you of this little packet, for that it might prove useful to you."

"Well, I never remembered anything of it," continued Frederick, "till one rainy but calm day on the voyage, I went to my trunk for some of my own books to amuse myself in the cabin, and drew forth this little packet, tied simply by a string, which I opened, and found your 'Garden of the Soul,' a book of Meditations, a Catechism, and a case of treasures, which under other circumstances you would have been sorry to have resigned. I first read the 'Garden of the Soul,' and wanted no other amusement for that day. Harry got at the case of treasures, and taking out a medal of the Virgin Mary, put it on a string, and, for your sake, wore it round his neck. He was virtually a Catholic before me, and full of simple faith. I put off every personal application of the truth I admitted till after I had taken my degree. Harry was a first-class man also in classics, and Mr. Neston was so full of joy and triumph that he forgot the many admissions he had made in our Norway trip: amongst others, that if he were to depart from what he called 'pure deism,' it could be only to follow up the sole Christian system whose principles could bear to be pushed to their extent. He has made his abjuration, however, standing with us, his two pupils, before the altar of our Lady of Victory, in Paris, where the celebrated Abbé Désgenettes received us into the Church, and placed our parents and family on the tablets of intercession of the Archiconfraternity. Mr. Neston remained in Paris, as he found immediate employment and support in a noble French family, who had applied to the Abbé Désge-

nettes for an English Catholic tutor, and Harry and I journeyed on here to get the Pope's blessing, and to consult our Catholic cousin Lady de Grey about our future life. Harry would like to be a soldier, and to go to India with Lord Elverton; but I, who have always thought of being a clergyman, am incapable of forming a single plan, and it is this which principally continues to fill me with anxious thought."

"But why with anxious thought?" inquired Lilla. "If you have always hoped to be God's minister, the very time has come in which you may become so in deed and in truth."

"Ah! Lily," replied Frederick, "if you mean that I can now become a Catholic priest, just reflect on the difference between such a life and that which I have witnessed from the age of reason, and have always contemplated as one day to be my own."

"But, dearest Frederick," cried Lilla, "why should it be more difficult for you to be a priest than for me to become a nun?"

"You become a nun!" cried both the brothers. "You, Lily, who love so fondly—you, who are so beautiful, and so much admired, and sought for in marriage. Oh! it can never be!"

"You tell me," said Lilla, "that I can fondly love—you tell me that I am beautiful, and inspire love: all this I know. And now listen," added she, rising and lifting her hands and eyes to Heaven, "Would that my heart could love more truly—would that it were a flame of love! Would that my beauty were far greater, and its influence more powerful on all! Then would I draw more souls

to Him who chose me, from eternity, to be purified and adorned by all His sacramental gifts and graces, and then to become His spouse! What mortal can compare with Him—the most beautiful amongst the sons of men, and yet the mighty God of Heaven and earth—King of kings, and Lord of lords! who knows all my thoughts, and knows that I love Him! Who is all truth, justice, mercy, and love—all power, all wisdom! and who has promised to me, after this short life, a happiness beyond all that my eyes have seen, or my ears heard, or even my heart conceived, and this for ever and ever! Oh, Frederick, think of the meaning of 'Eternity,' and you will, like me, choose God alone to be your only joy on earth."

Frederick, filled with unexpected and increasing emotion, fixed his gaze on his sister, and when she turned on him her full countenance, which, radiant with her heavenly emotion, seemed angelic, he felt subdued and won. She took both his hands, and said, "Will you be the priest of God?"

"I will—may God so help me!" returned he.

"Never will you repent this choice, even on earth," said Lilla.

"I believe not," said Frederick. "May God complete his own work."

"Amen," said Harry.

Another half-hour passed, after which the brothers were greeted from behind the trellis by the relation whom they had come to consult, and who promised to do all in her power to forward the wishes of each. And that evening there was a happy family party in Lord Elver-



ton's rooms, which shed a renewed sunshine in the breasts of the two new converts, and gave them hope of brighter days to come. There were two persons in that family group who had an equal privilege with the relations, and who welcomed Frederick and Henry Sinclair with double interest and sympathy—these were Mr. Everard and Miss Graham; and towards the close of the evening, the four united converts had by degrees fallen into discourse so profound and absorbing, that they were long unconscious of the lateness of the hour, and that Lord and Lady Elverton alone remained in the room, watching them from a distance with pleased attention.

On the morning of the 7th of April, our Religious Pilgrim was informed that his Eminence Cardinal Acton approved of the application made to him from other quarters, that she should, as Lady de Grey—a convert whom many circumstances had made a public character—be presented with her fellow converts on that memorable day to His Holiness, in the Quirinal Palace. As to her own private request, to be excused so public a presentation, she heard nothing in reply; and was assured by the Ecclesiastic who conveyed to her the wishes of his Eminence, that it would be in vain to seek further explanation—the audience chambers were closed, and his Eminence had retired, extremely indisposed, within his private rooms. The hour appointed for all the English converts in Rome to assemble in the ante-room of the Papal audience chamber was four in the afternoon, and the intermediate hours were busily employed in arrangements according to each person's feelings and position. Lilla obtained permission to put on the Postulant's habit,

already blessed by Mr. Terrison, and from that day to return no more to the dress and ornaments of the world. Katherine Graham was making her final purchases of crucifixes, rosaries, and medals, to be blessed by the Pope, and skirmishing without spleen, but most energetically, because the word "English" and not "British" was used by every one in Rome, as if Scotland had ceased to be a nation. Mr. Everard was laying down his positive commands to Mrs. Moss to remain humbly hidden, with her friend and fellow convert, behind the group of ladies, on their own side of the Papal ante-room, and not to give any outward token that she remembered his existence. "For," said he, "as there is no train of thought, or studious investigation, which you will not interrupt to talk of warmth or cold, or food or repose; so is there every risk, but for a timely prohibition, that you would rush out upon me, with some physical dilemma, at the very instant when, having kissed the Pope's foot, I had arrested his notice and was enjoying the privilege of a few words from Christ's Vicar on earth!" Our Pilgrim was making her immediate preparation for an interview, which had had the distant preparation of many months, but which now required some additional thought, as she had every reason to believe that the kind offer of Cardinal Acton to write to Monsignor Medici, the chamberlain, had been frustrated by the illness of his Eminence, and that many things therefore would fall upon herself to state.

At four o'clock, carriage after carriage was rolling along the various streets leading to Piazza di Monte Cavallo, and, by the half-hour after, the destined room in the Quirinal Palace was filled with those privileged to

unite under that august roof. As deep emotion filled the breasts of some, anxious expectation that of others, and not a few were absorbed in classifying the crucifixes, rosaries, and medals, which they had brought to get the Papal blessing, the select crowd was a silent one, each group whispering, and but partially mingling with other and perhaps well-known parties near them. One of the whispers was from Lilla to her brother Frederick, "Oh, look, dear Fred, how many priests! Young, and with much apparently to offer to God, of beauty and of love!" At length the folding-doors were thrown open, and attended by a few of the Guardia Nobile, his Holiness Pius the Ninth stood in the midst, as a father among his children. The Pope first addressed the gentlemen who were ranged on that side of the room, and received their homage; then, before the ladies could advance, the English Ecclesiastic appointed to conduct the presentations to his Holiness, having a few instants before intimated his wishes, drew our friends immediately forward, and the Pilgrim Geraldine was at the feet of Pius the Ninth.

"Ah!" exclaimed his Holiness "a Nun—a Benedictine!"

"After kissing in deep submission the foot of him who represents our Lord Jesus Christ," she replied, "Holy Father, I humbly hope to become such."

"You hope to become such?" repeated the Pope. "Of what Order are you then, my daughter?"

The history then commenced, but scarcely from herself; the English dignitary who presented our Pilgrim recounting everything with an accuracy and zeal which left her nothing to add; and she remained on her knees,

with her arms folded on her breast, watching the countenance of the Pope, who, finding that the English Nun before him was the same to whom he had already granted the Rescript of Encouragement, and who was openly protected by the Cardinals Fransone and Acton, stooped down to speak to her in a low tone, granted her immediate and confidential request, and promised her a private audience whenever she might wish or require it. So long did his Holiness condescend to continue speaking in this low tone, bending over her, that both private and public audience were included in this memorable day, and it was several months before she again sought an interview with this true Father, Priest, and King.

As our grateful Pilgrim arose from her knees, Lilla fell prostrate to kiss the sacred feet; and the tie of kindred was mentioned to his Holiness, and drew from him a benevolent and approving smile. Katherine then, with her numerous treasures to be blest, did homage to the visible head of the Church, and after a few minutes joined her two dear friends in the distant corner to which they had retired, and where they remained all three in silent peace till a new interest arose. Pius now addressed the assembled English converts—bade them return heartfelt thanks to God for the grace of faith—assured them of the paternal feelings with which he addressed, and should remember them; and exhorted them to return and labour in their own country, that they might bring many others to share in the blessing they now enjoyed, and so promote the glory of their God.

"Well, Everard," inquired Lord Elvarton in the even-

ing "has the event of to-day realized your anticipations?"

"You should never hold the page of a book too near your eyes," replied Mr. Everard; "everything becomes confused and perplexed. So it is with events. I will tell you what I think of to-day two months hence, if we are both alive."

"Well, but did you get your own talk with the Pope?"

"Yes, I did. I shall make a memorandum of it to-night, but I cannot now dwell on it. I am proud of it, or rather I should be proud of it were I not quite unhinged. The fact is, I have been too much excited, and now I must pay the penalty. I have a low nervous fever on me. I'll go to bed for a week. Good night, General."

"Good night," returned Lord Elverton, laughing. "This day week will be the 14th, when we are both engaged to the French Ambassador. But what excited you so much?"

"I saw her, after all her toils and anxieties, at the feet of him who could both appreciate and assist her. I saw the Vicar of Christ bend over, and talk low with the daughter of Anna Maria. I thought I heard a voice saying, 'Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

## CHAPTER XXV.

Two lovely boys ! smiling see  
Are struggling for their Mother's knee.  
And which her fondest choice and part ?  
Bea mount and nestle to her heart !

THE official announcement had now arrived of the appointment of Lord Elverton to be Governor-General of India, and the same private hand that had informed him of the intentions of Government now intimated that expedition was desirable, and that it was hoped his Lordship would be in Calcutta before October. A farewell dinner was the immediate result of the Government dispatch, not to take leave of Romans, but for the Anglo-Indians to take leave of Rome, and of those of their countrymen who were in Rome and on the porter's list at the Locanda. All was as much as possible in English style—all were in good spirits, and the toasts and speeches were animated and cordial. Towards the close, however, it was proposed to give the toast of "The seventy English converts in Rome!" which toast alone received a damper, not from the one or two Protestants present, who, with a smiling shrug of the shoulders had filled their glasses, but from a worthy old Catholic, who, as indignantly as any elder brother of any prodigal son could have desired, hoped that his Lordship would permit the amendment of "The body of English Catholics in Rome;" "for," said he, "there has been by far too

much fuss made about these converts—enough to turn their heads. They have been all just presented to the Pope, as a great historical event; but I trust his Holiness will soon give them some humiliation!"

"Why so?" said another Catholic of ancient name. "Is it not the part of the Vicar of Christ to extend his arms to the sons who say 'Father, I have sinned before Heaven and before thee, &c.?' Therefore I say that it is a great historical event, and so far from being an act of presumption it is an act of humiliation; for many have joined their fellow-converts on this occasion, who have been received into the Church these fifteen or twenty years, and the step taken so quietly, that the exclamation was, 'Why, I thought you had been a Catholic all your life!'"

"And that is the very way," said the first speaker, "that all people ought to conduct themselves who enter the Church. The step should be taken silently and humbly; and the convert should live hidden, and not set up for a hero or a heroine."

"Why, that depends," said the other noble Catholic, "on the good pleasure of Divine Providence. Neither Saint Paul nor Saint Augustine were permitted to live hidden."

"But at any rate," said the objector, "let the women converts keep quiet, and not pretend to be something, when they are nothing."

"That, again," said the defender, "must be entirely according to the designs of Almighty God."

"Don't talk to me," cried the irritated 'elder brother,' "of a woman convert presuming to found or revive a

Religious Institute, as if the present convents in England were not good and wise enough ! I cannot stand such impertinence !”

This was rather pointed. Lord Elverton raised his eyebrows, and had just resolved that if no one took up the gauntlet for his daughter, he must enter the lists himself, when the same Catholic nobleman who had defended the general body of English converts, again came forward in this more delicate cause. “I have been permitted,” said he, “to peruse the sketch of the Institute which the Religious Lady in question proposes to found, and find it based on the most ancient Order proper to Europe. She has come to Rome in order to submit every part to the approval of the Church. Nothing more, I presume, need be said but this—that if that sanction be obtained, we are bound as Catholics to believe that Almighty God has willed and has inspired the proposed Institute ; and, therefore, I vote that the amendment to the original toast be ‘The seventy English converts now in Rome, and Lady De Grey in particular !’”

All glasses were filled, Lord Elverton bowed, and when the little stir of complimentary enthusiasm was over, he proposed “The good old Catholics of England.” This was most cordially received ; but Lord Elverton had been wounded, and before raising his glass he said, “The old English Catholics are a most estimable body : no one can respect them more than myself. There are, however, many Saints whom one would rather honour than live with, and, with some truly noble exceptions in the present company and elsewhere, there is a crabbedness about them that contrasts strikingly with the cheer-



ful and confiding urbanity which Catholicity produces in her free countries. In England, the old Catholic is, or fancies himself, harassed on all sides. There are the Irish Catholics, never doing right,—the English converts, always doing wrong—the Protestants—the very devil! Is he happy in his own condensed colony? Why, let us hope so; and now drink to his good health and better temper!"

All laughed, and quaffed the wine, the 'elder brother' included, who, having cooled, began to feel that he had already said too much. But a young protégé at the other end of the table now started up, and exclaimed, "My Lord, when one is resisting the devil all one's life, instead of yielding to him, it is enough to make people crabbed; and it is hard to be scoffed at by the more prosperous. I must say this, though with all respect, because I am an old Catholic."

"How old are you, my boy?" said Lord Elverton. The young man made no reply, and his Lordship added, "If I remember right, you are stated in the official list to be twenty-two this May; therefore, my boy, do not use the term 'old Catholic' before me."

"I meant no offence, my Lord," blundered out the young official. "Indeed I never knew that your Lordship was an old convert. I understood that all your life you had been a concealed Catholic." No sooner were the words uttered, than the young man perceived his false step. The blood rushed to his face—he darted to Lord Elverton, bent one knee; then rising, exclaimed, "I see it's all over with me! I've blown myself up! I'm off for Civita Vecchia!"

"Where you think," said Lord Elvertor, laughing, "to pick up the largest portion of your relics? Sit down, Frank Blunderell, in your *old* place, soul and body together, and talk to your next neighbour, whoever he may be, on subjects you both understand!"

Young Blunderell bowed, and returned to the lower end of the long table; but an awkward silence ensued, as if the company secretly felt that the youthful Quixote had been guilty of a sharp truth. Lord Elvertor therefore, determined, as far as he could bring himself to the condescension of an explanation, to do so, as if in the outpouring of a convivial spirit. Yet a personal explanation, when partaking the character of vindication, is so delicate a proceeding that it is better glanced at than openly undertaken; and Lord Elvertor possessed "good taste" to the last degree of elaborate finish. Therefore, in resuming his part of chief speaker, he only implied his heroic Catholicity in the fact of his second marriage to a lady of inherited faith from the first grandees of Spain; and reverting to his daughter's mission in Rome—

"I understand," said he, "that Lady de Grey has had a highly-respectable body opposed to her: so much the better. Whether in love or war, we are complimented by having had antagonists worthy our efforts. However, in the present instance, it would appear that the Divine King for whom my daughter has combated, has not selected that class termed 'highly-respectable' to be honoured by attending His Sacramental Presence to the great Babylon of England; but that in these times of popular audacity, when the people are not afraid to speak evil of dignities, and God has made use of mobs to chas-

use the representatives of His kingly power, He has nevertheless given this consolation to dethroned monarchs and exiled princes, to be united in the great and holy work of repairing the outrages long committed against His mysteries in London. I have never presumed, being a layman, to inquire the gradual steps by which my daughter's spiritual advisers have conducted her to the secure rock on which she now stands. I was told by some 'highly-respectable person,' last year, that she was leading a 'forlorn hope;' to which I replied that, if the besieged were her friends, the 'hope' was not 'forlorn,' but certain, and that I felt no anxiety whatever; for she had then followed the only advice I had ever given her, which was to come to 'head-quarters!'—a soldier's advice, which, it would seem, accorded with her own inspirations, and she came to Rome. And now, my friends, as we must soon part, let me propose as a farewell toast, 'Brotherly union!' on which subject permit a few last words. It is to humbly advise that these distinctive terms be done away with of 'Old Catholic,' and 'Convert,' except on such rare events as this late presentation to his Holiness, or during the first year or two of initiation into the practical working of the great truth embraced. These first years we may suppose are those in which the Father clothes the younger son in the first robe, and puts the ring on his hand and the shoes on his feet, celebrating his return with feasting, music, and dancing; but these first symbolical ceremonies over, as the younger son entered into all the intimate and laborious duties of 'his father's house,' so may we reasonably conclude the Catholic of later date to be 'at home' in all the practices as well as theory of his faith. It would

ever have been a thing impossible to me," continued Lord Elverton, "to exact from any man the declaration of the precise moment in which he thought as I did. That his opinions are the same may be most gratifying; but as to their date!—Why, truly, the Methodist and New Light would be wise compared to this extravagance. A *date*! why, is it on account of its being the 18th of June, 1814, that we value or do not value the great event of Waterloo? A *date*! Pray, can any one inform me accurately the precise day and month in which Enoch and Elias were severally caught up in the body to Heaven? And is Enoch, think you, as the first arrived by some thousands of years, begrudging to the great prophet his entrance to that mysterious abode, where together these 'two witnesses' await their return to earth? Lastly, can Catholic England suffer a greater impediment to her day of restoration, and give a greater triumph to the devil than by fostering this spirit of pique between those whom Almighty God has made His by ordinary grace, and those He has made His by extraordinary grace? These few remarks thrown out, I have now only to wish to the many valued friends I leave in Europe, 'Brotherly union!'"

With this last toast the farewell dinner-party broke up; and on the following evening her Father's speech, with what had preceded it, were reported to the Religious Solitary by the Reverend Mr. Terrison, who had been present, and possessed a most accurate memory. "And now, Madam," said he, "I must tell you, in all the sincerity of my friendship, that I wish you would condescend to be a little more explanatory towards those who really are your friends—myself, for instance; because, when I

hear you attacked, which is constantly the case, instead of implying that you are invulnerable, with all that aristocratic dignity which may become the nobleman and the soldier, I would, as the humble priest, defend you and your cause point by point; and this I can do very well for you, because, not only is my sacred calling of course respected, but God has so willed that I am a favourite; and if I say a blunt word sometimes, I have a good-humoured face, as I have, I trust, a kind heart: and the English in Rome—Now, why do you smile at the words 'English in Rome?' You look exactly as if you would say, 'God help these good English in Rome!'

The smile brightened and expanded with the arch look of earlier days; but the matured Geraldine only replied, "My kind Reverend friend, you require from me an account of motives and reasons, and I owe you too much respect and gratitude to refuse you this; but you must not inquire into looks and smiles."

"Well, but you will give me your confidence, I hope, in everything else," said he, "and I shall examine closely all your arguments."

"Very well," replied Geraldine; "you shall play the part of 'objector' to the utmost extent, provided that at the end of our conversation you will drop your assumed character, and give your assent to all that you really do approve: and I will give forth all I really think and feel, leaving to your sacerdotal discretion how much to keep in confidence and how much to publish. And now, then, for the first point to be examined?"

"The first point," said Mr. Terrison, "is why you have not been satisfied with the convents in England, but must be seeking novelty and innovation in this auda-

cious attempt to found a new Order, or perhaps you will prefer my saying a new Branch of the old Order of Saint Benedict?"

"Because," replied she, "the present Benedictine Convents in England have been continued, or newly established, in times of difficulty and restriction, and are not what Abbeys and Priories were in 'Ages of Faith.' The Superiors and Communities are accustomed to this contraction of all their full privileges, and being professed in this state of things, are not required to seek more."

"And this 'more' that you are seeking for," said Mr. Terrison, "this attempt to unite the Contemplative and Active life under one Superior, this is not proper to the Benedictine Order, which is wholly Contemplative. Perhaps this will be looked upon by other Benedictine Superiors as most rash and visionary."

"Do you suppose, Reverend Sir," replied Geraldine, "that in our ancient female abbeys nothing was done for the poor around them? Were they never taught the Christian faith—never fed—never clothed? You cannot believe such a contradiction to history and monastic annals."

"No, certainly," said he; "the loss sustained by the poor, when monasteries were destroyed, has since been vainly sought to be supplied by the Poor-Laws."

"And you will also admit, I conclude," continued Geraldine, "that some system was adopted in the great female abbeys for the corporal and spiritual relief of the poor? That, when engaged in chaunting lauds or vespers in choir, the Abbess Hilda, or Ebba, did not rush out crozier in hand every time a timid knock was heard

at the postern door? The charge of ministering to the necessities of the poor must have been entrusted to some efficient members of the community; and remember what we have just said, that to minister to the poor in those 'Ages of Faith' was laborious. The food they received was plentiful, was ready cooked, and in winter given warm. The clothes they received were ready made. The spiritual instruction was likewise given in, or close to the Abbey, because, except on pilgrimages, Religious females might not leave the Abbey precincts. All this is well known: and it would be precisely like other inconsistent clamours, which, by the grace of God, did not stem me in earlier life, to hear these two facts asserted—the immense charities of the ancient Contemplative Convents, and the novelty and audacity of attempting that a modern Contemplative Convent should do the like!"

"Well, but these present Reverend Mothers," urged Mr. Terrison, "and their long experience?"

"Ah! Reverend Sir," cried Geraldine, "if there be such an one who now congratulates herself, and is complimented by partial friends, on the wisdom, prudence, consistency, good sense, propriety, and 'long experience,' of doing nothing for the poor, the time will come when she will go to the judgment-seat of Him who loves the poor, to have it decided for ever how far may be excused the self-complacency of a false conscience. And another will succeed in her place, who will have learned that, in the good old days of England, the Contemplative Convents did immensely for the poor, on systems and regulations suited to that state of society; and will consent that a certain system and regulation suited to our

present frame-work of society be adopted, to afford, on the one hand, to the poor around them that temporal and spiritual relief which she will feel it her duty to bestow, and on the other, to prevent intrusion and confusion within the convent walls. In order to secure these benefits, no plan appears more practicable than that a small number of pious females be attached to, and under the protection of the Convent, who shall be the active agents for the Recluse Community. And the time will come when every Bishop, every Missionary Priest, every Mother Superior, will feel that the country convent without these is incomplete."

"Why do you exclusively specify the 'country' convents?" said Mr. Terrison. "Are there no afflicted poor in great cities? Are there not often heart-rending cases of misery in crowded courts and alleys, exceeding all that our villages and hamlets could produce?"

"There are," replied she; "but in crowded cities there are now rising, thanks be to God! Sisters of Charity and Mercy: and if, in the immediate vicinity of the enclosed convent, the Recluses might send to them their alms to distribute, either in money or in articles of food and clothing; still it were preferable that every cloistered convent, even in cities, should have their two or more Oblates to take the benefactions direct; for the Recluses may be too poor to send money to the Active Congregation near them, and might be too much humiliated by exposing the mere scraps of food and clothing in their power at times to bestow, which, nevertheless, are always welcome to those totally destitute."

"You have just mentioned," said Mr. Terrison, "that of which I was about to remind you—the poverty of



many of our convents : a poverty far beyond what their vow requires,—for I need not tell one so versed in monastic knowledge, that religious poverty is the renouncement of a personal right over any property or possession, but varies in degree respecting food, clothing, and other comforts, according to the rule and constitutions of the convent in which the vow is made. Were it not for this particular legislation, there would be no end to the scruples and vagaries of all you good Nuns."

"I am aware," replied Geraldine, "of the poverty of several of our convents, and also of the charity of several of our rich convents in sending relief to their Sister Spouses in Christ. But this is an accidental state of things. We have no Mendicant Orders, living as such in England; rents are allowed them. The Laborious Orders have ever, on principle, relieved the poor. Where is the pious Catholic artisan who, living in the world, does not give alms of his substance? He then takes his skill and knowledge of his art into some laborious monastery, where he makes the vow of poverty, and, as an individual act, can give alms no more. But what says Saint Benedict respecting the good works to be performed by his monks—a chapter well known to you? Does he not mention 'Relieve the poor, clothe the naked, visit the sick, bury the dead, counsel the doubtful, console the afflicted?' Now, as the holy legislator adds that the place in which all these good works are to be performed is within the cloisters of the monastery; and the Council of Trent, and Papal Bull, 'Pericollus,' having strictly cloistered all Nuns, you might, were you less learned, object to me that the religious members alone were to

furnish all the opportunities for fulfilling these 'corpo- / and spiritual works of mercy.' But you know too well the Benedictine annals and their law of hospitality, not to be aware that the poor around were also the objects of all these good works, and often filled the lower end of the refectory; while the 'Pilgrim House' or the hospital lodged the traveller or the sick; and a part of the cemetery was allotted to those who died on the monastic premises. If we cannot return to those feudal manners, are we to do nothing?"

"But I do not think," replied Mr. Terrison, "that the present Contemplative Superioreses and Communities in England would admit that they do nothing for the poor. The Chaplain, who, by the way, is always called 'Almoner' in France, is the established medium of benefactions from the cloistered Nuns to the poor; and I can at this moment recal a number of instances of our cloistered English Communities sending relief in money and ready-made clothes to the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, to give to the distressed poor; and in the winter I believe many convents have given broth. It would not be fair to say that they do not relieve the poor."

"Very well," said Geraldine, "I will accept this state of things, if you continue to wish it; but you will then be fairly within the horns of a dilemma, for if the enclosed Communities *do* relieve the poor occasionally, they admit the principle; and we have only to ascertain whether the Reverend Chaplain, who can make neither broth nor gruel, nor baby-linen or any other clothes, and who sees these comforts are not occasionally, but constantly wanted, would not be thankful to be assisted by a couple or more of pious women, perhaps in humble life,

who have been trained to such employments, and would be his steady, persevering under-workers. We need not pursue this last question further: it has, thank God, been answered abundantly by facts. But now for your dilemma. On one hand you would prove that cloistered women *do* relieve the poor, through the medium of those not bound to enclosure; and on the other, you would prove that to propose their so relieving the poor is a novelty—an alarming excess of the imagination—great presumption—”

“Enough!” cried Mr. Terrison. “The horns would toss me if I deserved it. But remember that I am merely playing the part of ‘objector,’ to force your arguments from you.”

“Well then,” added she, “take this argument also. Are you prepared to admit that the Benedictine Order has been likely to be in greater perfection, that is in the fuller capability of fulfilling all the duties intended by its holy founder, when cramped by penal restrictions during three centuries of sectarian bigotry, that now, when, emerging from its forced obscurity, it finds no limit placed to its ancient power of development?”

“That question answers itself,” said he. “You have, to my mind, sufficiently defended your cause; and I believe you consider it to be the cause of God.”

Geraldine paused an instant, then rising, extended her arms to Heaven, and said, so solemnly that Mr. Terrison also arose from his seat, “So truly as I believe that God called me to be a Catholic—so truly as I believe God called me to be a Nun—so truly do I believe He has called me to be foundress of the Benedictine Solitaries and Handmaids of Jesus and Mary!”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Silence was o'er the earth in that still hour ;  
For deep and solemn in its mighty power  
The voice of God had quelled the hum of man,  
And sounded forth His long mysterious plan.

THE morning after her explanatory conversation with the Reverend Mr. Terrison, our Religious Pilgrim, after holy Mass and Communion, heard a voice within her saying, "They shall know that I have loved thee!" After some instants of awe and gratitude she endeavoured to recal the thoughts that had occupied her mind at the moment of that favour, and discovered that, having previously traced in the retrospect her painful struggles before entering the Catholic Church, and again before entering Religion—and having recalled the pious and beloved objects, in the first instance, who had upraised her, and the pious and esteemed friends, in the second instance, who had opposed her, she was then reflecting on the constant opposition which Almighty God permitted, and even seemed to will should accompany all she did for Him; and although she continued making acts of resignation, and humbled herself anew before Him, still she felt unusually discouraged, and even alarmed, that heads of religious houses should persecute her; therefore, in that hour of desolation it was said to her, "They shall know that I have loved thee!" The deep and immoveable impression made on her mind, caused her henceforth to

decline any more explanatory conversations, or the endeavour in any way to conciliate those who opposed her, further than by meek silence and intercessory prayer. Two exceptions only were made to this silence, and then all was left to Him until he should again by His Providence present, or by His Inspirations urge, fresh labours for His love. The first exception was by letter to an English convert to the Faith; the second was in conversation with an English prelate who informed her that her idea of training a small band of Active Sisters to dispense the benefactions of the Contemplative convent, with power, if so inspired and spiritually advised, to pass from the Active to the Contemplative life, had already been carried into effect under the Benedictine rule, and that in Belgium alone were eight such convents.

"Ah! Mr. Terrison," cried our Pilgrim, after the departure of the Bishop, who was himself a Benedictine, 'What is now to become of the charge of novelty and innovation? Eight religious houses in Belgium! where, under this very rule of Saint Benedict, this 'dangerous' and 'visionary' scheme of mind has been carried on, we must suppose, for years, by means of the Oblates, who have always formed a part of the Community of the ancient Abbey."

"And the dedicated children," demanded Mr. Terrison, 'who have been gradually superseded by gay young pensioners? Do you remember that in the 'Ages of Faith,' under the Benedictine rule, the child, with its little hand wrapped in the altar-cloth, was solemnly dedicated by its parents or natural guardians to the angelic life of the cloister?'

"Ah, blessed lot!" exclaimed our Pilgrim, "when thus early dedicated, so that in after-years no record can intrude to shadow the bright line of pure and blest remembrance."

"And yet," said Miss Graham, who had just entered the room, "it is this very 'pure and blest,' if you will, but restricted and monotonous life, which prevents these early dedicated, these good, circumscribed devotees from comprehending you, and which makes them all look on you as the very Catiline of your day."

"I do not quite think thus," replied our Geraldine, smiling, "for it has been in silence and in solitude that great and noble minds have conceived the most widespread schemes of charity. The hidden Solitary has followed in the closest ties of thought and prayer, the distant Missionary, and dropped tears of exulting joy on the records of his martyrdom. Such was the spiritual tie between Saint Teresa and Saint Francis Xavier; and in these our own days, where are the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith with most attention and devotion read, and read again, with many a tear and aspiration for success? Why, in cloistered cell and chapter-room by chosen minds."

"Well, but candidly speaking," said Miss Graham, "they have perhaps no merit in this. Recluses are ever fond of anecdotes; and these Annals are very entertaining."

"Ah!" continued Geraldine, "I speak not of those who read but for excitement, and at the end of the year have a confused and wearied remembrance of tortured Chinese and martyred Jesuits, and who would like a new story-

book. Such as these listen day after day to the 'Lives of Saints' as they would to Fortunatus's Wishing-cap, or Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp: such are incapable of practically feeling sympathy with the thoughts and actions of past or living Saints: such are incapable of a generous appreciation of a career not their own: and such are to be found, I grant you, even in the cloister; but they are not peculiar to, or even of more frequency in the recluse life. A contracted mind, whether 'in court or camp or grove,' will ever oppose, if it do not persecute, a scope of action it cannot grasp."

"Why do you say 'mind,' and not 'heart,'" said Mr. Terrison, "in speaking of those who oppose you?"

"Because," replied Geraldine, "it is there the contraction is found. These very persons, could they but comprehend what a Benedictine Abbey was in the old Catholic times of England, would love and promote its success."

"And what *was* an Abbey in the olden time?" demanded Katherine Graham.

"It was a large warm heart," replied Geraldine; "every pulsation diffusing its life-blood through the dependent body; full of love, full of action, full of sympathy for every joy or sorrow of this chequered life; hospitable to both rich and poor, a cheerful giver—a little world created anew to the fear and love of God: surrounded by the world invisible in intimate communion: sounding forth in choir-song each record of the year ecclesiastical: receiving the responses of the peasantry around. Each one having her allotted task or office alone with God in holy silence: then again uniting in

the general voice of praise. A refuge for the innocent; refreshment to the weary and heavy lader; a shelter to the penitent. The inmates obedient to the subordinate Superiors, and they obedient to their Head."

"Well, and the children, the dedicated children—I must return to them," said Mr. Terrison. "The restored Abbey is not complete without them?"

"Children, especially orphans, will eventually be received by the blessing of God," said the Religious, "but cannot be considered as forming a separate branch, or making a separate demand on the care of the Community, as they will join in all the duties of the Abbey, and never leave it, except from their own deliberate choice, or command of Superiors, when arrived at years of discretion."

"They will, I suppose, have some one to take especial care of them, however," said Mr. Terrison, "when they are not following the duties of the Religious, and who, according to rule, must not box their ears for any pranks after the age of fifteen. I love to look at these young creatures, who know no more of the excitements of the world than Sister Agnes does of the lives of celebrated actresses; and yet who give you more sunny smiles than I have found from any child in gilded drawing-rooms. I make no exception in favour of the little Sultana below, although she be surrounded by all that the world calls happiness; and her very name says 'gladness'."

"Letitia is, however, as happy as any child can be in her own way," said Miss Graham; "that is, in the way of an only child, always surrounded by grown-up persons. She would not be happy amongst your little



convent girls; she would rather play with her parrot, and invent her solitary dramas, in which she makes her personages enact a very exalted part."

"I am expecting my little sister this afternoon," said the Recluse, "when you will both have an opportunity of judging how far joy will affect the usual calm of her demeanour; for I have prevailed on my Father to consult medical men here whether Letitia's health will not be improved by a residence of some years in a still hotter climate; reminding him also that in Calcutta there is a Community of exemplary and accomplished Religious Ladies, devoted to the instruction of young persons destined for the world. Last night he informed me that he had made up his mind to take Letitia to India: and I received a grateful and affecting visit from Lady Elverton this morning, which was too confidential to admit the presence of Letitia."

In a few minutes the expectant visitor entered, attended by her Spanish duenna, her English governess, her French maid, and her Italian footman; the latter having always been deemed necessary to clear the way for his little lady, when permitted to ascend by the public stairs to the rooms of her sister. The window of the grating was thrown open as Letitia appeared, who, advancing to it, took the hand of the Religious, which she pressed, first to her lips, then to her forehead, in silence. She then courtesied to Miss Graham; but took no notice of Mr. Terrison, who had pushed his chair into the curtained recess and she now seemed to expect an invitation to be seated. This form having been gone through, Letitia seated herself, then bowed permission to Donna Candida,

who bowed permission to the governess, who bowed permission to the maid, to take each the chair which the footman had placed before he withdrew to wait in the ante-room. The preliminaries were not yet over. It would seem that Letitia could not express the feelings of her heart while her little feet dangled in the air, therefore the maid searched and discovered a footstool, which she took to Donna Candida, who placed it under Letitia's feet; and the speech of thanks composed by the governess, and recited several times during the hours of anticipation, thus began:—

"It is sweet and joyful to my heart to know that to my most reverend and illustrious sister I am indebted for the unexpected happiness of accompanying my parents to India. I should have felt the double sorrow of their grief and my own, and remained some years an orphan. Therefore, in remembrance of the fraternal benefit I have received, and of the need I shall have of her prayers, I make a humble offering to my sister's convent of four gilded vases with flowers, and four gilded candlesticks for the altar."

The flower-vases and candlesticks having been brought up from below were now produced, and, as they had been chosen by the parents, were in beautiful and appropriate convent taste. Mr. Terrison peeped out a little, not, as he afterwards protested to Katherine Graham, to look at the presents, but to ascertain whether, on the long black lashes of Letitia's eye, glistened a tear. "Not at all," said Katherine; "but how could the dear child feel any emotion after so many rehearsals of her gratitude and joy. She is being brought up to be completely

the high-born lady—gracious, self-possessed, conferring benefits, and, if receiving them, immediately acknowledging the compliment or the kindness by a prompt and exceeding return : and it seems to me that there is but little difference in the discipline of the convent novice and the high world's school-room, with respect to the self-control exacted ; and that it would be far easier for Letitia to endure the monotony and precision of the convent life, than for that ardent child of nature, Lilia, were she not also and pre-eminently a child of grace."

"The wild gazelle on Judah's plain," said Mr. Terri-son, smiling, "who is now content to put her neck into the sweet yoke of Christ and bear His burden, which is light."

"And her convent discipline is not suddenly, but gradually circumscribing her view of the world, to open the vision of Heaven. Our English Postulant in Rome is still permitted to roam to sacred spots and attend the great functions in the churches ; and we are now all making use of the time of her postulancy to show her everything not yet seen. Mr. Everard is her chief conductor on these occasions ; but she is always accompanied by that good Mrs. Moss, who dresses modestly in black, and who informs me that, 'if anything should happen to Mr. Everard,' which is, by the way, an odd expression we English have, 'she shall beg me to use my influence with Lady de Grey to be admitted as a confidential Lay Sister in the Abbey.'"

During this conversation Mr. Everard had been paying a long-promised visit, and one on which he feasted in the retrospect, to the Irish Dominican Convent of Saint

Mary on Minerva, where his principal attractions had been the library and the hall of the Inquisition. When arrived there, however, with his letter of introduction to the holy Bishop McF., he was so fascinated by the varied literature, the mild benevolence, and graceful costume of his new Dominican friend, that he nearly forgot the original objects of his visit, and returned on the following day to bestow on them his whole attention. "A happy life," said he, thinking aloud that evening—"a happy life to have rendered service to God in active life, in the pastoral charge, and then, as so many Saints have done, to retire within the cloistral home of his Order; especially in this the holy capital of Christendom, with an appointment near the Papal throne, so that, seated on the step of his prefigured home divine, he may anticipate in quietude his near translation to its realities above!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

I stand upon the edge of time, and view  
The heavenly city, and the world below;  
Eternity, with all that's bright and true;  
Time, short and dark, bedecked in empty show.

It was on an intensely hot day that Mr. Everard fulfilled a promise to Lilia to take her with him and Mrs. Moss to see and taste of the three fountains which miraculously sprang forth at the martyrdom of St. Paul. The sacred spot is a long but pleasant drive out of Rome, and the carriage being partly covered, Lilia sat between her two friends on the sheltered seat, full of pleasant anticipation, and little thinking that she was taking her last excursion with her valued guardian and friend. The church of St. Paul's was about half-way, and Lilia was further indulged by viewing its then finished interior, of listening with real interest to the details of the former conflagration, and of viewing whatever remains still deserved being shown to visitors, the chief of these being the decorated mosaics and fluted pillars of the Benedictine cloisters. The rest of the way to the "Three Fountains" was occupied by recalling with Mr. Everard their tour to the Lakes, two years before, with all its interesting circumstances, and by comparing the different and often strongly contrasted beauties of Italy and England. Then they amused themselves a little with the sports of the lizards, till they arrived at the church and oratories built on the commemorative scene of the martyrdom of Saint Paul. Lilia had already seen the little chapel, a small distance beyond the walls of Rome, built on the spot where the

holy Apostles, Saints Peter and Paul, had parted on earth, soon to meet for ever in Heaven; and whence St. Peter was led back within the walls of the city to be crucified, and St. Paul brought on to the spot whereon she stood. This separation of the two Apostles was owing to Saint Paul having, as a native of Tarsus, the same privileges as a Roman citizen, and consequent exemption from the disgraceful and public death to which Saint Peter was condemned in Rome. First she beheld where stood the block on which rested the martyr's head; then, a few feet distant, the warm fountain which gushed forth where the sacred head fell, and followed to the cooler spring where the head rebounded, and to the cold fountain of its last rebound. The awe with which Lilia drank of these three fountains was, like them, pure and fresh, from never having been entertained with those exaggerated accounts which lead to disappointment; and she returned full of gratitude to Mr. Everard for having procured her this sacred treat. He was full of thoughtful and silent enjoyment during the first mile of their return, but then began in his usual mode to comment on the past, and project for the future.

"Lily," said he, "can anything be more full of conviction to the reason, as well as touching to the feelings, than these minor records of the last days, and of the martyrdoms of Saints Peter and Paul, that abound in Rome! We have to-day followed Saint Paul; the next time we go out together we must see the little chapel on the Appian Way, built over the spot where Saint Peter, flying from the threatened martyrdom in the city, met his Lord Jesus Christ, and exclaimed, 'Lord, where goest thou?' (*Domine quo vadis?*) to which our Lord re-

plied, 'To be crucified again in Rome.' Saint Peter, understanding that his flight would crucify the Lord afresh, immediately returned to the city, and the mode of his death being left to his own choice, he was crucified, and with his head downward, from humility, and in repentance for his flight. Did you know this story, Lily?"

"I knew only that a little chapel on the way to Albano was called the 'Domine quo vadis,'" replied Lilia. "I perceived that the Princess and her ladies were quite aware that the chapel was one of great interest, for they stopped in their conversation, made the sign of the cross, and became very recollected. I did not like to interrupt this holy silence, and therefore lost the opportunity of knowing the origin of the chapel; for when the conversation was resumed, it was with such animation and engrossed interest, that I felt too timid to intrude on it."

"Well, we will first go there," said Mr. Everard; "and we will then visit the Mammertine prison at the foot of the Capitol, which, Moss, is your favourite Campidoglio; and after viewing that great Apostle in his dungeon, we will proceed up the steep hill of his martyrdom to S. Pietro in Montorio, the church which covers the actual spot where his cross was planted, and which hole in the rock will be shown us through a grating. We will get some of the dust then given us in papers by the Franciscans who serve that church; and then we will visit the church nearer our present home, San Pietro ad Vinculo, where are his chains. And finally, we will hear Mass in the subterranean chapel of his tomb in St. Peter's, the great basilic—though you have already had this last treat, Lily."

"Yes," replied Lilia; "but my thoughts were that day very much confused. I should like to go again."

"Very well," said he. "Take care, Moss, that whenever we are to be pulled up that steep pitch of a hill to San Pietro in Montorio, whence, by the bye, is one of the finest views of Rome, take care we have good horses."

"I cannot take any care about the horses," pleaded Mrs. Moss. "I can only say 'C'è latte?' or 'Latte non c'è', for your tea, Sir; so you had best arrange now yourself with the coachman."

This was accomplished, and they were just re-entering Rome when Mr. Everard complained of headache and faintness, and was glad, on his return to the pious Locanda, to rest on the sofa for the remainder of the evening. Mrs. Moss was not alarmed, although she suggested that he might have caught cold by going on so hot a day, for, said she, "In spite of the cloak and the comforter to prevent your feeling it strike a chill inside them buildings, 'twas impossible not to feel it to the feet and in the breath." The next day Mr. Everard, after a feverish night, sent for the medical friend who had attended him during the winter, and who, from some experience of his constitution and long experience of the climate, was well able to investigate the symptoms of his illness. The only fact which Dr. Granada found it difficult to ascertain was the age of the patient, which now, for the first time, he seemed anxious to know. Mr. Everard told him he was "past sixty;" to which Dr. Granada, bowing, replied "Sicuro!" and repeated the question to Mrs. Moss in a low tone, in the adjoining room, through the medium of Donna Candida, the kind Spanish lady who spoke En-



glish, and whose knowledge of Italian, a language so allied to her own, was sufficient for all useful purposes. Mrs. Moss stated that, "as Mr. Everard had said he was 'past sixty' now going on nine years, he must be near upon his seventieth year." The medical gentleman then told her that the complaint was, he feared, the gastric fever, and that he had but little hope of recovery. With the promise of returning late in the evening, and leaving his prescription, Dr. Granada withdrew, and the heart-stricken Mrs. Moss returned to the invalid; and that he might make the proper preparation of a person in danger, without becoming too much agitated, she informed him that the Doctor thought he had the Roman fever, but she had "heard tell that them fevers dragged on a long time, whether for life or death, and that, to be sure, he would choose whichever God chose for him."

Mr. Everard made no reply; but Mrs. Moss perceived by the filling of the veins on his temples that he was aware that she announced his danger, and was much affected. She therefore began to attract his attention to the means to be used for his recovery, and in a few minutes he became quite calm, and even cheerful. He thought that perhaps Moss, between her attachment to his person and anxiety for his soul, had exaggerated the Doctor's opinion; nevertheless, he determined to send immediately for his Father Confessor, and for the two English Religious ladies who had been taken from Albano to Lari *via*, to attend the death-bed of the pious and much beloved Countess G—, the intimate friend of the Princesses. The symptoms of danger increased during the two following days, and as the religious friend whom Mrs. Moss most wished to consult was still absent, she

determined, in the evening of the fifth day, when some slight symptoms of delirium had alarmed her, to send for Mr. Everard's early friend, Lord Elverton. Donna Candida, who took the message, brought back word, that had his Lordship been aware his old friend was in danger, he would have made his personal inquiries sooner, and that he hoped to visit the sick-room within an hour. As the appointed time drew near Mrs. Moss and Donna Candida rejoiced the more, as Mr. Everard, who knew nothing of the intended visit, began the more to alarm them by his apparent aberration of mind.

"We ought, however, to be consoled," said Donna Candida, "that the sick person's mind wanders on holy things; and sure enough our blessed Lady and her holy Mother will succour him, he calls on them so often."

Mrs. Moss did not reply, for she would not betray her respected friend's secrets, and she suspected that, notwithstanding the love and veneration which Mr. Everard bore to the most holy Virgin and to St. Anne, another image than theirs filled his mind. At length his Lordship appeared, and Mrs. Moss, preceding him to the side of the sick-bed, informed its restless inmate that Lord Elverton desired to visit him. She then beckoned his Lordship to approach; but Mr. Everard, who had not attended to her words, started on seeing him, and exclaimed "Who is this?"

"Lord Elverton, Sir," replied Mrs. Moss.

"Who is Lord Elverton?" demanded the dying man,

"Bless me! don't you know?" cried she, terrified.

"Why it is the General—General Carrington."

"Oh, yes!" said he, "I remember now. Come here, General."

Lord Elverton approached, and took the chair placed for him.

"General Carrington," said Mr. Everard, "answer me, Where is Anna-Maria?"

"My good friend," said Lord Elverton softly, "she has long been dead."

"Dead!" cried Mr. Everard. "The soul cannot die."

"No," returned his Lordship; "that soul, we must trust, is in peace."

"How do you know that?" cried the sick man. "How can you answer for that! you, who might have made her a Catholic, and did not. Was it because you did not know the truth? No! It was all vile human respect! Where is she? I say, where is she? Where is the precious soul of Anna-Maria Sinclair?"

Lord Elverton, most suddenly and powerfully moved, arose, and waved his hand to Mrs. Moss, who was leaving the room, to close the door of communication. "Everard," said he at length, "you are surely not going to belie your whole life by turning bigot in your last moments?"

"General," said Mr. Everard, "I see into both worlds! I see the brevity of time, and the 'for ever, for ever' of eternity! I gave you up through this brief time the first love of my heart—you became the husband of Anna-Maria, and the father of her child—I bore it all—but eternity! eternity!"

Lord Elverton spread his handkerchief over his face, but this only increased the emotion of Mr. Everard, who then cried, "You have lost her, and would have lost her child, but for the extraordinary grace of God! Where art thou, Anna-Maria?"

"Everard," said Lord Elverton, "she is safe."

"How do I know that?" replied he. "Can I take *your* word for it? I now for the first time see the difference between the hope of human affection and the hope of faith. We *do* know what becomes of Catholics, whether they are detained in the abode of separate spirits, or whether they enter immediately into glory, because souls have returned from both states to instruct us; but what Protestant ever re-appeared to assure us that his faith had saved him?"

"What I am about to tell you," said Lord Elverton, "I ought perhaps to have imparted to you years ago. Anna died a Catholic!"

"How a Catholic?" inquired Mr. Everard, doubtful of the sense in which this was to be received. "That title is given too loosely!"

"You may here receive it," said his Lordship, "in its full and true sense. Anna abjured the errors of Protestantism three weeks before her death, on what would have been her death-bed, had not the false strength and spirits attendant on consumption raised her again during three deceptive weeks, full of apparent life to the last."

"Why did I not hear this before?" cried Mr. Everard, divided between joy at the fact and anger at its concealment. "Ah! my God! Carrington, with all your love of secrecy, why, being a Catholic, did you fear to own that your wife had died one? Oh! you were not openly one yourself. Very true. And your daughter, your only child, the heiress of all you possessed, had to believe that her parents were Protestants, and to protest against all they held sacred. Does she now know the truth? Does that bright Geraldine know that her mother died a Catholic? No, she does not! I understand it all: you

"I have let too many years glide by—you have missed too many graceful opportunities, you moral coward!"

"Everard," said Lord Elverton, "many things—perhaps everything—may be forgiven a dying man. I therefore forgive you that last most offensive epithet. You had to endure much pain from me in early life, and I accept that pain returned to me in my old age."

"And your daughter," said Mr. Everard. "Why all that hidden policy? Why did you oblige her to renounce her first and only real love, because a foreigner and a Catholic might not aspire to the heiress of Elverton Manor, and next presumptive claimant to the dormant Barony; and then, by secretly marrying that foreigner's sister, undermine the ground beneath her feet, by giving an heir to supplant her? Why did she not know of these events, so important to you all?"

"Geraldine knew of these events," said his Lordship, "just when they could cause her no pain. She had already renounced all worldly possessions in desire, before she was informed that they were hers no longer. Could she have lost them at a better time? You reproach me with having refused her to Don Carlos, and given her to De Grey, but you ought to look on me as having been the mere instrument of Divine Providence, in keeping two souls apart who had each great destinies to fulfil in the eternal counsels. They might have become each other's idols—they will now become great Saints."

"Lord Elverton," said Mr. Everard, "you are a clever man, and a diplomatist as well as a soldier; but you cannot deceive me by this sophistry. Well do I know that you were the instrument for all you have mentioned. Well do I know that God can over-rule evil for good—

but that is not to prevent you from feeling sorrow for the evil of selfish duplicity towards her and towards Don Carlos. Why did you lead her to suppose herself neglected and forgotten by him, just at the time when, being already in Italy—your second wife privately here also—and the appointment arriving to the Ionian Isles, you wished to proceed to your post, and merely informed Geraldine that circumstances over which you had no control would prevent your taking her with you. What was to become of a young woman, not four-and twenty, who at that time had received no call to a religious life? Of course she accepted him whom you had privately sent for—she accepted Eustace de Grey; but she had not a heart to give him. This I saw during the short four years of their union; and I saw that he also perceived and felt it."

"And if so," said Lord Elverton,—“if De Grey, in marrying a destined spouse of Heaven, found duty and chaste affection, and mental and spiritual congeniality, together with the satisfaction of having been the accepted suitor, and of uniting two ancient families long bound in friendship, was not that sufficient happiness for any man?”

“I think not,” said Mr. Everard. “De Grey was often wounded, and I for him, for I loved him very much.”

“Everard,” said his Lordship, at length smiling, “you are happily going amongst the spirits of the just made perfect, where your over-sensitive feelings will be tried no more. You will there understand that pure love which is without passion, and will also unravel the mysterious skein of life.”

“Oh, thou man of theory!” cried Mr. Everard; “thou man twice married to the earth’s best specimens of

beauty, to be preaching to me, a single man of impeccable morals, about a passionless and angelical life!"

"I am not preaching to you," said Lord Elverton, "I am but defending the designs of God on the heart of my daughter, and assuring you that I am quite contented to have been His instrument. If I have to recal and bewail any imperfection of motive, *that*, my good Sir, belongs to the confessional."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Everard, holding out his hand, which Lord Elverton took with real warmth, "I die in peace with all the world, and more than in peace with you, General: you know my heart! Now I will dwell only on the joy that our Anna-Maria has gone on the ancient road, the well-trod, the safe, the sacred road to Heaven!"

"And with these happier thoughts I will leave you," said his Lordship; "for you have been, of course, more agitated by our conversation than your weak state can well bear—yet, I hope no harm has been done." And he opened the door of communication between the sick-room and that in which sat the faithful Mrs. Moss, stirring a restorative to be administered the instant she were allowed the opportunity. "Ha!—come in, Moss. Come here," said Mr. Everard. "It is well, after the excitement of subjects that bristle all my nerves, to repose on those of a soothing and sedative nature—

There are seventeen Mosses in Cornwall alone,  
By rivulets nourished, and sheltered by stone;  
But none that I've heard of, and none I can see,  
May compare with the evergreen Moss of Barnleigh!

"He will sleep after this, I hope," whispered his Lordship, smiling; and on Mrs. Moss's assurance of the effect to be expected, Lord Elverton left the sick-room of his friend.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

As in the early morn, from mountain vale,  
The dewy mists obscure the sunny heights;  
So in this lower world our efforts fall  
To catch the whole of Heaven's mysterious lights

MR. EVERARD did sleep several hours, and awoke in a calm but very exhausted state. His Reverend Confessor came to see him, and advised that he should receive the holy Viaticum that very evening. The Reverend Father then closed the door on himself and his penitent, and Mrs. Moss went to acquaint Lilia, the cherished object of Mr. Everard's affection, that his death was near. Both Lilia and Lucy were to be present at the sacred rite of that evening; and notwithstanding Mrs. Moss's fears that it would make the sick man very nervous, a temporary altar, with a crucifix, lights, and sacred ornaments were brought in by the pious master of the house and his servants, as a matter not of choice, but of obligation. He also went round to every inmate to give notice that the hidden Saviour would be borne up the great stairs at the "Ave Maria;" and accordingly, as the warning-bell sounded, so was every door thrown open, and each inhabitant with lighted taper knelt in adoration on the threshold. The usual canopy of white silk was carried by a pious confraternity, bound to accompany the most holy Sacrament to the dying; and the parish priest was the administrator, attended by two acolytes. The dying,



MAN WAS much affected, and although he had recognised every beloved person near him he did not speak; but after receiving Him as his guide and support on the road to Heaven, who was to form there his everlasting felicity, he closed his eyes, and all quietly withdrew.

The next day he rallied, and entertained himself and Mrs. Moss with conjectures and comments on his immediately-expected journey into the next world. "Highly interesting," said he—partly soliloquizing, partly addressing his companion—"highly interesting to set out from Rome, and still more interesting to meet God face to face in this very room in Rome, here, as I lie—within a few hours—and to receive in this first interview my personal acceptance, as I humbly trust. I shall see Him in His sacred humanity as on Mount Thabor, I conclude, and being out of the body shall be better able to bear the effulgence of His glory than did Saint Peter. Highly interesting!—Moss!"

"Here I am, Sir!"

"Yes, of that I am sure, Moss. Take care that you have not to say, as Cardinal Wolsey said of himself and the king, 'Would that I had served my God with half the zeal, &c.' Moss, I am now as clear in my reasoning faculties as ever I was in my life, and I have a notion that so it will be to the last moment; but the manifestation may be impeded by the weakness of the body; and it is a very remarkable phenomenon that, just when these two old friends, who have loved and quarrelled all their lives, like myself and the General—just when they are going to part for so long a time, they should both become so stupid and useless."

"They are very sorry to part, Sir; and when one is filled with sorrow one has no heart to be clever," sighed poor Mrs. Moss.

"That the body should cling to the soul I can conceive," continued Mr. Everard; "for ill, perhaps, as the soul may have treated it, yet the prospect for the deserted body until the general resurrection is but a dreary one:—first, there is a humid incrustation; then there rises a mouldy surface; from the mould is bred the worms; they, when they have no more to feed on, die, and all crumbles to dust; therefore the beautifully-organized and pleasure-loving body may well struggle in desperation; but that the soul!—Who is there at the door? Let him in, Moss—I will receive souls in their bodies as long as I can."

It was the Reverend Confessor, who himself possessed as original a stamp of mind as his penitent. "Well! what of the soul?" said he, smiling.

"Why, that the soul," continued Mr. Everard, "can so far grieve to leave the body, as to lie hidden within it just before death in that ignoble manner, is a curious fact, which has always interested me; and now I have a personal right to dive more into the matter: yet it eludes me! I can neither philosophically nor practically discover why, at the very time when the soul is about to spring gloriously from the corrupt trammels of the body, she should apparently sink, imprisoned and subdued. Here is the mind, the soul, the spirit of Theobald Everard, just about to have a private interview with the Creator of Heaven and earth; and yet, far from being more immediately fit, by sublime thoughts, ardent aspi-

rational, and heroic abnegations, here he is spending his last hours, partly in dozing, partly in thinking—if such deserve the name of thought—what Moss has got for him in that blue cup! Well, Sir! what have you to say to this?"

"Why," replied the Reverend Father, "that it is a very good humiliation for your intellectual pride, to find what a poor figure you cut at the last! Death is a punishment, and you wish to find in it only more food for vanity. The sting of death is sin, and that Christ has destroyed; so you have a stingless death; but still you must accept it, with all its humiliating circumstances, as a temporal punishment justly due to your sins. You desire, it seems, to offer up the sacrifice of life as a homage and adoration which you owe the divine Majesty of God; but you must further accept the more difficult part of self-annihilation before Him. There have been some of these triumphant deaths of intellectual pride; there have been some of these triumphant deaths of spiritual pride. Of such triumphs beware! for the souls of those heroes are buried in hell! Humble yourself rather that you are not dying the truly triumphant death of a martyr or tried confessor of the faith: that you have come into the fold but at the eleventh hour, and then—having accepted your Lord Jesus Christ, *with all His conditions*, having reconciled and prepared your soul by His sacraments—rest humbly in peace, and never mind, or rather rejoice in being humbled by the dozing and the 'blue cup'."

"Ah!" said Mr. Everard, "so I will: and there was something I wished which I will mention now. It is

this:—I have a great persuasion that I shall manifest my reason to the last; retain it I must, as the understanding forms part of the soul. But I may be deceived in this. Perhaps I shall drivel like an idiot, or chatter like a madman; and I wish, if that be the case, that some one may constantly pray for me. I know that there are pious Confraternities in Rome devoted to prayers for the dying, and I should like them to be engaged from this evening, if you can suggest who are to be my intercessors?"

"Yes," said the Reverend Father, "I can suggest to you the sons of Saint Camillus of Lellis, well known to you, doubtless, in the streets of Rome by their crimson cross on the breast and shoulder. They are termed the Ministers of the Sick (*Ministri degli Infermi*), whose principal church is that of Saint Mary Magdalen. You have only to make your wish known to the good master of the house, and he will arrange everything for you immediately. But surely you do not wish the intention of their prayers to be that you may keep up a dignified appearance to the last? Far better that you should 'drivel' or 'chatter,' if, conscious that you were so doing, you accepted the humiliation. I cannot perceive that you have been much flattered during your life by the incense offered to your wit and learning; and therefore I the more exhort you to forget, during the few hours you have to live, that the universe contains any one but God and your own soul. These good ministers of the sick will not pray, that to the last moment you may enjoy the literary and philosophical reputation you may have amongst your friends; but they will doubtless

pray for you, as they may just have done by the death-bed of some poor artisan, that you may feel all your own sin, weakness, and misery, depending solely on the grace and mercy of God."

"In a codicil to my will," said Mr. Everard, "I have left enough to defray the expense of offering frequently the Holy Sacrifice for my soul after death, and of rewarding the priests who do so. 'The labourer is worthy of his hire.' A sum is left to priests in Rome, and also to the priests at Burnleigh, in England, to whom I have been a tolerably good benefactor. If they do not pray me soon out of purgatory, I shall get leave to ramble a little about my old, long-frequented chapel, and perhaps serve Mass for the priest who neglects me, and give him a start!"

"Have you anything to say in confession to the priest who is with you now?" inquired the Reverend Father, smiling.

Mr. Everard, after a little pause, replied, "It is true this may be my last opportunity; for I feel there is but little life left in me. I cannot receive the holy Viaticum again under ten days, and before that time I shall see Him unveiled who deigned to visit me yesterday. Yet I have a great preparatory blessing still in store—there is Extreme Unction! And this last sacrament, which is at once the crowning act of Penance and of Church Indulgence, remitting venial sins forgotten or unknown, supplying for defective contrition in confession of mortal sins, and destroying the very roots of evil—this I had believed sufficient, after holy Viaticum, without any more confession?"

"It is sufficient," replied the Reverend Confessor. Then, laying his hand on Mr. Everard's pulse, he said, after a few instants, "when do you expect the medical man again?"

Mrs. Moss, looking at the watch, replied, "Within an hour."

"Then, I think," said the Reverend Father, "that he will authorize your receiving that holy rite in the course of to-morrow. Do not fail," addressing Mrs. Moss, "to suggest this to him; for doctors seldom propose any sacrament."

"I will do so, Reverend Sir," replied Mrs. Moss; "but we are very fortunate in our medical gentleman. Dr. Granada is next to a priest in the case of the soul, as well as being so skilful for the body."

"Very well," said the Reverend Confessor; "I will now give our sick friend the blessing, and will then leave him, recommending to him first the 'blue cup,' and then the 'dozing.'"

After the departure of the Jesuit Father, Mr. Everard, having quaffed of the prepared beverage, said, "Moss, have you any good news for me?"

"Yes, Sir," replied she; "Lady de Grey and the other Nun arrived from Albano half an hour ago, while the Reverend Father was talking; so I stepped out to them, and after some questions and answers, it was settled they should come to you after your sleep."

"Very well," said he; "I will accept the artificial repose to be given me, and then I will see and speak once more with the daughter of Anna-Maria—with the, perhaps, equally loved Geraldine. Tell her to come to me

alone ; to come to me as a Sister of Mercy, in her little bonnet ; and to bring something to the sick man in her straw basket. Ah, may God bless her !”

Here followed a gush of tears, during which Mrs. Moss, confiding in the soporific given, darkened the room, and had soon the comfort of ascertaining that her patient was peacefully asleep. When the medical friend arrived he would not permit his patient to be disturbed. He entered the room, felt the pulse, and, when his eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, observed the countenance of the sleeper. Then, after listening to the wish of the Confessor, and the details of Mrs. Moss, through the medium of Donna Candida, Dr. Granada gave his opinion that the sacrament of the last Anointing should be administered early in the following day.

When Mr. Everard awoke, he sent for his expected visitor ; and while Sister Agnes remained with Mrs. Moss in the outer room, Geraldine advanced alone to the death-bed of her faithful and paternal friend. “Ha !” cried he, “here you are, just as you prophesied some years ago, to visit me on my dying bed ! Little did either of us think that it would be in Rome ! And now I have the best news to tell you, dearest girl ! You whom I loved before you saw the light ;—you, who are to close my eyes in death ; child of my only love—my Anna-Maria—listen !—*she* died a Catholic !”

“Yes,” replied the daughter, “all glory and praise and thanksgiving be to our God for ever !”

“Yes !” echoed Mr. Everard, surprised ; “you say yes. Did you know it then ?”

“I have visited her tomb,” said Geraldine ; “and as

every detail is interesting to us both, I will relate as much as your weak state can bear."

"Her tomb!" cried Mr. Everard; "why, her monument is in the Protestant burial-ground."

"Yes," returned Geraldine; "but that pretty classical column never dared boast that it covered her remains. They lie in the little solitary church of Galora."

"Galora!" cried he. "I know that isolated church beyond the town, and amid the rich woods of Lariccia—once a Benedictine, and now a Jesuit station. Is it there? Tell me all!—The last I heard of you from Lady Elverton was, that you had promised to assist at the death-bed of the Countess G., at Lariccia; that the afflicted sons came at 'Ave Maria' to fetch you from Albano—that you were accompanied by two Missionary Fathers of the Precious Blood, and one of their Religious Sisters; that you were all unavoidably detained, and at last obliged to go in an open vehicle, though by the most splendid moonlight, and through a mile of scenery which in its way cannot be surpassed, you four Religious inside, and the two young Counts on the box with the driver—they weeping, and you four uniting aloud in litanies and prayers; so that you were insensible to the beauties around you. I also heard how much you were touched and edified by the filial piety of the sons towards both their parents; that you were at the last aided by a perfect Brother of Mercy in Baron B., and that the Countess herself died as she had lived, an example of Christian faith, hope, and love, having been favoured by some striking and supernatural proofs of God's predilection for her. How wonderful that thus you should have known Galora!"

"Yes," said she; "it is wonderful as consoling. On



the morning of the second day after our arrival in Lario-  
cia, it being Sunday, we found, from the Jesuit Father of  
Galora, who had come at day-break to ascertain the state  
of our dying friend, that we could be very well spared  
by the exemplary lady who was chief nurse, and that if  
we would accompany him back to his church, he would  
immediately hear our confessions, say Mass, and give us  
holy Communion. We thankfully accepted his propo-  
sal, and followed his footsteps at a short distance, through  
a half mile of wild and lovely scenery, in the refreshing  
coolness of that early September morning. After Mass  
we remained also for Benediction; and then, full of  
thankfulness for the blessing both to soul and body, in  
this unexpected walk to Galora, I went round the freshly  
beautified church, where the Countess G. was to be in-  
terred, and in a private corner, by a side altar, read on a  
small slab let 'nto the pavement, the simple words, 'An-  
na Maria.—R.I.P.\* I looked with interest at the name  
to which so many thoughts and feelings are attached, and  
then observing the date, a sudden emotion filled my  
heart, which began to beat violently. I knelt by the slab,  
and as I recalled circumstance after circumstance attend-  
ing my Mother's death, I began to admit the possibility,  
then the hope that the name and date were not merely a  
coincidence; and I begged permission, which was granted  
me, to see the registrar of interments in the vaults.  
There I found the fact, the blessed fact, that my Mother,  
having died a Catholic, and her precious soul having as-  
cended to Him she had ever supremely loved, her earth-  
ly remains were laid in the consecrated vault of Galora."

\* Requiescant in pace.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Tell me not of faded dreams,  
 Or of fiction's power ;  
 None of these I now esteem,  
 Like the dying hour !

On the following day, towards evening, the sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered to the dying man, who retained the perfect use of his senses and his speech. He perceived with affectionate emotion, that all those he loved in Rome surrounded him ; and from time to time, especially while they were awaiting the arrival of the parish priest, gave forth his wonted speculations and comments on his own situation and prospects. " Were I ten years younger," said he, " I might profit by the new lease of life so often bestowed ; and indeed, as the sudden recovery after Extreme Unction is miraculous, I do not see why a man of seventy may not equally as the man of sixty be the object. But the Almighty seldom works miracles contrary to His own declarations. Seventy years is the assigned age of man, in which to labour and suffer ; and all eternity is given to repose and joy. Oh, what a short span is life ! how senseless the murmuring at its evils ! how senseless the exulting at its plaudits and success. God be merciful to me, a sinner ! "

Here Mr. Everard closed his eyes, and all remained in respectful silence ; but in a few instants he called out, " Moss ! "

"Here I am, Sir," was the reply.

"Moss, I will not be filligreed out, when I am dead, with buttons and tassels, and badges of a Confraternity; or put into some third Order, to which, when alive, I have never belonged. All this may piously amuse the last moments of some better souls; but it does not attract me to be lying peeping out of a hood. I have to give an account to God of how I have conducted myself in my brown or blue coat as a private country gentleman of England, and so will I be buried, in the Cemetery of Saint Laurence the Martyr." He then added, "Glorious Martyr! whose few words have been justly recorded by the Church, while my much and vain-glorious talk will be as justly cast into oblivion. Glorious Martyr! who was deemed worthy to suffer on a slow fire; while I am cushioned round about in pity to my weakness! Wonderful and interesting the subordinate degrees of grace conferred, even on equally faithful souls. I shall soon know all. I shall know even as I am known."

The parish priests and attendants here entered, and the sacred rite of the last Anointing commenced. Mr. Everard received it with fervent gratitude, joining in the responses, and occasionally uttering, in Latin or English, his admiration at the selection and composition of the prayers; then receiving in joyful silence the Benediction, he closed his eyes, and all quietly withdrew from the room, but his immediate and faithful attendants, Mrs. Moss and Lucy. The latter remained to be the medium of communication between Mrs. Moss and those in the house who had promised to be present when the soul should leave the body. In a short time two of the

"Ministers of the Infirm" quietly entered, and, at a further end of the room, commenced the requested prayers, being relieved every two hours by others of their Order. Mr. Everard, without opening his eyes, smiled his consciousness of their presence, and said, about nine o'clock at night, "When any one next comes into the room, who can speak both English and Italian, let them tell those good Fathers to engage the powerful arm of Saint Michael the Archangel against that miscreant Lucifer and his subtle tactics, for the last struggle for my soul is nigh at hand." The good woman, on hearing this, sent Lucy instantly to fetch Lady de Grey and her Religious Sister, with Lilia; and they, perceiving as they softly entered that death might be each instant expected, despatched Lucy a second time, now to inform the two young Sinclairs, who were awaiting the summons in Lord Elverton's private study. His Lordship ascended with them, and found his daughter kneeling on one side of the pillow, the two Religious Priests on the other, and Sister Agnes and Lilia lighting blessed candles and sprinkling holy water.

"Ha!" cried the dying man, "tell it to all—the devil is no poetical fiction—no mere symbolical term for evil—no vapour of German mysticism. He is in this very room!"

This was repeated to the senior priest, who replied quietly, "Of course he is, but what care we!" Then rising, and taking the holy water from Sister Agnes, he sprinkled it more fully over and around the dying man; then threw the whole contents of the saucer into one part of the room, repeating the Church exorcisms against our

adversary the devil, who like a roaring lion he come to seize and devour the parting soul. For a few minutes the dying man experienced and evidenced the uneasiness which may be perceived, more or less, in every dying person past the age of childhood. But at length he again spoke distinctly, though more feebly, "The devil presents himself, to give me my last choice of some evil: the evil of presumption, the evil of indifference, or the evil of despair. But he cannot outwardly harm the dying Catholic in his bed, for he cannot touch what the Church has blessed—he cannot touch the sacred chrism, nor the holy water, nor venture within the radii of the blessed candle. And for the soul—he cannot touch her, if purified from sin, either by Baptismal Grace preserved, or the Grace of Penance duly received. He can only fasten on mortal sin, which, dwelling in the soul, presents the fatal handle by which the demon grasps and secures her for ever. Thanks be to my Divine Redeemer, no mortal sin dwells in me!"

The zealous Religious by Mr. Everard's pillow bent his ear to Lord Elverton's whispered interpretation of these words, with which he appeared much pleased; and began, with his companion, to invoke the angels, arch-angels, and all the heavenly host, to guard and conduct the soul. Mr. Everard still heard, and understood perfectly; and whenever he appeared inclined to speak the Religious Ministers of the Sick paused, and all eagerly bent the ear, for his voice was now very weak, and his sight appeared impaired. He grasped, and often kissed the crucifix, blessed for the hour of death by the Pope at his late interview, and also one of the blessed rosaries

which he had brought from Loretto, uttering beautiful aspirations of faith, contrition, gratitude, hope, and love. Then he said louder, and with effort, "If it be granted to me, I will still be useful to you all, whom I love!" Then after another pause, he said, "Geraldine, have you any message for your mother?"

The Religious replied in a low but distinct voice, "Tell her that my prayers for her precious soul have never ceased—tell her of my joy that she died purified and strengthened by all the Sacraments of the Church—tell her to pray constantly for my spiritual necessities."

"I will," said he: then added, "Do not wait till I am quite dead to close my eyes; close them while I am conscious. Hold up something before my eyes." The Religious held up a small crucifix, telling him she did so. "I cannot see it," said he; "close my eyes."

The Religious, rising and bending over her dying friend, obeyed his wishes, while Lord Elverton explained to the astonished Ecclesiastics that such was the dying man's own request. Mr. Everard then said, "It is soothing, and full of hope, to hear the bells of Rome sounding, in solemn sweetness, my departing knell!"

Those around the death-bed looked at each other, and the Reverend Mr. Terrison, who had just entered the room, advanced, bent over him, and said, "The bells you hear, my dear Sir, are rung by angels. The demons are dispersed—fear them no more. Prepare now to meet your God! You have closed your eyes on all earthly objects; let your ears also be turned from earth. Follow me now in these ejaculations, with your heart, if not with your lips:—Now, Lord, according to thy good will,

show mercy to me : command my soul to be received in peace, for Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth. Lord Jesus, let those sweet words sound in my ears, 'This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' Receive me, my crucified Jesus, into thy loving arms, which for me were stretched forth on the cross : receive me into those embraces of thy infinite charity, and draw my soul to Thee : receive me, O Jesus, in thy mercy—receive my soul in peace."

The dying man followed these slowly pronounced words in a faint voice ; then resting on the precious name of 'salvation,' he uttered it three times ; then spoke no more ; and the two Religious Ministers of the Infirm commenced the Church prayers and litanies for the parting soul, during which Geraldine and Mr. Terrison exchanged looks, and she softly reclosed the eyes, which had partially opened in death.

In the evening following Mr. Everard's happy transit, the Reverend Mr. Terrison visited the Religious ladies in their reception-room, and was welcomed with more than usual eagerness by the tearful Lilia, who began now more than at first to feel her great bereavement ; and she also had some questions to ask on that all-engrossing subject of the soul's passage from time to eternity—"to which," said she, "Reverend Mother promised to endeavour to reply, should you not come to see us, either to-day or to-morrow. But, thank God ! Reverend Sir, here you are to cheer and console us."

"And what are these questions, Sister Lilia ?" said he.

"First," replied Lilia, "I wish to know whether the Church considers the protection of the angel guardian to

be insufficient during the hours of darkness, and in the hour of death, against the evil spirit and his legion? And whether it was on that account that the senior Priest of Saint Camillus of Lellis dashed the holy water in that part of the room towards which dear Mr. Everard looked so anxiously. The guardian angel never leaves a soul, except when defiled by mortal sin. Why, then, did not Mr. Everard's angel drive away that devil?"

"Remember," replied Mr. Terrison, "our free choice of good and evil to the last moment of our mortal life. Remember that Almighty God permits the devil to approach and tempt us, as he approached and tempted Jesus Christ our Lord; and reflect that as the guardian angel has no will but the will of God, so he also permits the approach and the temptation of the devil."

"I understand this," said Lilla, "and I can also understand that, were Satan to approach as an angel of light, his visible appearance would be a temptation; but it was certain last night that his appearance to the dying person was not seductive, but terrific, for our beloved old friend gasped and stared with horror, till, on the priest's throwing the holy water, he exclaimed 'Thanks be to God!'"

"Your brother Frederick," said Mr. Terrison, "has been telling me that, previous to the actual appearance that so alarmed the dying man, he desired prayers against the three temptations of presumption, indifference, and despair. These two first spiritual temptations he overcame, and the appearance of the evil one must have been in anger and revenge, to torment him by terror into despair. This is constantly the case."

"And if," said Lilla, "the devil came in rage and spite,



why was it the holy water, and not the angel, that sent him away?"

"We cannot tell," replied Mr. Terrison, "how often the devil may have been chased away by the guardian angel, because the constant protection of our angels is invisible, and known only by faith. When the devil became visible to the dying person, the priest had immediate recourse to the means which the Church has appointed, because it was evident God then intended that the adversary should be rejected by the free will of man. When we throw the holy water, or light the blessed candle against the powers of darkness, we do so by our free will; and those sublime and prolonged prayers and exorcisms, and benedictions given to the holy water, which all have not the power to repeat, nor even time, in moments of distress and terror, are all concentrated and brought to bear against our enemy, in the pure element which Christ first sacramentalized when he descended into the river of Jordan."

"And now tell me," said Lillia, "whether in the last struggle for the possession of a soul, the devil leads on such a troop of fallen angels as would be an overmatch for the one single guardian angel without the aid of the archangel Michael?"

"We might say that it would be impossible," replied Mr. Terrison, "for even the whole troop of hell to overcome one single angel confirmed in grace, because the devil can only act by the permission of God; and He who said to the mighty ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid,' thus restrains the evil power of His enemy, and

permits not that his faithful angels should be worsted. We are warranted in believing that Satan does bring his whole force into action when the soul leaves the body ; but, thanks be to God ! we also know that he and all his fiends tremble and take flight before their conquerors, Saint Michael and the Heavenly Host."

"And now for my last question, and the one which interests me so much," said Lilia. "Why did you speak so confidently, Reverend Sir, to the dying person respecting the bells he heard, and which he mistook for the church bells of Rome ? Why were you so certain that they were rung by angels ? As Satan can transform himself into an angel of light, can he not imitate holy sounds ?"

"Yes, he can," replied Mr. Terrison, "and I can tell you some histories about that which have fallen under my own observation. I will also tell you some day why I knew that the sound of bells, conveyed to the ear of Mr. Everard alone, was an intimation from angels that the devils were put to flight."

"Some day !" exclaimed Lilia. "Why not to-day, when our thoughts and feelings are more especially in the unseen world ? Why not to-day, when your presence and conversation are such a solace ?"

"We shall all join in this last question," said the senior Religious, "and for the same reason ; therefore we hope you will remain here to have your tea ; and perhaps you will prevail on Mrs. Moss to leave the honoured remains of our friend during the next hour, as the Religious Confraternity are in exact attendance ?"

"I will go and fetch her," said Mr. Terrison. "I will

put her on her obedience to come and sit with me here a little while. I suppose the mention of a 'cup of tea' will arouse some fresh grief; but she has a good strong mind, and is quite reconciled to her bereavement, which she may well feel is the great gain of him she loved better than herself."

"And may I, Reverend Mother, fetch Sister Agnes?" said Lillia, "to hear Mr. Terrison's histories of angelic bells?"

"Certainly," replied the Religious, "not only Sister Agnes, but Lucy may be present."

In ten minutes from that time the little party were assembled on each side of the grating, and the Reverend Mr. Terrison thus began:—

## CHAPTER XXX.

The north winds howl,  
And spirits growl,  
And phantoms rise from hell:  
In lone midnight,  
A fearful sight,  
Till angels sound their bell.

"I give you all fair notice," said Mr. Terrison, "that I intend to elude any pious curiosity respecting persons and localities in the history I am about to give you, because, were I to mention but one circumstance that would lead you to know the rest, I should consider it a breach of confidence towards the parties concerned in my narrative. I will, therefore, place my scene in North Wales, where it did not occur, and now begin the history—"

At this moment a tap was heard at the outer parlour door, and while Lillia exclaimed, "Oh, how very unkind of any one to interrupt us!" Lucy, who opened it, exchanged a few whispered questions and replies, and then led in Miss Graham, who, getting a chair for herself, and pressing the hand of Mrs. Moss, intreated Mr. Terrison to continue his narrative, and poured herself out some tea.

"Well," said Mr. Terrison, "I will do so, merely recapitulating my preface, that the supernatural facts are to be strictly stated, and, from delicacy to living benefactors, persons and localities are to be concealed. About ten years ago I was entrusted by my Bishop with both

spiritual and temporal charge of three nuns, who were sent from their parent convent to make a new foundation of their Order in a deserted old castle in North Wales. They were three rational, experienced, middle-aged women, who said many devout prayers all the journey, with every pious intention possible but that of protection from the sensible attacks of the devil and his crew, which never occurred to them. Well, we arrived safely, and found that part of the vast building was inhabited by the confidential farmer and agent of the benefactor, and one or two farming men. This was good as a protection, and every sound that was heard over the desolate old castle was supposed to be from these quiet men, who, however, were carefully barred out of the Nuns' quarters, and with whom they held no communication. After the little stir and fatigue of the first month, these three good souls, whom I will call Sisters A. B. and C.—

"Oh! Reverend Sir," cried Lilia, "let them have names. Let them be Sisters Angela, Beatrice, and Camilla."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Terrison. "These three good souls had settled as peacefully into their life, which was silent and contemplative, as if they had been in the place for years, and many little difficulties, which had caused anxiety in the commencement, had been overcome, when I received the confidence of the two seniors, first in the confessional, then, by my desire, in open conversation. The senior, 'Mother Angela,' as I am to call her, informed me that she was awakened every night by a rap on the small table which stood near her bed, which

was accompanied by a great sensation of terror, and asked permission both to burn a light and open a door which led into the room of Sister Beatrice. I granted both requests. But the same day, or soon after, Sister Beatrice asked permission to change her room, which was near the village, to one in the more solitary part of the castle, for that she was totally deprived of sleep by the drunken brawls under her very windows. I discouraged her removal from the vicinity of her Sisters, told her to pray for the drunken men, and that she must open her door into Mother Angela's room—cells we could not yet call them, the sub-division not having been made. These rooms were vast, and desolate from want of furniture; every sound made an echo. The next confidential intimation was that, not content with letting some great surly dog into the rooms through some secret door, which animal growled even under their beds, the adverse people on the premises fired off pistols and guns into their very sleeping-rooms. Just after hearing these symptoms of great ill-will on the part of our, so called, neighbours, I met, as I frequently did, the good farmer on the road to the village, and he volunteered to congratulate himself, his family, and the neighbourhood, on the arrival of the Religious Ladies, saying that there was but one feeling respecting them, and that the villagers all felt that their prayers would work a more especial blessing to the place, as the castle was known to be haunted. That night Sister Beatrice, being already awake, heard Mother Angela send forth the most piteous moans, and the instant after heard in the centre of Mother Angela's room the growling and snarls of an immense and enraged dog. Sister Beatrice, all courage and generosity, flew to Mo

her Angela's rescue, and found her alone and agitated by great terror. She would not at first relate the cause, but afterwards told Sister Beatrice that after waking in unknown apprehensions, having dropped asleep again, she beheld and heard a door which led from the kitchen, being forced open, and a female crawling towards her on her hands and knees, or rather on her wrists and knees—the hands being turned and the fingers elongated beyond nature. She felt that she beheld a damned soul, and, starting up, was repulsing her with the words, 'Oh, Mary, conceived without sin,' when she awoke, to hear Sister Beatrice express her surprise and joy that she was not found struggling with a great dog. The following day, or soon after, a female voice over Sister Beatrice's head uttered the word 'Misery.' The next night Mother Angela sat in an arm-chair by Sister Beatrice's bedside: till twelve o'clock having passed as they thought an hour, for the old watch was just that hour too fast, they blessed God for the prospect of a quiet night; and Mother Angela thought she would take a good sleep, when Sister Beatrice said, 'I only regret, dear Mother, that those drunken brawlers are now coming towards us, and if they affect you as they do me, you will be totally deprived of rest. Yea, here they are, under, and even climbed up to the windows!' "

" 'I hear nothing,' said Mother Angela.

" 'You hear nothing!' exclaimed Sister Beatrice, 'when they are shouting and yelling into the very window!'

" 'They are not drunken men, they are devils!' said Mother Angela, while Sister Beatrice nearly fainted; 'We cannot pray for them—we must pray against them, invoking our blessed Lady, the Angela, and Saints.'

"Accordingly the two nuns prayed in a loud voice, while the herd of devils yelled, shouted, screamed; shook the outer wall and window, and threatened at each instant to burst into the room—Mother Angela, who had the loudest voice, following the directions of Sister Beatrice, who alone heard them on that night; for had both heard the infuriated mob they would still have passed rash judgment on the poor villagers, who were quietly in their beds. The devils were particularly furious at the recitation of the Creed, and at that part of the Litany of Jesus which says 'From all sin—from Thy wrath—from the snares of the devil—from the spirit of impurity—from everlasting death, Lord Jesus, deliver us.' Thus did the two parties keep up through that night, with but short intervals, till the daybreak bell of 'Angelus Domini,' which dispersed the enemy.

"In the following night Mother Angela heard the infernal troop, and felt convinced that she had not heard them the night before in order that both she and Sister Beatrice might know them to be what they were. This second night they both heard, for the first time, a bell, high in the air, but distinctly sounding with sonorous sweetness, which drove away the demons; and from that time the devils attacked, and the bell repulsed them, with various changes in the hour and mode of attack, till one night Sister Beatrice, falling asleep, saw the same woman advancing in an upright posture, with the same distorted hands placed conspicuously before her; and, awaking, beheld a long flame moving rapidly to and fro without changing its upright posture, and feeling assured that she saw a lost soul, she fled in terror to Mother Angela, whom she found awake and trembling from the



sounds of that nocturnal monster. About this time Sister Camilla, who had not been previously terrified, became a sharer in the cross of her Religious Sisters. She was very musical, and was at first pursued by discordant sounds on a bad instrument, and the chirping of birds; then by a sound between a pig and a calf, and cracking a whip—but to return for the present to the angelic bell. It sometimes sounded as a warning in the same sweet tone, and in a short time we had the infernal crew at the windows and doors, sometimes to the number of three hundred, one crowding on the back of another, mostly men, but also many women, screaming, quarrelling, taunting, mocking, and even laughing—Oh, how horrible was that laugh! They also made the sounds of dogs and cats and serpents. One clear moonlight night, Mother Angela took courage to look out, but could not see this multitude. Sister Beatrice had sometimes seen specimens of these devils and lost souls, in large birds with human faces, different sorts of shadows and flames. Every evening before the night-prayers they went round their part of the premises, one holding a large blessed crucifix, another the lamp, and one of them the holy water, with which they marked each door and window, saying, 'The cross and seal of Jesus between us and all the powers of darkness!' or sometimes saying, 'Between us and all that's evil!' This done, each surrounded herself with blessed and holy emblems and relics, from which she received immediate tokens of warning or encouragement. Mother Angela had hung the beads of the seven dolours of our Lady on a nail in her window-shutter, and these beads either waved to and fro, or sounded before the evil spirits approached. She

had lent a little bell, blessed at Loretto, to Sister Beatrice, and this sweet-toned little bell would ring by an invisible angelic hand to console her in the night, and doubtless to scare away some near demon. It was seldom that Sister Beatrice fled to her two Religious Sisters, who now slept in the same large room divided into cells, with a passage between them which led into her room. She had great courage for herself, but, at the least sound of distress from one of them, she was at her bedside in an instant. She removed, at their entreaties, during a few nights to the end of Mother Angela's long cell, but soon begged to return to her solitude, although the devils shook and rocked the bed under her, she being armed with fervent prayer, and the various tokens of heavenly protection blessed by the Church.

"Sister Camilla made some remarks at that time, which have remained on my mind, and which I will give to you. 'I was often accused,' said she, 'when living in the world, of morbid sensibility, because I abhorred malicious pleasantry and practical jokes; and now I feel more than ever assured that it was by the spirit of God that I abhorred all that, which I now find to belong to devils, and which they vent upon me, because of my utter aversion, from rude pranks.' Sister Camilla then gave me a list of the annoyances which these imps practised, and which would have been laughable enough as boyish pranks, but inspired disgust and terror when known to come from the enemies of God. Still more did the horrible sound of scoffing, taunting, and upbraiding convey to the mind the restless malice of sin, and loss of charity for ever: and with still greater zeal did these three solitary handmaids of God cultivate towards

each other the loving fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, patience; and like the three holy children, did they bless and trust Almighty God, in the furnace of this new and prolonged trial."

Mr. Terrison here paused; and his eager listeners commenced their comments and their questions; the most important of which was, "Why he had not had recourse to the exorcisms of the Church, in order to expel the devils from the castle and premises?"

"I did both bless and exorcise," replied he, "from the books in my possession: but these exorcisms were not exactly intended for the case in question, and I set off across the mountains in quest of an old Saint, as I knew him to be, who had been given, like Saint Anthony the Hermit, great power over the demons, as they had themselves confessed. He came back with me to the castle, after the three Nuns had endured a tremendous onset, as they had expected, during my absence. They had also experienced an annoyance from the very first which I had forgotten to mention. This was, the imitation of each other's voices, especially that of Mother Angela, who was supposed to call 'Sister,' and if Sister Beatrice delayed, to add, 'come, my dear—quick, quick!' which gave Sister Beatrice many a useless trip. Mother Angela also, whenever they said their office, each in private, was in the habit of singing the different anthems and hymns before her own little oratory, but made no rule of doing thus, and often read them in a low tone instead. These devils imitated her voice and the old chant so exactly, that her sisters supposed her to be singing when she was not; and even dared to imitate the tune

of the Sacramental Hymns. When the trick was discovered, the Nuns were filled with horror; but I comforted them by the assurance that devils could not pronounce the sacred words, and bade Mother Angela sing away as usual, nay, more than usual, in reparation of the insult offered to the Majesty of God. The aim of these miscreants was to terrify and disgust the three Religious foundresses from awaiting the arrival of others of their former Community, who, with new Postulants, were to arrive in the spring. We were now in the month of October, with fine clear weather from noon till sunset; but with heavy fogs in the morning, and chilly evenings, with a north wind that howled wonderfully to us all, and to Sister Beatrice, who heard supernaturally, was full of fiendish voices. These three servants of God were quite aware of the secret artifices of him whose sad notoriety is to be chief against God, and whose subordinate captains, or slave-drivers, audibly lashed on their victims to persecute the aspirants to Heaven. They persevered in their solitude by night as by day, until, finding the health of two of them injured by the superhuman exertions they made to brave the infernal spirits in silence, I bade them accept the consolation and support which human nature finds in its own kind; and they spoke or went to each other whenever they absolutely required the solace of uniting together in prayer—for the rooms were immensely lofty, the divisions of the cells only seven feet high, and they could hear even a sigh or whisper, the one of the other. Thus I had left them, and during my absence the devil, not content to throw shadows on the walls of the cells, of a tall man and of three females, at separate times, whose lost souls were

supposed to haunt the castle, but actually caused flames to dart from the wall which divided the cells of Mother Angela and Sister Beatrice, which were seen by the former during the night, and by the latter in broad daylight. The howling and infernal altercations which were at first only at the windows, were now within the castle; and the Nuns scarcely dared take the solace of mentioning to each other what each had heard or witnessed; because, as they were invisibly watched, advantage was taken by the fiends to further terrify and disturb them. On the arrival of the good old missionary priest at the little inn in the village, we found that he preferred remaining there at night to occupying the room prepared in the castle. The following morning, after we had both offered the holy sacrifice in the chapel, or rather church once attached to the castle, we took our breakfast together in my room, and he told me that in the night he was awakened by a piercing thrust into his tongue of such acute pain that he could scarcely believe that no instrument had touched him, and that this acute though momentary suffering had been produced on the nerves by the malicious power of the devil. 'Nor was this all,' added he, 'for, while reading this morning in my room, awaiting the church-bell, so violent an earthquake, so it seemed, shook me and everything in the room, that having placed one foot on the other knee supporting a large book, I was obliged to plant both feet firmly on the ground to prevent falling, and watched the table near me, expecting that everything on it would be shaken on the floor. So,' said he, smiling, 'if the enemy treats me in this way at the inn, what would he have done had I slept in the castle?'

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Who may judge angelic mission,  
Or demonic art?  
Who dare call it superstition,  
God's truth to impart?

DURING the first part of the Reverend Mr. Terrison's narrative Mrs. Moss, nearly blinded by her tears, had been keeping his various cups of tea ready for him, and had lost or confused much of the history, which Miss Graham promised to recapitulate to her: but Mr. Terrison, having refreshed himself, now recommenced, and, like the rest of his auditors, Mrs. Moss could not but listen with interest, after ejaculating, "Oh, why did *he* never hear 't all who would have made such wise and learned comments!"

"Hitherto," said Mr. Terrison, "there had been circumstances of importance mentioned to me solely in the confessional, which I thought our experienced old priest ought to know, but which I had forgotten to ask permission to state to him; and for that reason, before we proceeded to the exorcisms, I took him to visit the three Nuns, and obtained their leave to mention to him, in their presence, the various supernatural favours received most abundantly at that time, some of which appeared to be in immediate connection with the trial they had to endure, and of which I have at present recorded only the bells. We proceeded to the parlour of the Nuns, and they hav-

ing given full leave, I informed Father John, that from the high altar of the church which fronted their choir, and from the altar of the rosary on the south side of the church, Sister Beatrice had during the past three months beheld in succession our blessed Lady, once holding up to view the Divine Infant, who smiled on Sister Beatrice—at other times holding a cross, varying in size and brilliancy—Saint Catherine of Sienna, who generally held a white banner, on which was a brilliant cross—Saint Teresa, holding in one hand a beautiful little girl, probably Sister Beatrice's sister who died at five years of age, and in the other a cross, the stem of which became immensely long—Saint Dominick—Saint John of the Cross;—while at that time, from the high altar, departed priests in glory, who often mingled with the real celebrants on the great festivals, blessed the Nuns, especially Mother Angela, who, however, never saw them: they were beheld solely by Sister Beatrice. After this, as the persecution of the devils became more open and continued, the heavenly communications were also more abundant, until the not beholding each day some token of warning or encouragement was a rarity. The painting at the high altar was of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who, supported by the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, and surrounded by other angels, occupied the upper part of the picture: the lower part was filled by the eleven Apostles, gazing on the vacated tomb of the blessed Virgin; Saint Peter and Saint John being the most conspicuous in the foreground. A small brilliant cross appeared on the back of Saint Peter's neck, and a large cross in the group of the Apostles; but every other

sign was given from that time in the upper part of the painting: it would be impossible to record them all. The principal were the cross on the shoulder of the Archangel Michael, sometimes changing to, or being also on his head; at which times the representation on the canvass was obscured by the brilliancy of a real angel;—an anchor, a sword, a cross-bow and arrows, innumerable angels with palms, Bishops' mitres, the benignant and joyful countenances of different departed friends and religious in glory—the chief of these departed friends, who was a dignitary high in the Church, holding also a cross. But the most emphatic emblem was a crucifix, or sometimes a plain cross, with cordage hanging from the arms of the cross. When I finished my detail of these supernatural intimations from the altar, Father John said to the Nuns, 'My dear Sisters in Christ, had I known all this, I should not have started on my journey. This trial is not only permitted, but willed by God; and until you can write or send me word of other tokens than those now mentioned, I could not venture to begin the exorcisms. You must generously consent to be tied by cords to this cross, knowing well that He who is for you is greater than he who is against you. But as I have arranged to remain here till to-morrow, I will return this evening and conduct your meditation, suggesting such motives for consolation as I may be inspired by God to deliver to you.' This he did; and the Nuns consented to endure the trial, and no longer to expect relief from the Church. Father John left us, and the exultation of the devils was manifested both by the sublime and the ridiculous, as his parting farewell and blessing was no-



accompanied by the rolling of thunder and the braying of an ass in the next room, into which it is scarcely necessary to mention neither thunder nor an ass had actually entered. In about a fortnight, however, Mother Angela wrote to the Bishop, giving all her confidence to his Lordship, and in consequence of an intimation of the divine will, asking permission to have the exorcisms privately made within the castle by Father John. The Bishop replied in a most paternal manner, giving the required permission, and comforting the poor Nuns by promises of prayers, with exhortation to be of good courage. The Bishop's letter, with Mother Angela's fresh accounts, were sent to Father John; and it would seem that they agreed with some revelation to himself, for he no longer refused, but came provided to use the arms of the Church against the enemy.

"Oh, I am so delighted!" exclaimed Lilla; "how I should have enjoyed being present to witness the power of the Church against the power of darkness."

"Were the Nuns present, Sir?" inquired Sister Agnes.

"Yes, they were," said Mr. Terrison, "and the pious women who acted as Lay Sisters, and had latterly shared in their affliction. The place selected was the chamber of Sister Beatrice, in which the nocturnal persecutions had increased to the greatest audacity. The Nuns had all three inclined to the belief that lost souls surrounded them; this was not the belief of Father John, who concluded, from all their replies to his questions, that the demons took human forms."

"Now, why did Father John so decide?" said Sister Agnes.

"Because," replied Mr. Terrison, "having myself thought, with the Nuns, that former inhabitants of the castle haunted the place, I desired Mother Angela to question them at midnight thus, 'In the name of the adorable Trinity, I forbid you to injure me: in the name of the adorable Trinity, I command you to tell me who you are: in the name of the adorable Trinity, I command you to tell me what you want.' This she did very solemnly at three intervals, but receiving no answer, I concluded as I have told you; for the reappearance of the dead is by the sole power of God, for warning or encouragement of the living; and when commanded in His name to speak, they are forced to obey. The phantoms, therefore, which multiplied in every variety around these servants of God, were caused solely by the malice of the devil; and the same may be said of the voices, one of which in broad Scotch uttered the worldly name of Mother Angela; and likewise of the animals, barking, snarling, and hissing, and the horrible stench of brimstone and sulphur, which was the last novelty in their list of persecutions."

"I should like very much to know, if I may," said Lilla, "what it was that melted Father John's heart, and made him consent to the exorcisms. I suppose it was some direct intimation from Heaven that God was more merciful than himself to the poor Nuns?"

"And can you remember, Sir," said Sister Agnes, "all the prayers and formulæ of exorcising those evil spirits?"

"I will some day read to you," replied Mr. Terrison, "the principal abjurations which are declaratory of the awful and supreme power of our Lord Jesus Christ over

the devil, and which in His name, at which all things must bow—within, above, and below the earth, forbid that His servants shall suffer any infernal persecution. Father John performed the whole formulary directed by the Church, with entire faith that these spiritual arms would put to flight the enemy: and accordingly we afterwards rendered thanks to God that the infernal crew, although still heard without the castle, were banished the enclosure of the Nuns."

"I have often heard my lamented friend, Mr. Everard, say," observed Mrs. Mose, "that the Protestants of Germany were the only body, separated from the Church, that had retained the truth of the active persecution and malicious acts of the devils towards Christians; but he used to say that, because they had renounced the Catholic truth of the active agency of angels and blessed spirits, they had only a gloomy and terrific belief, despoiled of all consolation. I remember his very words, peace be to his soul! And now, Reverend Sir, with many thanks to Lady de Grey for inviting me here to be spiritually entertained out of my grief, and to you for such an interesting history, and to Miss Graham, who promises to repeat over the first part to me some day, I will return to sit by him—Mr. Everard, I mean—for the few hours still left me to do so. 'Tis only his body, to be sure; but who knows but what the soul may be hovering near; for he used to say that it was no vulgar error, but a fact, that the soul had a care for the body that was to be raised in glory and reunited to her once more and for ever; and that was the reason that the tombs and relics of martyrs and saints were so often the scene of great miracles."

After Mrs. Moss had left them, and that Lucy had also retired, Miss Graham said, "Lilla, you asked me one day what made me become a Catholic?"

"Oh, Miss Graham! dear Miss Graham," cried Lilla, "are you indeed going to tell me? How delightful!"

"I did not intend eventually to disappoint you, Lilla," said Miss Graham; "I merely waited until something like the conversation of to-day should prepare your mind for the fact, that not by long controversial disputes, not by learned books or eloquent sermons, but by perceiving the power given to the Catholic priesthood over the malicious arts of Satan, was I humbled to their obedience. I say humbled, because, in taking a retrospective view of my then state of mind, it seems obvious that God so willed to cast down my pride. The scene of my virtual conversion took not place in Scotland, where might be supposed to exist more superstitious leaning towards the supernatural, especially in the Highlands: it was in a very sober part of England, where a little girl well known to me from her birth, having unconsciously excited the jealous rage of an old woman, who, like herself, was a pensioner of my cousin's family, the wretch invoked on the child the evil spirit, and she became possessed. Every succour brought by the Protestant and Dissenting clergy and pious congregations failed; and as a last resource only, with some scruples and great caution, the Catholic priest of the neighbouring town was summoned to her aid. He prayed—they had done the same—but he likewise drew forth a weapon against Satan which they had never used, a blessed medal of the immaculate Mother of God, which he laid on the breast of the child.

She opened her innocent and intelligent eyes, smiled on her mother and on me; and from that moment the devil, having left her, never returned. In vain did the worthy Incumbent of our parish affirm that a shilling would have done as well: in vain did the Dissenting ministers endeavour to give a wholly physical solution to the instant deliverance of the child from satanic possession. I was from that moment a Catholic in heart: so was the mother of little Fanny; and we made our abjuration, by agreement, on the same day—she to the priest just mentioned, I in Edinburgh, to the Catholic Bishop of our Mid-Lothian, admiring the various means by which Almighty God sees fit to draw souls to the knowledge and acceptance of His mysteries.”

As Katherine Graham finished her little history, she received the grateful thanks of Lilla, and the assurances of the two friends already admitted to her confidence, that they rejoiced to hear it again: after which the Reverend Mr. Terrison was summoned to the room where lay the remains of Mr. Everard, to be present at the opening of the will. This will was consistent with the writer's whole life of strong adhesive attachments, and susceptibility, though in a subordinate degree, to kindness shown even from strangers; and after the bulk of his fortune and landed property had been bestowed on the daughter and brothers of his early love, there followed legacies and personal gifts and remembrances: first to Lord Elverton, then to his faithful Mrs. Moss, and then to so many persons whose names and residences were unknown to the party assembled, that Lord Elverton, after ascertaining that his Lady and the two children of his second marriage were to succeed only to a telescope, a brooch, and

a cabinet of curiosities, quietly drew forth the last number of our modern "Rambler," and took a side view of the opinions and doings of London Catholics in the summer of 1847. He was roused, however, by a codicil to the will, in which, after providing Lillia's portion, Mr. Everard declared, that if the Right Reverend Dr. Sinclair disinherited his nephew and heir, Frederick, he (Mr. Everard) left the property designed for the uncle during his life, at once to the nephew. He also, in this codicil, declared that, on coming of age, Henry Everard Sinclair, his godson, should at once take possession of the estate of Burnleigh and the already bequeathed two thousand a year, which in the body of the will had been left to the Reverend Edmund Sinclair the father. He also recommended to his godson, Henry Everard Sinclair, to marry the third daughter of the Earl of Hungerford, the Lady Emily Harvey, god-daughter of the writer, to whom he had bequeathed some personal gifts of value; while he recommended the second daughter, Lady Anne, to Ferdinand Carrington: and this characteristic care of the domestic happiness of his god-children and other young friends drew a smile from all but the young Henry, who, blushing and frowning, pushed back his chair under the broad shadow of Mr. Terrison; resolving, however, that during his first leave of absence from the country of his present destination, he would ascertain whether the noble damsel were disposed to be emancipated from the tight theology of her parents, and remembered, as he did, their annual meetings at Mr. Everard's juvenile fête champêtre, on the lawn at Burnleigh House.

The day after the interment of the justly-valued Mr. Everard, his faithful Moss imparted to the English Re-

Religious her intention of returning immediately to England, and to Burnleigh. "There be many things, my Lady," said she, "to arrange according to the wishes of him that's gone; and as he has been pleased to leave for my share all the linen and china, I will, after serving every one else for conscience sake, then take care of what is left me, and pack it up for the convent against you are ready for it, Ma'am."

"But who is to accompany you?" inquired the Religious; "do not hurry off till some friend, speaking your own tongue and feeling kindly for your bereavement, shall be found."

"Many thanks, my Lady," replied Mrs. Moss; "but there is the same private friend, a Mrs. Bowles, who was taken into the Church the same day as I, and is ready to go wherever I go. She will stay with me at Burnleigh House, and come with me to the convent, if you be agreeable to it, my Lady."

Thus was it settled; but Mrs. Moss had still another plan to propose. "Maybe," said she, "that it would be convenient to you, my Lady, to have some place in England for persons to come to who are wishing to join you, but do not know where you are to fix. Mr. Everard has desired that Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, who have the place till Master Henry is of age, will not disturb me under one year from the day of his death; so that you can write to any lady to come to me, bringing enough to cover her expenses, and I will make her as comfortable as can be, considering that the good, and wise, and clever, and pleasant owner of Burnleigh House can no more be seen in the body, and perhaps she would rather not see his ghost, which I am not clear about neither myself."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

There is a word  
 We all have heard,  
 And sadly feel the spell;  
 In loving woe,  
 'Tis learned below,  
 Where all must bid "farewell!"

THE lamented Mr. Everard, in leaving the Pilgrim-house of the Ara Cœli in Rome for his eternal home above, had given the signal for a general dispersion of its inmates. The immediate preparations for Lord Elverton's departure for India were now completed, and a long farewell was to be given to his once only child, the recluse Geraldine, and to his young son and heir, whose destiny bore too brilliant an appearance in his native country for him to lose the home education which would endear that country to him, and make him be claimed and loved by that country as a thorough Englishman. The last day in Rome had now arrived, and Lord Elverton mounted to his daughter's rooms to exchange some questions and replies respecting her future home in Italy and in England. "I have more leisure this afternoon," said he, on seating himself at the grating, "than I have had any day during the past month and with whom could I so well spend these my last hours as with you, my dear child? I wish also to be perfectly assured that you are doing right in leaving these rooms and this roof; and wish to know precisely, what is to be the religious tie between your



self and the Princess V., which seems to afford her so much happiness?"

"I leave these rooms and this roof," replied the Religious, "because I find that the character of a Pilgrim-house is fast merging into that of a respectable hotel. The pious projector has over-housed himself, and cannot afford to receive only the clergy. Your occupation of the best suite of rooms, which we were led to believe was a necessary concession to the pecuniary difficulties of the first experimental year, is to be a precedent, not an exception. We have also no hope of retaining the private staircase and entrance, or the services of the female portress. These are the expellent motives. Our motives of attraction are, the peaceful quality of a private roof and the roof of a widow consecrated to God, who having, during some years, desired to found in Rome a branch house of the Pious Teachers, entitled 'Of the Most Precious Blood,' whose rule is to have a body of Recluses within themselves; and knowing that our aim is to found a Recluse Community, having an active body of Pious Teachers within ourselves, has proposed to divide a house and garden into three parts, of which one part will be for herself, the Princess Mary, and ladies of their suite."

"But is there not danger of your becoming involved in a union which you cannot afterwards easily dissolve?" said Lord Elverton.

"I have always been perfectly candid with the Princess," replied the Religious, "in stating that I could only accept her hospitality for a limited time; but as she is content to take us on our own terms, I hope we shall carry our plans into execution. We shall have a private

chapel, with every possible privilege attached to it, and shall therefore at length keep enclosure; and begin to practise the life of the Benedictine Solitaries of Jesus and Mary."

"And you have obtained permission," further inquired his Lordship, "to clothe the first Novices of the Order in Rome?"

"I have," returned she; "his Holiness has given his full consent and benediction on our commencement in Rome, provided England be kept in view."

"That is right!—*all* then is right!" said Lord Elverton, with cordial satisfaction. "The voice of the Pope is the voice of God! I leave you now without anxiety, although, in my advancing years, our parting may be for ever in our mortal state; and as I may never again speak thus face to face, let me tell my loved Geraldine that I honour her perseverance, I respect her piety, and I have a satisfied paternal feeling that she will be among the jewels of her Saviour's crown!"

Another hour passed, at the end of which the consecrated Daughter received her Father's blessing, and while she kissed his hand, felt that his lips were pressed on her veil; and that emotion, powerful as her own, moved his aged breast to sighs, as he turned from the opened trellis to leave the room, and she heard his footsteps no more. "How often," thought she, "has it been in the order of Divine Providence that we should part as if for ever, yet have we met again. But now I dare only make this prayer—may satisfied ambition cause satiety of worldly honour and applause—may all their gilded hollowness be proved—may that majestically soary head wear an eternal crown!"

Her next visitor was one almost equally, though differently, dear, the young Letitia, who came accompanied as usual, but who contrived to whisper a request to her sister that she would, as if from herself, send away the three attendants. This was soon accomplished; and Letitia, flinging her arms around her sister's neck, with no compassion towards the starched linen guimpe, hugged and wept, and at length exclaimed, "Oh, if you were but going with me! What a pity you are a Nun! You cannot come to India; I do not intend ever to be a Nun. Perhaps, if you ask the Pope, he will let you come with us; and you can convert all the black slaves to be Christians. Will you? Now do say 'yes!'"

"There is no time left me now to pack up and go to India," said the Religious, smiling.

"Oh, I will wait for you!" cried Letitia, "and so will Miss Pollard. We have already seen all the churches in Naples, and Papa and Mamma will be there a week; and you will not want a whole week to pack up your trunks. Oh, do say 'yes!'"

"I cannot say yes," said the Religious, "to going where Almighty God does not send me. I could not be happy, nor could I make you happy, dearest child; for our happiness can only truly be in fulfilling the will of God."

"Then Nuns cannot go to India?" said Letitia, sorrowfully.

"Yes, Nuns can go, and have already gone to India, because such was their mission: God sent them there," replied the Religious.

"Now how could they know that God sent them there," inquired Letitia, "when you must not go, sister?"

"There are three ways, dear child," replied the Religious, "of ascertaining the adorable will of God—Direct Inspiration, Command of Superiors, and the Order of Divine Providence, which so disposes events that a good work can be undertaken and carried through with success. The Nuns established in Calcutta had all these proofs that their undertaking was pleasing to God; and I hope that my little sister will become well acquainted with them."

"But I cannot become a Nun," said Letitia, "because of a very particular obstacle, which is, that I intend to be married."

"A very sufficient obstacle, indeed!" said her sister, smiling; "so I must pray that you may make a good choice, and become an exemplary wife."

"Papa and Mamma have already chosen for me," said Letitia; "and I have told Donna Candida and my Governess; but not my maids, because it would be an indiscreet condescension: but of course I shall tell you, particularly as I am going away for so long a time. They have chosen Count Arthur de Gréy, which makes me very happy, because he means to be a soldier. But most likely Mamma has already told you all this, because Count Arthur is your adopted son.—Oh, here is Donna Candida come back so very soon to fetch me! Poor Donna Candida! she is not going to India: how much I pity her! But it is her own choice. She means to live and die in Rome."

"Yes," said Donna Candida; "England, Spain, and India were offered me by my Lord and Lady; but I have chosen Rome in which to pass the remnant of my days; and if I can be of any use to Lady de Grey in the mode

I have been, she has but to commend my poor services. I am to continue in this Palazzo, though all I love will have left it. But to this desertion Almighty God has accustomed me by taking from me my husband and all my eight children, and bidding me live in heart and spirit in the unseen world above. Where, then, could I so well exist as in Rome? But now, Donna Letitia, you must give your last embrace to your Reverend Sister and ask her blessing, for I have let you stay to the last moment."

But Donna Candida had yet to wait awhile; for the parting embrace affected both elder and younger sister, and there were keepsakes and last words to exchange, and admonitions and blessings. At length the little form of Letitia was seen no more; and the Recluse had turned in supplication for her to the oratory, when a written request was brought from Count Arthur de Gréy to pay his parting visit in half an hour.

The interval that had elapsed between Arthur's disappointment respecting Lilia and his betrothal to Letitia, had been, as to most young Frenchmen, a dreary waste, in which his chief solace had been the gentle sympathy of Lady Elverton; and so constantly did the young Count recur to this balm, that Lord Elverton, who at first smiled, and called him the 'Fredolin,' began to look grave, and at length said, "Beatrice, is it on the eve of leaving my native land, perhaps for ever, that I am to find I have married too young a wife?"

The next discovery was that Count Arthur dwelt on the prophetic speech of Mr. Everard, and feeling that France England, and all Europe would be a blank with

out the family of Lord Elverton, desired to go to India as one of his Lordship's aides-de-camp, and very fortunately had received a hint from a mutual friend to mention the young Letitia. Affairs being happily settled with his Lordship, Arthur de Gréy imparted his happy though distant prospects to his benefactress, the Recluse, and was further comforted by her full approbation. His last visit was now paid, and his grateful farewell was joined to promises that she should hear of him as the 'Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.' "Lord Elverton has asked me," said he, "whether, on coming of age, I should wish to have the English baronetcy revived in my person; but I told his Lordship not until I had won my spurs of gallant knighthood, and had heard the words 'Arise, Sir Arthur de Gréy!'"

By noon on the following day all the Anglo-Indian party were on the road to Naples, and our Recluse and her little company were occupied in removing also from the Locanda to the monastic building taken by the Princess, a third part of which, being grated from the rest of the house, she had devoted to the service of the English Religious. But they had also a house provided for them in the country, by the same zealous and pious friend, and accordingly, after making their domestic arrangements in the Vicolo degli Avignonesi for the winter, they removed to the pure air and lovely scenery of Albano during the summer and autumn, where, although they kept not enclosure, they enjoyed the peaceful solitude of their vocation. The church of St. Paul was their morning pilgrimage for the early devotions of the Missionary Fathers entitled 'of the Most Precious Blood,' followed

by meditation, Mass, and Holy Communion, with a second Mass of thanksgiving: in the evening the same walk was performed for a second meditation and adoration of the Holy Sacrament; after which they recreated themselves by extending their walk to the beautiful lake, where all that is lovely has assembled; and Lilia, who had never seen the lake of Nemi, termed 'L'Allegro,' wondered that this of Albano should, in contradistinction, be called 'Il Penseroso,' which to the Italian mind conveys not only thoughtfulness but melancholy. To our English group, seated on the banks of turf and wild flowers, whether they turned to Castel Gondolfo, in its feudal strength on the more rocky elevation from the lake, or watched the silent friars wending their way from their own near monastery through the copsewood round the south end of the lake to their brethren on the side of Monte Corvo, or fixed their gaze on the solitary elevation of the Passionists on its summit, all conveyed an impression of peaceful, meditative life, apart from the frenzied stir of this nineteenth century.

Here at Albano our Pilgrim received the intelligence of the death—to her how great a death—of his Eminence Cardinal Acton. He had left Rome for Naples at the end of May, then crossed to Sicily, but after a short time returned to Naples, to the College of Nobles, governed by the Jesuit Fathers, to whom he had been ever so much attached; and there, on the 27th of June, he expired, having with difficulty been made aware that he was actually dying, but receiving the intelligence as a Saint, and preserving his senses through all the last sacred rites of the Church.

"Alas! alas!" cried the bereaved Pilgrim, "it seems, when saying the 'De Profundis,' that no one has ever died but Cardinal Acton!"

So general was the persuasion of the holiness of his life from boyhood, that she dreaded lest his precious soul might be detained from glory through want of suffrages; but she recalled with consolation his Eminence having once told her, smiling, "When I die, I shall have, from the Franciscan Order alone, eleven thousand Masses offered for me, being the protector of the Franciscan Order."

Towards the end of October Miss Graham paid a short visit to Albano, on her way to Naples and Sicily. She had spent that summer in the north of Italy, and proposed to pass the ensuing winter in some chosen spot on the bay of Naples, probably in Sorrento, or Castellamare. She had been blessed with success in the conversion of both her Scotch servants, and was in high spirits, especially as John Todd, her hereditary retainer, who had been ever 'weel respeckit,' had declared his intention to become one of the 'Christian Brothers' in London.

"In my winter nook," said she at parting, "I shall ruminate over my summer rambles, and shall also watch the course of national and political events. I do not pretend to be a Religious Solitary, therefore, not to mislead people by my retired life, I give out publicly that I like the world as long as it is at a distance—that is, through the medium of newspapers, reviews, and even letters, if from chosen pens. This is the first step to withdrawing from the world—that is, the prattling, visiting, ostentatious world, altogether."



Katherine had scarcely departed when Lilia's destined Sister in the noviciate arrived from England, and our little party returned to Rome, where, by degrees, they obtained to the private chapel beneath their roof every monastic permission. This long desired privilege of enclosure was to the two Religious, and even to Lilia, such consolation that the return to England ceased to be the constant theme of their recreation, and Rome was gradually loved; not only as the holy capital of Christendom, but as their home. Lilia kept the secret confided to her by Ferdinand, of his power and will to make over the ancient premises of London Abbey to his sister and her Community, not being aware that this honourable secrecy, from which an interchange of letters through Mr. Terri-son would have freed her, was prolonging the suspense and load of care respecting the foundation in England, which a timely confidence would have removed from the mind of her Religious relative.

The pious and zealous Princess V. had now realized her long-cherished idea of assembling under the same roof the seven Dedications to God, which she called her 'seven-branched candlestick':—First, Priesthood; second, Consecrated Virginity; third, Devout Widowhood; fourth, Adoration; fifth, Science; sixth, Instruction; seventh, Charity. Her practical arrangements were equally successful, and a most harmonious and happy household remained together during the ensuing winter of 1847. The principal source of pious recreation to our Recluses was from the instructive conversation of the past and present chaplains, the Abbés Gerbet and Martet: the former ever fertile in his comments on the antiquities

and history of Christian Rome, a discourse retrospective; the latter never wearied in imparting to them his learned calculations on the sacred names in Scripture, with his prophetic views for Europe, and especially for Rome. On the great festivals all the pious inmates of the monastic dwelling were admitted to the enclosure of the Recluses. The two young pupils of the Abbé Gerbet, the adopted sisters of the Duchesse de F——, lovely by nature and grace, sweet Evodie and Prisca, and the warm-hearted Princess Mary, and the equally zealous and affectionate Signora Camilla, and the pious teachers (le Maître Pie) of the Poor School, and the faithful friend and economist, the reverend Director of the pious Union, Dom Pietro G., and the ever welcome, the holy Bishop Pompallier, who, being already a public character, must consent, like the cardinals and the authors, to see his name here at full length. In these holyday meetings the Princess Zeneide, who had been the prime mover of the Union, was also the life of their recreation.

From time to time our senior Recluse saw the worthy Donna Candida, and still accepted her services when necessity obliged her to seek her ecclesiastical superior Cardinal Fransone, at the Sacred College of the Propaganda Fide. His Eminence, however, when not indisposed, paid his visits most willingly to the saloon of the Princesses, and to the enclosure of his spiritual daughters. Thus passed the winter, when circumstances of imperative necessity led our Recluse to solicit Donna Candida to arrange with her own Confessor, Father Duago, to appoint an hour when the English Religious could speak to him at the Spanish Confessional in the church of the Jesuit Fathers.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Ours is a plighted pilgrimage,  
Together, yet alone;  
With spirits of the air we wage  
A battle for a throne.

Take courage, fellow pilgrim, see  
The myriads above,  
Whose hearts, from earthly ties set free,  
Now beat eternal love!

Our Religious Pilgrim, finding that the arrangement had been made for her desired consultation with the Ecclesiastic who alone was in possession of several facts important for her to know, went on the appointed morning with Donna Candida to the church of the Gesù, and was conducted to the Spanish Confessional. After receiving the blessing, and repeating the Confiteor, she said, "Am I addressing Father Carlos Duago?"

"You are," was the reply.

"And do you know, Reverend Father, who she is who now addresses you, for this is essential before proceeding further?"

"I do, perfectly," said he. "Are you come to me for confession, or merely to speak to me under the seal of confession?"

"At this time I am come simply for the latter," replied she. You are acquainted with all the circumstances attending the restoration of Catholic privileges in the ruined Abbey of Elverton. You know the locality—the





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wants of the place—you have had experience of the disposition of the Bishop. You know exteriorly the many spiritual privileges I have received in connection with that neighbourhood: that it was at Elverton Hall I became virtually a Catholic, although, at my father's request, my abjuration was made in London; and that, although I went to Ireland for my noviciate and holy profession, yet it was to Elverton Abbey I returned to labour in the active religious life. It was there I beheld in my cell the miraculous appearance of the most Holy Sacrament, and in its ample bosom can be contained a community sufficiently numerous to supply the Perpetual Adoration. Do you not consider these to be visible tokens by which, without seeking extraordinary manifestations of the Divine will, I may conclude the Abbey at Elverton to be the spot destined to receive the Institute now forming of the union of the Contemplative and Active life. Yet my mind, which was made up to await a solution of many difficulties attendant on this belief, was a few days ago impressed with the supernatural intimation of a contrary design of Divine Providence. Which I am to consider the truth, and which the temptation, I know not. It was after Holy Communion, when, returning my thanksgiving, I suddenly knew that not the Abbey of Elverton, but the capital of England—London, was first to receive and bring to perfection the Religious Solitaries and Handmaids of Jesus; and this sudden knowledge I received at the moment with perfect acquiescence, calm, and cheerfulness. The following morning after Holy Communion I as suddenly and distinctly knew who would be

the chief benefactors; and yesterday I received an intimation of the reluctance of the Vicar Apostolic of the district in which Elverton is situated to be the first to protect the Institute, although his Lordship will probably not object to do so when its success has been proved elsewhere."

The Religious now paused, and Father Duago said, "You have omitted an important part in assigning the reasons which may preponderate in favour of the belief that you will not return to Elverton. You have omitted to state that at the time you were vainly endeavouring to promote the desire for the Perpetual Adoration in the Sisterhood established in the Abbey, one morning, when preparing to descend from your cell to the church for holy Mass and Communion, a voice spoke within you, saying, '*Leave this!—follow my grace!*' You have left Elverton Abbey. You have, we may humbly hope, followed the grace which has led you to found the proposed holy Institute; and therefore the information you have now given me of these fresh inspirations, leads me to conclude that you will never return to the neighbourhood of your home."

The Religious could not for some instants reply. Filled with awe and gratitude to find her present guide supernaturally illuminated, she at length said, "I am prepared for the sacrifice."

"When Abraham was chosen to be the Father of a new race, a peculiar people," continued Father Duago, "God did not say to him, Plant here, amid thy kindred, and in thy father's house, my chosen people! You know well that He said to him, and He also says thus to all



Religious, 'Get thee forth from thine own country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, and come into a land that I shall show thee.'

"All this, by God's grace, I can renounce," said she; "but it is difficult for me to conceive why I have been permitted to be the instrument of so much benefit to the Abbey, and am now to leave the work incomplete."

"You have done all that was required by him who was the possessor," said Father Duago. "The Abbey belonged to the De Greys, not to the Carringtons. Sir Eustace gave the preference to the Active Community who have now possession, and never contemplated any further occupation of the place by Religious Women."

"And yet the Abbey, and Abbey lands," said she, "were originally given by an Arthur De Grey to the Cistercian Monks, who follow most rigidly the rule of St. Benedict. The Monks could not return because the lands which once employed them in manual labour, according to their vocation, have long since passed into other hands; but the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, under that rule, might still be there established."

"You must discard that idea," said Father Duago. "It is true that great part of the ruin remains unoccupied, but it is at once the most beautiful and the most decayed. It is valued for its picturesque effect by those who do not understand what is meant even by the Perpetual Adoration. You must once have been aware, but have forgotten, that when the corporation of the city of Elverton resigned the ruin to the descendant of its ancient possessors, it was not only at a very high cost in money, but also on condition that no buildings raised within the walls

should appear. This precaution does not remain a dead letter. You can recal your own disappointment, when, on your return from Ireland, you found how confined were the dimensions of the convent erected within the Abbey walls. I have ascertained, with the purpose of conveying, if necessary, the intelligence to you, that the Protestant corporation will concede no more; that the present Community are perfectly satisfied with the building-space permitted them, and that it were loss of time and thought to cling to any hope of developing your Institute on that spot.—Almighty God," continued Father Duago, "has shown you great predilection, especially in having bestowed on you a spirit of renouncement, to which gift you have been faithful from an early age. Yet now, after heroic sacrifices for His love, you cling to this Abbey ruin! There can be no real spiritual tie in this, and you must forget all else! What can the ties of sentiment or affection avail towards the dead, as towards the living, against the will of God!"

The Religious understood the reference here made to him who lay in the vault beneath the Abbey chapel, but she replied not, and Father Duago continued, "God has prepared you by many sacrifices to do great things for Him. Humble yourself for all your unworthiness, but do not on that account stifle the inspirations given you to plant your Religious Institute with all the dignity becoming its principal devotion. A time is fast approaching of great temporal calamities on Catholic nations. Whom the Lord loves He chastens. And in the midst of this almost universal upturning of the kingdoms of the earth, the light of His Presence will be raised in London!"

Father Duago spoke with the tone of certainty, and even of authority; and this coincidence with the secret impressions received by herself brought conviction to the mind of the Religious. "Reverend Father, I accept as truth the inspirations confirmed by you," said she. "One difficulty alone remains. Will the present ecclesiastical authorities in London be ever likely to comprehend the designs of Almighty God in my regard?"

"Await here in Rome," replied the Reverend Father, "until many changes amongst the Vicars Apostolic in England shall enable you to found the Institute in London."

"I have sometimes thought," said she, "that in Rome I might end my days, and that God would require of me no more than the committing to paper the theory of the Religious Institute."

"You can have no reasonable motive to indulge that thought," said Father Duago. "Seek not for much peace, but for much patience."

"I have now to request you, Reverend Father," said she, "to become my extraordinary Confessor and Spiritual Director! I will give you as little trouble as I can help, except that at the commencement—that is, when I next request you to meet me here—it will be to hear my general confession."

"I am not prepared immediately to accept that office," said he, after a pause. "Do you wish to make to me the confession of your whole life?"

"I do," replied she.

"I cannot give you any reply at this time," said the Reverend Father; "I will intimate to you what I may believe to be the will of God, in a few weeks."

"A few weeks!" repeated she; "I may want your enlightened counsels before then. Can you not accept me for your penitent after you have offered the holy sacrifice three days successively for that intention?"

"You must permit me," said he, "to follow in this a deliberate, not a precipitate course, leaving intervals of thought and prayer between the Masses; while on your part (although I conclude you have already commended this to God) you will perhaps consent to repeat daily one of the hymns to the Holy Ghost, and offer the intention of three Masses and Communion for that which you propose." Then, giving his benediction, Father Duago shut the inner door of the grating, and the Religious, accompanied by Donna Candida, retired to her usual nook in the chapel of our Lady, near the high altar of the church. There she repeated the Invocation to the Holy Ghost just prescribed her: and there she returned her heartfelt thanks to God—first, that He had vouchsafed to consecrate to Himself, and to endow with such choice graces, her earliest friend, the first object of her young, innocent affection; and, secondly, that He had permitted them after a lapse of years to be reunited in a manner wholly spiritual. That Father Duago would finally accept the office of her Spiritual Director she could not doubt. By the elevation and purity of her own consecrated soul she judged of his; yet, ere she finally left the spot where prostrate before the Sacramental Presence she had supplicated for this boon, she made an act of entire resignation, should the Reverend Father, at the end of his prescribed devotions, refuse, in

the spirit of total disengagement, to hear the records of the past, and direct the future of her spiritual career.

A month had passed, and happily one of private peace to the English Religious, though great were the public agitations around her, when Donna Candida, one day returning from confession, brought a message, purporting that if she could conveniently accompany that lady on the next confession day, Father Duago would be at leisure to hear her. The following week our Pilgrim was again kneeling in the appointed confessional; and the Reverend Father said, "It is now unnecessary to inform you to what conclusion my mind had arrived when I sent you the message last week. This chief church of the Society of Jesus will be closed to-morrow afternoon, and our colleges placed under other Professors. I am to return immediately to Elverton Hall to arrange all things for the reception of a certain number of our Fathers and ten students of the Noble College. Ferdinand included, and will probably thus finish his education on his future property. Lord Elverton had, of course, foreseen the direction of this popular movement, and that we should be the first attacked: he therefore left with me papers empowering our General to make use of the Hall as a private college, on conditions to which he willingly acceded."

When Father Duago paused the Religious said, "Public rumors and private conjectures had reached our retirement, and partly prepared me for this announcement. You expect no personal danger to-morrow, or in leaving Rome for England?"

"None whatever at present," replied he; "we are only in the first stage of the popular progress."

"And you doubtless consider this progress, which is overpowering the will of the Pope, to be an evil?" said she.

"Yes," replied the Reverend Father, "I must consider it to be a great evil. We individually are to glory in our sufferings; but when our Society is persecuted, it is the signal for a well-known train of evils. It is we who are first exiled, then the aristocracy, then royalty. We then see the shortlived display of a republic; then anarchy, bloodshed, and civil war! And all this from the false principle that power emanates from the people."

"And now," said she, "that you are to leave Rome for an indefinite time, and I am to remain for an indefinite time, and that Divine Providence, which has permitted twice only this interchange of speech, may never will its recurrence, and that, by the death of the Cardinal and the loss of my English Jesuit Confessor, I am left without guidance, tell me of some one who will be to me a spiritual director."

"I cannot," said he—"I cannot propose any director to you. Almighty God will Himself direct you as He has hitherto done. Submit all inspirations to your ordinary Confessor and you will be safe."

"And have you yourself no parting advice to give?" demanded she.

"Only this," replied Father Duago: "attempt not to hurry Divine Providence, whose sublime march is slow to our imaginings. Be cautious of the English in Rome; have few intimates, and no counsellors: let any conjectures be formed sooner than that the truth should prematurely be known respecting the city destined to receive the Institute: cast from you the goad of solicitude:

make repeated acts of Hope in the sure promises of God. Life seems long and dreary ; we desire to labour no more—we already would gather in our reward for all the little nothings we have done for God : and yet on our death-bed we would fain look back on a long, full life, having patiently awaited His good time : we would then gladly count up the adversities rather than the prosperities of life ; the hours of pain rather than those of joy ; the having severed the heart from all creatures, however good ; the having died by faith to this world, so that in spirit we can die no more.” Father Duago then gave the parting benediction, adding, “ Pray for me, as I will pray for you ;” and the Religious Pilgrim, on leaving that confessional, instead of approaching the high altar within the chapel of our Lady, as was her wont, retired to the further corner of the church, by the confessional of the English Jesuit Father, where, with her tearful companion, Donna Candida, she sat beholding from her chosen spot the whole scene of that last day of possession by the religious owners of the church and college. She experienced no external emotion, no inclination to weep or sigh. The agitation of the pious females before her contributed, as was usually the case with her, to calm her own feelings ; yet it had not been without some sentiment of personal regret that she had placed herself near the honoured seat of God’s faithful servant, her own countryman, and hitherto Confessor, who during so many years had thence looked on that high altar, beholding the perfection of order, zeal, and holy beauty there displayed. From the side door of the church to the vestibule of the sacristy was an almost continued double line of Secular

Ecclesiastics of the higher dignities in the Church. Amongst these our Pilgrim perceived Monsignor Lenti, going to and returning from his daily anxious inquiries. She knew that this estimable Prelate took precisely the same view as did Father Duago of the exile of the Jesuit Fathers from Rome, as precursive of a long train of evils. But it was 'exile,' not 'suppression,' and our Pilgrim thought of the Mighty Hand, over-ruling evil for good, that for awhile suffered the dispersion of these His missionary sons for the speedier conversion of nations. This was a vast thought which could not be immediately grasped: much of actual evil must first take place; and, as she pondered over it, Donna Candida, who had been moving round the church, returned to whisper to her that they had better take advantage, with other ladies, of leaving the church at the same time with a Bishop, who was on foot with his attendant priests, because she had been so advised by one of the lay Sacristans. This advice was immediately followed, and they remained kneeling near the side door with other ladies until the Bishop passed from the sacristy; and they followed in his train, through an ill-humoured mob, which was but thinly collected on that side of the church, but had become dense before the principal entrance and round the door of the college.

That evening the drawing-room of the pious Russian Princess became a scene of animated discussion and all but contention. Few were the exile's friends in that circle, where the painful remembrance of despotism had led them to mistake the reverse of wrong for right, and had thrown them into the theory of ultra-liberal, if not



republican principles. Our two English Religious, withdrawn behind their grating, now doubly rejoiced that the long-sought-for privilege of enclosure was at length theirs; for, what had they to do with political questions and strife of parties? Their blessed calling was to cultivate the spirit of peace and of intercessory prayer in silence, hidden and unknown.

The third day following the important conference with Father Duago, while again pondering on the foundation of the new branch of the Benedictine Order in England, and praying that some decided command of Superiors should confirm the advice of the Confessional, our Religious Recluse was summoned to an audience of Cardinal Fransone, and ventured to inquire whether, in preference to fixing the perpetual adoration in the country, his Eminence had decided on London? The countenance, usually placid, even to coldness, was lit up, and the Cardinal even with vehemence exclaimed, "Yea! that would be a good work in expiation of all the blasphemies and sacrileges committed against that Adorable Mystery in the city of London. No other spot should be thought of in comparison of the capital, in comparison of London."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*From strife of words and parties rude  
Come to our mountain solitude.*

On Thursday the 25th of May, 1848, their Eminences the Cardinal Vicar and the Cardinal Head of the Propaganda Fide, having so authorized their delegate and representative, the religious ceremony of clothing the first Novices and bestowing on them the white veil, took place in the private chapel of the Princess Zénéide V., the celebrant being the true and zealous friend of our Benedictine Solitaries, the holy Bishop Pompallier, assisted by Dom Pietro and the Abbé Martet, with other priests. The political storm was lowering over and ready to burst on Rome. All the English residents and visitors had fled, with but few exceptions; and alone, amidst the Italian, French, and Russian assistants at this private ceremony, stood one countrywoman, an English Protestant—her tall, fair form, and mild, devout expression, befitting well the part she unconsciously held of representative of that world of home affections, which not alone Lilia, but her sister Novice was equally to renounce in grateful farewell to Protestants. This Novice, who took the name of "Mary John of the Cross," had been born of devout Catholic parents, and favoured from earliest infancy by all the blessings of the Church, yet Divine Providence had so willed that, through all her orphan womanhood, Protestants had alone appreciated,

sympathized, and befriended her; so that in genuine heartfelt emotion, turning to this their pious representative, she pronounced the words prescribed before entering the grated enclosure, "Farewell! my family and friends. Receive my humble thanks for all the good you have ever done or wished to me; which may God reward!"

The following day, by the advice and through the practical friendship and protection of their illustrious countrywoman, the Princess D., our English Religious left Rome, and passed through five-and-twenty miles of varied and beautiful scenery to a mountain-girt solitude; where, on a rocky mound abruptly rising from a fertile and undulating valley, stood the feudal Palace of Valmontone. Here they gratefully took possession of the part allotted them; their chief apartment, which they called the 'community-room,' being on the eastern side of the palace, where not a sound could be heard, nor the near abode of man distinguished. Immediately below the windows was a terraced garden of artificial mould formed on the rocky mound, beneath which was the fosse, or ditch, belonging to the ancient fortifications, now dry for all warlike purposes of defence, but retaining the vivid green and the water-plants proper to its still humid state. Beyond this fosse arose the little gardens, vineyards, and orchards of the dependent town, which, probably for security, and with great picturesque effect, was thickly clustered, with no garden, and scarcely breathing-room, on the west side of the palace. These little gardens, vineyards and orchards, intermingling, as they receded from the palace, with meadows and groves of trees, were carried half-way up the nearer chain of mountains, where

ever an artificial soil could be permanently secured. Beyond these more accessible mountains arose the snow-clad Appenines, till, within this same view, but extending towards the south, was descried the last of the Appenines, majestically erect on the side of its kindred chain, then gently sloping on its sunny way to the plains of Terra-cina. The windows of their so-called 'community-room' being in the first-floor of a feudal place of strength, they formed in the immense thickness of the wall deep recesses, which, raised from the rest of the apartment, provided for our recluses little hermitages, in which they immediately realized the peaceful solitude of their vocation.

Here Lilia, now the Novice "Mary Cecilia of Jesus," having sketched the scenery just described, and admired during many evenings the reflection on the mountains of a gorgeous sunset given from the far west, painted for Sister Agnes, now become "Dame Agnes," and her Reverend Mistress of Novices, the soft oil painting for the future cell; and here, in her appropriated little hermitage, silently meditating on whatever holy subject had been proposed to her, did Sister Mary John of the Cross bring to its termination a tapestry work of rare beauty for the altar.

To reach the tribune, or gallery pew in the church, called the 'corretto,' our Solitaries had to mount a spiral staircase, and to pass through a suite of deserted state-rooms and a gallery, which gave them a walk from one end of the palace to the other; and this walk being repeated for the early Masses and Communion, for High Mass, for the Canonical Hours, and for the Adoration of the most Holy Sacrament, gave them sufficient exercise

for health, especially as in those higher rooms, unfurnished and unglazed, the mountain air and mountain views were free and exhilarating. From the *corretto* a small turret-stair led into the collegiate church below, where, in a small chapel, on the Gospel side of the high altar, they received Holy Communion. The church was admirably served by the Reverend Canons, whose chant was sonorous and well-sustained; so that, during the privileged months of their residence in that mountain solitude, our Recluses enjoyed more of the sacred functions of the Church than they had yet obtained even in Rome. Here, returning daily and hourly thanks for the mercies that surrounded her, our Pilgrim, in her glances towards the future, humbly prayed that the mystery which enveloped her hoped-for return to England might in God's good time be removed, and, in the many lonely, silent hours of her present life, dwell on the landmarks of the past sixteen years, with a view to discern their purport and influence on the coming evening of her life. She especially recalled the first confidence she had reposed in the lamented Foundress and first Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, soon after her arrival, under the protection of that venerable Religious, from the convent of her noviciate and profession in Cork, by those of Charleville, Limerick, Tullamore, and Carlow, to the Mother House in Dublin. This confidence was the irrepressible attraction given her during her immediate retreat before profession to the august devotion of the Perpetual Devotion, followed by the inspiration, as she lay prostrate before the Divine Mysteries, having pronounced her vows, to supplicate that, in whatever convent she might end her days, this

sublime devotion might be established. She recalled the sweet and cheerful look with which, in answer to this confidence, the Reverend Foundress replied, "And why not? Why, in the Mother House of each country, where there may be the average of our present twenty-seven in the noviciate, should there not be carried on the Adoration, and, as far as could be, perpetually!" Our Pilgrim then recalled the circumstance made known to her on her arrival in Rome by the Missionary Fathers of the Precious Blood, who are the Confessors of the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration on Monte Cavallo. She recalled the declaration that on her death-bed, where she had departed in the odour of sanctity, the late Superioress of that convent had announced, "An Englishwoman will soon arrive to found our devotion in England." Our Pilgrim, in recalling these two circumstances, was naturally led to follow those two holy Religious in spirit to their heavenly home, and implore their aid. She possessed a print of the Roman Nun, and a relic of her habit on a printed paper of authentication; but of her beloved friend, the Irish Nun, although she had twice taken her likeness, and had possessed many letters in her peculiar hand-writing, she now had nothing, and was one evening dwelling particularly on the frequency with which these two Religious, the one a Contemplative Recluse, the other an Active Philanthropist, met in spirit during her meditation. When Sister Agnes begged permission to interrupt her solitude on the plea of a spiritual necessity. This confidence from Sister Agnes, told in all the humble simplicity of her usual announcement of supernatural objects, coincided

entirely with that union on which our Pilgrim had in quiringly pondered.

On each side of the holy Cardinal who had been their best friend on earth, and was now often seen radiant in glory above the high altar of the church, Sister Agnes had that day marked with joy, on the Saint's right hand, the, to her, well-known countenance and figure of the late Superioress of the Perpetual Adoration in Rome, dressed according to her Order in the crimson scapular, and other insignia of her vocation. On his left hand stood a taller, fairer Religious, in venerable, yet blooming age; the dress, in every detail, was that of a Sister of Mercy. Could it be the beloved and lamented Foundress of that congregation? On the following day, in heavenly condescension, the sainted three re-appeared, and the blessed Catherine MacAuley, dressed in the cloak and bonnet with the speckled straw-basket for the visitation of the sick poor, appeared with characteristics of feature and complexion so marked, that Sister Agnes, who had never beheld her in life, was enabled to describe what she saw to the entire and grateful content of her who saw not, and yet believed!

This was but the beginning of almost daily announcements of the care, the maternal care, which these two blessed guardians took of the united Institute of the Solitaries and Handmaids of Jesus and Mary. But let this suffice.

In September the Prince and Princess of Valmontone, with their eldest child, friends, and attendants, came to occupy their usual suite of rooms in their feudal palace and the Religious Solitaries were enabled to prove to

their sweet countrywoman and benefactress, how truly she had comprehended their vocation. The chief object of this visit to the least frequented of their numerous palaces was to perform the pilgrimage to Genesano, amongst the near mountains, where was a noted shrine of our Lady; miraculous even in these days of incredulity, perhaps the more so on that account, for when has the maternal heart of Mary failed in hour of need!

Scarcely had the devout Prince and Princess, with their suite, returned from Valmontone to Albano, when the Religious Solitaries received the recreative visit of Miss Graham, who, with her servants, finding sufficiently good rooms at the inn, remained several weeks in the daily society of her beloved friend and her companions; and had scarcely arranged her temporary home when she requested a sight of the Constitutions of the embryo Institute, adding, however, that when she saw the flexible obedience of those already engaged in the religious life, she much feared that for herself the blessed time was past for ever."

"And what thinks your Confessor?" said the Religious.

"Why he does not consider the case to be so desperate," said Katherine, smiling.

"And I suppose," said her friend, also smiling, "that as a good Catholic you consider him to be the best judge of the two?"

"It is in consequence of that consideration," said Katherine, "that I have requested to see your code of laws. If I do not like them, even in theory, why no



Confessor in his senses would urge me to try the practice, and if, liking the theory, I stumble in the practice, I can get up and be off again."

"Not so," said the Religious; "rather say, that if you stumble in the practice, liking the theory, it is because you exact from yourself, in the spirit of —; may I speak the words, Katherine?"

"I will speak them for you," said Miss Graham: "I exact from myself, in the spirit of spiritual pride, an instant spiritual perfection, instead of waiting the ordinary growth of grace by means adapted to my state."

"Just so," observed the Religious.

"But," continued Miss Graham, "you well know my utter dislike of all hypocrisy; and I should dread adopting a certain dress and manner and routine of life, while I was only hoping to gain the interior spirit."

"If you had the earnest desire to gain the interior spirit of the religious life," said the Nun, "you might safely adopt the dress and routine, for hypocrites never earnestly desire holiness of life."

"There is but one of the vows that would become a source of scruple to me," observed Katherine, "and that is the vow of obedience."

"Take courage," replied the Religious. "Those who first unite in this, or any other foundation, must of necessity be engaged at once in offices of trust, and become the confidential friends and advisers of their Superior. Thus, far from lamenting that the flexible years of girlhood are passed, far from lamenting the many years you have had of practical experience in the management of a household, and in benevolent efforts for the poor, rejoice that

you can serve God with the same prudence, knowledge, and fidelity, which, like the prayers and alms of Cornelius, He had already accepted from you, being a Protestant, and rewarded you with the light of faith. For your Mistress of Novices I can offer you no one but myself, assisted by Sister Agnes, and—"

"Oh!" interrupted Katherine, "I want no other! Thank Heaven! the bugbear is over of being perpetually pursued by some tight little woman full of minutiae. Give me the thick manuscript—it seems less terrific being in your hand-writing, my own Geraldine—I beg every monastic pardon possible! our most Reverend Mother and pro-Abbess of London Abbey."

Miss Graham did not visit the Religious Solitary during the next three days; but on the fourth evening she brought back the manuscript of the Constitutions, saying, "Well, I have read every word; not dipping or skipping, but regularly from the Introduction to the Conclusion, both included. First I read through all the duties of the enclosed Solitaries of the Adoration, very much as I should any history of the Angelic Hierarchy: but when I came to the duties of the Active Sisters of the Institute I felt the ground beneath my feet, for I remember my visit to the Convent of Mercy in Ireland, and so, by God's grace will I 'go and do likewise,' under your auspices, in that great Babylon of London." Katherine Graham then wrote to the Reverend Mr. Terrison, who was staying at the English College in Rome, and with whom during the last year she had kept up an animated correspondence. After the receipt of his answer, she made no secret of her intentions to join the united Insti-

tute in London as a Handmaid of Jesus and Mary. The delight of Lilia may be well imagined, especially as, in making this announcement, Katherine added, "And although for myself I prefer serving my fellow-creatures, for God's sake, in the same mode I have hitherto done, yet I do feel, deeply feel, the value of being beneath the same roof with the adorable Mysteries, of knowing that perpetual Adoration is with us, and of knowing also, that while I am toiling, and much cumbered with serving, you, mysterious girl, and others of your vocation, are receiving the Divine whispers of Heaven, and praying for my necessities."

"I think," said Katherine, a few days after this conversation, "that wherever you abide in Italy you find yourselves associated with Active Religious, and able to try the experiment of their union with you Contemplatives. In Rome you could kneel unseen above the labours of the Pious Teachers, and view them through your curious trap-door; while here, from the coretto of the palace you can see the Salesian Teachers\* in the church below—that is, if you watch for their entrance, as I do; for I love them all, from the affectionate old Prioress and Sub-Prioress to the blushing little Juniors in their grotesque hoods and tight sleeves, and truly welcome them to our festival recreations, to enjoy their catechetical wrangling, and their pretty litanies and hymns."

Before leaving Valmontone to return for the winter to Naples, Katherine, who had paid a farewell visit to

\* Religious Community devoted to the instruction of poor girls, founded by a Princess Doria. Their Constitutions are based on the Rule of St. Francis of Sales.

Rome, brought back Mr. Terrison just as the Albano Confessor of the Nuns, the Missionary Father of the "Precious Blood," had arrived on his monthly visit a little before his time. This meeting with their other Confessor and friend, Mr. Terrison, was most acceptable to all parties, for warnings had been given through the medium of the humble and simple Sister Agnes, who without ever attempting to interpret, or even comment on what she daily beheld over the high altar of the church, would recount, as she knelt beside her Superior, the following prophetic signs:—

The blessed Cardinal Acton sternly shaking a rod or wand towards the Palace and Rome, which both lay on the Gospel side of the altar, and pointing with the other hand, which contained a cross, towards Naples.

The blue waters of the Mediterranean sea.

The large greenish waves of the ocean.

The representation of an aged Cardinal, in torn and soiled clothes, taking flight.

A ruined church covered with ivy.

A Friar, or Monk, seated, with blood flowing from the throat to the feet.

A Nun bound with crimson bands.

His present Holiness Pius the Ninth taking flight, with a military weapon in his hand. Then seen in full pontificals, with a black cloth over his face and head, and wringing his hands.

The old ruined church full of people in confusion and distress.

Women taking flight with dishevelled hair.

Military marching in all directions.

Heaps of dying and dead.

An immensely thick wall, with a breach in it.

These warnings, with many more, having been submitted to both ordinary and extraordinary Confessor, and received by them as Heaven-sent, it was arranged that Mr. Terrison, Don Francesco, and their kind friend, the English Banker in the Corso, Rome, should all three unite to give warning to depart from the Papal States, should the progress of revolutionary principles be such as to render a longer stay at Valmontone hazardous for foreign Religious. This promise given and other arrangements made in distant preparation, Miss Graham with less concern took leave, and continued during the month of November to receive weekly letters at Naples from Rome, till at length the public events became such as to render her more painfully anxious. The once fortified and still strong position of the feudal Palace of Valmontone being the first great halting-place from Rome on that road to Naples, made her fear that it might become, as it had once before been, the object of contention between hostile troops; and her anxiety reached its height when she learned that the public conveyances were prohibited from entering the Neapolitan States, followed by the murder in Rome of the Prime Minister, the attack on the Papal Palace, and the violent death of the Abate Palma.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Ye rebels hear this awful word,  
"Touch not the anointed of the Lord!"

In his private room, at the end of the long suite of audience-chambers, in the Palace of the Quirinal, stood the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, alone and deep in thought. In one hand his Holiness held a small flat case, once richly ornamented, but now so worn and discoloured that scarcely it seemed fit to be an offering from afar, as yet it was to him who gazed on it intently and with reverence. The various papers which had enveloped the case lay on a table at the right hand of the Pope, which, resting on this table, still held the letter in French characters that had accompanied and explained the offering of the velvet case, and which his Holiness, again raising, read with still increasing emotion. The donor of the unexpected gift was the Bishop of Valence, in which city the exiled Pope Pius the Sixth passed the last years of his life; and the letter ran thus:—"Most holy Father, the time is just at hand when you will require this relic of your predecessor Pius the Sixth, who on leaving Rome bore the adorable Host in his bosom, contained within the accompanying case. On his death-bed here at Valence, Pius the Sixth presented this companion of his exile to my predecessors in the sea. Deign to accept and use the offering now laid at your sacred feet, and bestow

your benediction on your devoted Servant and Son in Christ."

As Pius the Ninth, again resting his hand on the table, stood in profound thought, a small private door opened from a staircase leading from the rooms below occupied by his Confessor, and Monsignor Stella entering, received the confidence of the Pope.

The following day commenced the active results of that rebellious spirit, which in its stubborn pride would fain have made a gilded puppet of the Pope: who, amid triumphal arches and bands of music, was to cede to the republican leaders all the vital principles of the tiara. Thue Rossi fell, and the venerable Palma; and the sacred, the triply sacred dwelling of the Monarch was insulted by outrages from which his meanest subject is protected. On the evening of the 25th of November, in the drawing-room of the lady of the Bavarian Ambassador, the Countess of Sporre, no one but herself being present, her husband and the Ambassador of France met and arranged the final measures for the escape of the Pope from Rome. The Ambassadors of France and Bavaria: but why, then, do they fix on the kingdom of Naples? It is easy of access; but is the King of Naples a faithful son to the Pope? Is it to the cordial and generous welcome of a home, or to the cold policy of a state-prison that Pius the Ninth is about to entrust his sacred person? And what means the admission of a fair associate in this hour of deep and anxious counterplot? At ten at night Count Sporre left his house with the French Ambassador, Mons. d'Harcourt; but they parted in the Piazza dei Santa Apostoli, the latter entering his Palace

of the French Embassy, and the Minister of Bavaria being driven to the inner court of the Quirinal. "The hour is rather late," said his Excellency, on entering the Papal Palace; "but I have no choice; my business with the Pope is too important to be deferred;" and he pursued without molestation his course to the audience-chamber, the Major Duomo and First Lord of the Chamber being in the secret. In half an hour the carriage of the French Ambassador rolled into the court of the Palace; and his Excellency of France, leaping from the steps, began to ascend the great staircase. "It is not possible, *Eccellenza*," said the guards; "the hour is past."

"And pray what means then the carriage of the Bavarian Minister being here?" said Mons. d'Harcourt.

"Oh!" said the guards, "he is just going away."

"I dare you to refuse admittance to the Ambassador of France, another Ambassador being already admitted!" cried his Excellency; and the guards hesitating, he gained the ante-rooms and entered the audience-chamber of the Pope.

In about ten minutes after the admission of the French Ambassador, his Excellency of Bavaria withdrew, and, accompanied by an Ecclesiastic, passed through the suite of rooms and the great staircase on his return to his carriage, which still awaited him in the court. Within the *scapulare* of the accompanying priest, carefully placed on his breast, was the "crimson case," and in it the "Holy of Holies," fortifying, consoling, and miraculously concealing from his enemies His Vicar on earth; for thus, no otherwise metamorphosed than in the colour of his sacred garments, did Pope Pius the Ninth pass, not only



his household guards and attendants, but all the curious and mischievous loiterers around the Palace gates, and, mounting the carriage of his faithful servant, was driven rapidly, not to the mansion of the Ambassador, but to the gate of Rome called Porta Maggiore, where the Ambassador producing his passports for himself, his family, and his "Chaplain," they proceeded to the travelling carriage awaiting them within a short distance, which contained the heroic wife and the little sons of the Ambassador.

In the meantime his Excellency of France remained in the Papal audience-chamber in apparent discourse with his Holiness. He then came forth alone, and having gained his carriage drove home, the secret remaining undiscovered.

The travelling carriage on the road to the Neapolitan frontier proceeded post with such rapidity, that by the following night, through Albano, Terracina, Fondi, the holy Father and his devoted children had arrived at the Locanda in Mola di Gaeta, once Cicero's villa, overlooking the bay and fortress of Gaeta. At the barrier his Excellency had immediately said to the police officers, "Gentlemen, this is the Pope!" but at all the inns the greatest precaution was used, and now continued at the hotel in Mola, where the Countess had to take the lead: a responsible post, the duties of which she fulfilled with calm but active courage. A stage before Mola the Ambassador had vacated his seat to Cardinal Antonelli, who was to personate him; and now the Countess proceeded to select the rooms for the different members of her family; assigning as a motive for fixing on the best room for the Pope, that the "Reverend Preceptor and Chap

lain was suffering from face-ache; and besides," added the Countess, "both the Count and myself feel that we cannot take too much care of the Signor Abate in grateful return for the care he takes of our children." When the master of the Locanda saw the supposed Tutor, he was struck with respect amounting to awe, and afterwards declared to have felt the presence of some august personage. His first impulse was to cease directing the servants in the arrangement of the rooms, and to himself change the coverlid of the bed destined for the stranger; and although the Countess prudently observed that the coverlid would do very well, the padrono ran to fetch one of damask that had never been in use, and laid it on the bed of the illustrious visitor.

The Bavarian Ambassador meanwhile journeyed with speed to Naples, bearing to the King these lines from the Sovereign Pontiff:—"Il Vicario di Gesù Pio Nono, al diletto figlio Ferdinando Secondo, chiede un'asilo."<sup>10</sup> Eight days before the flight of the Pope, the King of Naples had written confidentially to his Holiness beseeching him to leave the city, and inviting him to enter the kingdom. The result, therefore, of this touching appeal could not be doubted. On reaching the Hotel de Rome, in Naples, the Bavarian Ambassador immediately requested an interview with the Papal Nuncio, who then went direct to his Majesty, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and by two o'clock in the morning three steam-vessels were ready to depart for Gaeta; two of them being filled with troops, and the third bearing the King, Queen, and

<sup>10</sup> "The Vicar of Jesus to his well-beloved son, Ferdinand the Second, requests an asylum."

royal children, with their attendants; also immense treasures of money, vestments, and sacred vessels; so that the officials necessarily employed took for granted that some rebellious plot had been discovered and that the royal family were taking flight.

The first meeting between the Pope and the King was midway the great staircase of the royal Palace at Gaeta a meeting so affecting that more than ten minutes elapsed before either spoke, while the gentle Queen, the children, and attendants wept around.

Such were the facts related to our English Pilgrims, when by the advice of spiritual directors and the events of Rome, they left their solitude of Valmontone, and proceeded through Velletri and Terracina to the hallowed Rock of Gaeta. So little had they been able to trust the various reports given of the flight of the Pope from Rome, that they had still remained ignorant whether his journey had been effected by land or sea. It was not a time in ordinary calculation for women to undertake a long journey; but, although the middle of January, a burst of balmy spring weather favoured them on the morning of their departure from the feudal Palace; so that being clad in their winter wrappings they were able to cast them aside, and knew no inconvenience but from heat, during their mountain route from Valmontone to Velletri; a route that no tourist has published—rich in wild and varied scenery, during the early part of which our English travellers often turned a grateful retrospective gaze on the spot, become familiar to them during so many peaceful months, never to be viewed again. A Velletri all was in expectation for the National Assembly

to be held on the following Sunday. It was then Friday evening the 19th, and being lodged with a pious and respectable widow, near the cathedral, the Pilgrims bent their steps to the house of God, and knelt at the various altars in silent prayer until the Angelus Domini. A midnight they were roused by the sudden arrival of officials and military from Rome, the chiefs of whom with heavy tread paced the chambers above those in which lay our now sleepless travellers, the most anxious being their clerical friend the Canonico B., who, knowing that Bishops and other dignitaries were to be brought to Velletri by force, if not by persuasion, began to reflect with some dismay that, being in rank the Dean of his Chapter and his person already in Velletri, the risk was great of being detained by those miscreants, the republicans, from pursuing his journey with the English party to Gaeta. The state of things was rendered more complicated from the Roman company of soldiers being ordered to Terracina, the last city on the frontiers of the Papal States whither our Pilgrims were to journey that day. The venerable Canonico was also very reasonably uneasy, that, whereas their vetturino had proposed and even urged their starting early in the morning, he was not now to be found or heard of: and the open place between the hotel and the cathedral was full of the busy and angry hum of a mob. Dreading to attract notice, the shutters were carefully closed during the candlelight breakfast of the travellers, during which the many omnibuses which contained the soldiers rolled away; and soon after, it being just before sunrise, the vetturino himself announced that all was ready. He had purposely let the military omnibuses

get the start, and during the early part of the day's journey through the Pontine Marshes he drove briskly, being sure that, as long as he kept out of sight, he was free from molestation. Towards mid-day, and as he drew near the rustic inn where his horses were wont to be refreshed, he slackened his pace, and informed the travellers that he must proceed the whole way to Terracina without resting or refreshing the poor animals, for that he could descry in the distance the whole party of military halting at the inn, that their horses were taken out of the omnibuses, and all prepared for a two hours' rest. "Is there any fear of their stopping us?" said the Canonic. To which Enrico only replied by the usual Roman, "Chi lo sa?" and remounting his driving-seat maintained his slow pace, till perceiving that every horse was unharnessed, and the men sitting or lying about in the first enjoyment of their frugal dinner, he encouraged his vivacious horses to their greatest speed, and in a short time left far behind our travellers the misguided instruments of the republic. In prudence and affection for his horses the vetturino then again slackened his pace, not fearing the few soldiers who had walked on in advance either in couples or alone. To one of these solitary soldiers some provisions from the carriage were offered, which he thankfully accepted; and as Lilia, who sat back, observed the still repeated signs of his gratitude, she exclaimed, "Alas, to think that so good a heart, with others as warm and honest, is marching against his sacred and lawful Sovereign!"

"These poor Roman soldiers," said the Religious opposite, "do not believe that they are marching in rebel

lion to the Pope. They are taught, on the contrary, that Pius is in the hands of a perfidious enemy, that he is imprisoned within the fortress of Gaeta, and that he ardently desires success to the Roman army, who are marching to his rescue. Most of the good citizens of Rome believe the same, and just as I find it expressed in a letter from our former pious young attendant, Louisa F., which arrived with our last executed commissions from the Piazza Barberini: "Oh! Signora mia, sono succedute le cose troppo terribile. Il nostro buono Santo Padre è andato via, e sta fra le mani dei traditori." The good Canonico sighed, and his colour rose. He had also partly believed the same; and even should the Pope have found a home amidst his Neapolitan sons, a jealous pang would dart through the breasts of the Roman priests, "Troppo troppo mortificati siamo noi altri," said he, the tears rising to his eyes; but immediately raising them and his hands to Heaven, he added, with his usual meek expression, "Eterno Padre! io vi offero il Sangue Preziosissimo di Gesù Cristo in isconto dei miei peccati, e per i bisogni della santa Chiesa,"\* to which their well-known and daily offering the religious travellers replied a heartfelt 'Amen.'

\* "Eternal Father! I offer you the most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, in expiation of all my sins, and for the wants of the Holy Church. Amen."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

Happy the soul whose faith is keen  
To gaze upon the world unseen :  
She, amid Heaven's all-varying show,  
Has little choice in things below.

THE day's journey along the celebrated Pontine Marshes had not been without interest, even in picturesque effect, owing to the range of mountains which broke the monotony of the plain ; and Sister Agnes informed Lilia that she had at length determined on the solitude she should like to recal in the future call, if Lilia would kindly take the sketch for her. The sketchbook was soon open in Lilia's hand, and she declared her interest in knowing what could possibly be the point of preference, apart from historical remembrance, which, after all the varied and striking scenery they had passed, should be found in the 'Palude Pontefice'?

"It is that solitary tower," said Sister Agnes, "which I have watched all day, standing so firmly on its own pedestal of a rock, at the foot of those sheltering mountains, and looking over this vast plain."

"But," said Lilia, "to give you a picture characteristic of these Pontine Marshes, I must place the Montagne della Pine and the solitary tower in the distance, give a middle distance of the plain, and introduce as a foreground some of the trees of the forest called 'La Macchia,' famous for its fierce banditti. To do this I must imagine myself far away to our right, and our present road will run in the middle distance. Is the tower to be the principal object? or shall I introduce some interesting group in the foreground?"

"To draw profitable reflections from the picture in our cell," replied Sister Agnes, "there must be nothing distracting introduced. I am called to be a Solitary, like that tower, looking over the vast plain of the world without changing my position or my character; and I prefer comparing the world to that which is flat and monotonous, because to me this is truth. When I read of holy penitents, who have once found the world too beautiful and enchanting, I cannot comprehend those their former feelings and temptations."

"Then, Dame Agnes," said Lilia, "you have never been tempted even by the starlights of the Mediterranean, or the sunsets of Rome, or the moonlights of Albano, to regret that our greatest prosperity in England is to be some sheltered garden with a cloudy sky?"

"I cannot understand," said Sister Agnes, "how persons dedicated to God can be anxious about climate or scenery. Cannot they wait till they go to enjoy for ever the utmost perfection of both?"

"And yet," pleaded Lilia, "holy persons dedicated to God have so often fixed themselves in beautiful scenery, that we must suppose they selected those spots as calculated by their natural beauties to assist their devotion. The Capuchins and the Passionists, for instance; can anything exceed the wild beauties of their chosen spots?"

"In a country so naturally beautiful as Italy," said the Reverend Mother, "these spots abound, and the more wild, so perhaps the more attainable in a pecuniary point of view; and the degree of cultivation given around every convent adds to the beauty of a spot not chosen for self gratification, but, generally speaking, the free gift of some benefactor. Still less have the Religious Orders in Italy sought a genial climate. It is their birthright. And re-



member, Sister Mary Cecilia, that the kingdom of God is not without and around us: it is within us; and this best 'sunshine of the breast' can illumine an English, nay, even a London garden, and raise the fairest blossoms of Paradise."

"Ah, yes!" cried Lilia, "how unfaithful it would be of me to have any reservation in the dedication of myself to God. Why is this dedication called a sacrifice, and this sacrifice called a holocaust, if I am to cling to anything of earth. But here, Dame Agnes, is your sketch, finished as far as can be, considering that it is not to be a pencil drawing, but only to furnish hints for an oil painting. If we remain some days at Naples, I can, with permission, finish the solitude of the mountain tower."

They had now arrived at Terracina, and were soon lodged in the principal inn overlooking the bay. The chief interest to the religious travellers that evening was derived from the pious admiration and enjoyment of the Reverend Canonico in beholding, for the first time in his long life, the blue-waved Mediterranean, and they rejoiced the more in this recreative occupation of his mind, as he was greatly apprehensive of being in some way molested at Terracina by the republican guard. The following morning being Sunday, they all attended the Canonico's early Mass in the Chiesa Nuova, where the galley slaves formed the body of the congregation and the choir. Our travellers supposed at the time, and were right, that this new church, the nearest to the inn, had been built for these erring sons, who, under the admirable discipline adopted, were retracing their wandering steps, and were encouraged by every means to become honest and pious once more. The Mass even was

served by a galley slave promoted to be chainless, though still wearing the striped garments of disgrace.

That same morning our travellers left Terracina, and passing with but little difficulty the confines, the barrier, and the different custom-house stations, were fairly in the kingdom of Naples. They were not searched nor annoyed even at Fondi, the chief town on our way, and before sunset arrived at Mola da Gaeta, a spot become ever memorable, and rich in natural beauties. Our Pilgrims were conducted to the terrace attached to their suite of rooms, whereon had stood Pius the Ninth. The room in which his Holiness had slept was unoccupied, from respect, but the others of the suite were assigned to our friends, and they now stood gazing on the still and deeply blue waters of Gaeta's bay, with the fortress, city, and mound of the peninsula stretched in a line before them, striking in themselves, and now for ever sacred as the asylum of the exiled Pope. Below the terrace, and between it and the sea, were the orange and lemon gardens, laden with their ripe and brilliant fruit; and to the east and west the pine, the cypress, and olive groves; while on the north arose perpendicularly a belt of sheltering rock, or second cliff, rendering Mola as favoured in natural position, as it was in classical and sacred record.

The day following the arrival of our Pilgrims in Mola was devoted to the last and eventful audience in Gaeta, which had already been anticipated by letters. They were driven round the western side of the bay and along the narrow neck of land to the peninsula of Gaeta: after passing one of the drawbridges their passports were demanded and shown, before they could proceed over the second into the strongly fortified city. When once admitted within the fortifications they could perceive no

additional means of defence round the royal palace excepting the guards—nothing that could indicate a state prison apart from the city. The palace stood like the Quirinal, its windows looking into the square and streets. They were first admitted to the *Maggior Duomo*, a most kind-hearted, active man, who recognised in them the expected visitors, received them most cordially, and appointed the time of half-past eleven to be in the Papal ante-room; to which they were punctual, having on their habits of ceremony, namely, the black habit with train, the white cloak, the crimson scapular, the silver crucifix; and conducted by their reverend friend Canonico B., who bore for them all their official papers in case that his Holiness should have forgotten them. Many prelates and ecclesiastics were assembled in the ante-rooms, who recognised the venerable Canonico, and engaged him in discourse. Of course the present position of the Church was the paramount theme, and the proud rebellion of Romans the subject of many comments. Monsignor Stella, the Pope's holy Confessor, being asked if he were a Roman, replied, "No, thank God!" and Monsignor de Medici, in some amicable discussion, called out, "No, no, I must have it my own way—I am a Roman, you know, and consequently wilful (*volontario*)."

Had he, however, really objected to be a Roman, the noble Medici could easily have taken refuge in his Florentine descent.

At length it was in order for the English Religious to enter the audience-room; the Canonico advanced a few steps before them, and then, Monsignor Medici conducting them forward, they were once more, and in farewell, at the sacred feet of Christ's Vicar on earth. After the usual prostration and salute, they were favoured by kissing the ring and hand of the Pope; and then, being still

on her knees, the elder Pilgrim humbly presented the copy of the Rule, in folio, which had been beautifully bound in white vellum and gold, with the Papal arms stamped in the centre. His Holiness smilingly received it, saying, "Oh! che galanteria," and, turning over the first leaf, read the dedication, in which Sister Mary Agnes' name followed that of the Mother Superior's as the associated foundress. He laid his hand on her arm, saying, "Questa dunque è Suor Maria Agnese di Gesù?"

Never had the countenance of Pius the Ninth looked so benignly beaming as during that interview: and with paternal goodness and patience, his Holiness, although he remembered the senior Religious, yet looked over all the documents previously accorded in Rome, and promised that whatever Cardinal Fransone should write for on their account should be granted. His Holiness then kindly conversed with Lilia, and congratulated her on the Heavenly Grace vouchsafed her; and then turning to Sister Mary John of the Cross, and finding that she did not understand Italian, he exclaimed, "Ah questi Inglesi, ecco che restano sempre Inglesi, perché non vogliono dire un 'Miserere' che nella lingua loro: e come ha fatto la Poverina, senza potere dir le sue miserie?"

The Reverend Canonico then explained that in Rome Sister Mary John had had the constant advantage of an English Confessor, and that at Valmontone a Confessor understanding English had come at intervals from Albano, a Missionary Father of the Precious Blood, and the Pope was satisfied. His Holiness then blessed with indulgences their spousal rings, and pectoral crucifixes, and the rosaries destined for England; and the parting time had arrived. With true filial veneration, affection, and emotion, the English Pilgrims again prostrated to kiss

for the last time, and under circumstances of such adversity, the feet of Christ's Representative on Earth. Could they have yielded to these feelings they would gladly have lingered, but this might not be. They received the last benediction and retired.

On passing from the papal part of the palace, they met the King of Naples driving himself and an aide-de-camp in an open phaeton. The Religious stopped from respect, and the King bowed, exclaiming, "Ecco Monache!" The Queen and royal children had also arrived that day from Naples. The following morning, at Mola da Gaeta, the senior Religious informed her venerable friend the Canonico B., that instead of proceeding that day to Naples she must return with Sister Agnes and himself to Gaeta. The Canonico felt and looked much surprised,—What could she desire more than had been expressed in that last interview by the Sovereign Pontiff? He consented, however, and the two professed Religious, with himself, again presented themselves to the good Maggior Duomo at the palace, and the senior Nun requested an interview with Monsignor Medici. This could not take place till the usual hour for the papal audiences; but it would be impossible to see the Pope again; his Holiness had caught cold, and was confined to his bed.

"I do not request or desire to see the Pope again," said our Pilgrim at length to Monsignor Medici; "but I omitted, in the emotion of yesterday's interview, to obtain something I have much at heart;" and the object was confided to Monsignor, who told her that if she would have patience he would deliver her supplication to the Pope.

Our Pilgrim had learned patience, so had her faithful

companions; besides, it was to neither very penitential to sit again quietly in the papal ante-room at Gaeta, and hear and watch so much of real interest to the Catholic world. Again they saw Cardinal Antonelli, whose intellectual yet meek look, and whose humble manner of receiving their respect, reminded them of the lamented Cardinal Acton; and for the first time they saw the new Cardinal—a striking contrast—whose premature presentation of her rescript, when Monsignor Vizzadelli, acting as second to Cardinal Ferretti, had run the risk of a mysterious failure, which a timely personal interview with his Eminence Cardinal Ferretti had averted: and silently blessing God for all the courage and perseverance He had vouchsafed her, she also continued to pray that these gifts might endure to the end. By her side in the papal ante-room stood a Brother of the Christian Doctrine, who had passed the last two years in Italy, at Soubiaco and Monte Casino, preparatory to founding, in his native diocese in France, an institute based on the ancient rule of Saint Benedict. The similarity of their object in coming to Italy and to Gaeta produced an interesting conversation between these two Religious and the promise of mutual prayers. Our Pilgrim twice observed Monsignor Medici looking out rapidly from the inner room to ascertain the state of her patience; and the next treat sent her was the discourse of the meek and holy Monsignor Stella, the Pope's Confessor. Towards him the heart of the Religious Pilgrim had immediately expanded; and she now felt gratefully touched that he sought her again, and in a low tone of voice continued to advise and strengthen her. He willingly accepted her correspondence, and gave her a present reply to a deep

and difficult question which had not before been submitted to him. Monsignor Stella, as a farewell gift, presented her the little work entitled "*L'Amore di Gesù*," with some other late publications; and then, giving to both the Religious his benediction, retired into the inner room just before a message was brought to her from his Holiness, purporting that if she would send to him a written petition for some spiritual grant to her convent he would accede to her first supplication, conveyed through Monsignor Medici, namely, the Pope would give her his autograph by signing her written petition. The fresh petition was then immediately drawn up for her in the ante-room; and in a few minutes our Pilgrim held and kissed the signature of Pius the Ninth. "*Cajete die 23 Januarii, 1849, pro gratia per per Pius P.P. IX.*"

After leaving the papal suite of rooms our English Religious was conducted to those occupied by the pious and hospitable King and Queen, who, resigning their usual state-rooms to the Pope, were domesticated with their children in a suite of low, small chambers. The King, accompanied by the chief officers of his staff, met the Religious and their Reverend Conductor on the great stairs, on his way to inspect the fortifications. His Majesty greeted them cordially, and on their observing that the Religious Institute, to which he wished all success, had met with some contradiction and difficulty, the King replied with his wonted plety, "That only proves the more that God loves you!" On being admitted to the Queen, who received them with equal kindness, the conversation was held in French, and continued for some time. Her Majesty accepted to be one of the Benefactresses of the Perpetual Adoration in London, and promised a present earnest of her good-will, which on

their arrival in Naples was conveyed to them by her Maggior Duomo, the Prince of Cessamare, and proved to be a hundred ducats. The Prince, with equally kind generosity, took entirely on himself the expense of presenting to the Queen from the English Nuns a copy, beautifully bound, of the holy Rule of their Institute.

On that last day at Gaeta, having visited the cathedral, a pilgrimage remained which has been but little known to even the pious tourist, and to which our English travellers bent their steps to render thanks for all the mercies of the day, and to do homage in awful admiration. This was the miraculous cleft of an entire rock at the crucifixion of the world's Redeemer. "And the rocks were rent from the top to the bottom;" thus witness the Evangelists; and three of these rocks stand in perpetual memorial of that tremendous death: one at Jerusalem; one at Gaeta. In the chasm at Gaeta an artificial flooring has been made of iron chains, by which the Pilgrim passes to a chapel along over the sea. As you pass down the passage made by the chasm, which is about four feet wide, it is easy to mark that the inequalities on either side perfectly agree the one with the other. About half-way to the chapel is the impression miraculously made of the hand of an unbeliever who scoffingly dashed it against the rock. In the chapel Pius the Ninth has preached a moving and eloquent discourse, granting to that shrine many privileges. Our pilgrims were given, from a concealed part of the miraculous chasm, some fragments struck off by the Monks attached to the chapel, who are a branch of the Benedictine Order. With this interesting but most laborious pilgrimage, terminated the visit to Gaeta; and by the early evening following our travellers were in Naples.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

To be where God so wills is peace—is rest ;  
 Here is our home, our bowering sheltered nest,  
 Fairer our native sky, of sober grey,  
 Than e'en Italia's smiles, in golden ray ;  
 Softer the accent of the Briton's tongue,  
 Kinder the welcome of our homely throng  
 Thus around duty hues benign are given ;  
 And harmonies that blend with those of heaven ;

In Naples our English travellers, through the recommendation of their ever maternal friend, the Princess V., were lodged in the private rooms of the pious widow who is the proprietor of the Russian hotel, on the bay, between the Chiaja and the port, called Strada di Santa Lucia. In the retired part of the house assigned them they saw not the noted wonders of Vesuvius, nor the charms with which nature has adorned the Bay of Naples ; but, after some days of illness, they were conducted, for the speedier recovery of their health, to the terrace on the flat roof of the house, and there beheld spread before them those deep blue waters, and the moth-like skiffs, of white or brown, which so unconsciously adorn them. They beheld Capri with its peculiar outline, and the circling range of mountains, containing at their base the sheltered villages of Sorrento and Castlemare ; and to the east the terrific mountain of infernal fumes, rising above the unmitigated whiteness of Portici. The weather had on their first arrival been cold and stormy, but was succeeded by days of cloudless sunshine, such as they had enjoyed at the lovely Mola de Gaeta, and realized the idea formed of the

favoured city of Naples. Their spiritual privileges, far more important, were also greater. Beneath the roof of their devout hostess was a private chapel, with permission for daily Mass and Communion; and in the room next to their suite lived a highly favoured being, a Tercian Nun of the strict branch of the Franciscan Order, called, from Saint Peter of Alcantara, an Alcantarina. She, having received permission from her Superiors and Spiritual Directors, had taken up her abode in the house of the devout widow, and there expected to end her earthly penitential course. Like the holy founder of the Franciscan Order, and several of his spiritual children, Sister Mary Francis of Jesus had received the marks of the sacred wounds; and this great privilege privately made known to our English Pilgrims, was also, by Divine Providence, permitted to be confirmed to them by the testimony of their senses. To Lilia appeared the Sacred Stigmat on the back of one of the Nun's hands, usually covered by mittens. To Sister Agnes, in the parting embrace, when, inexplicably to herself, she found that her thumb and one of her fingers had, on each side of the Alcantarina's hand, entered the miraculous wound. To the elder Pilgrim, when one night offering to apply leeches to the side of Maria Francesca, the Reverend Confessor, in conducting her to the sick-room, desired her, when performing that act of charity, to behold the Sacred Wound on the heart. In the details of administering to the sufferer our Pilgrim had forgotten this expected privilege, when the Confessor, who sat near the door, called to his Penitent to be obedient to his wishes, and she, immediately removing

her hand and night-dress, a long deep wound, scarcely healed, appeared on the left side of the Neapolitan Religious, which the English Nun contemplated with gratitude and awe.

The Ecclesiastical Protector of our English Religious, Cardinal Fransone, was in Naples during the whole time of their detention there. His Eminence was lodged with the Oratorians of Saint Philip Neri, and at first confined to his bed by illness; but, happily for them and for the Cause revived, and first met them at the Convent of the Grey Sisters, after a long ceremony, or rather series of ceremonies, which he performed with his wonted most edifying devotion and exactness, and which was the more striking from the chief object being a little English girl of ten years of age, who on that day made her abjuration of Protestantism, was conditionally baptized, confirmed, and admitted to her first Communion by the aged and apparently dying Saint—for so we may fearlessly term his Eminence Cardinal Fransone. On that day, February the 2nd, being the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Cardinal Fransone delivered to the Senior English Religious, his official letter of recommendation, as Head of the Propagation of the Faith, to the Vicar Apostolic of the London District, accompanied by his injunction to proceed immediately to England. The poor Pilgrims desired in all obedience so to do, but fresh illness to themselves, and fresh insurrections in Paris, detained them; and these detentions appeared to the Senior Religious to be so evidently those of Divine Providence, that she ventured to plead that belief when his Eminence paid them a visit, partly in anxious affec-

tion, partly in displeasure that they still lingered on the disturbed continent. His Eminence accepted the reasons humbly submitted by the Religious; and after some further private discourse, visited Lilia and Sister Mary John in their sick beds, and imparted to the Senior Nun that the reputation of sanctity, and the favours vouchsafed the Alcantarina in that house had long been known to him, and that he should like much to converse with her. This commission executed, the Cardinal proceeded to the sick room of the Neapolitan Nun, after which, giving, as all felt it to be, his last benediction, his Eminence left them, and our Pilgrim ascended to the solitude of the high terrace, to breathe pure air, and muse alone on the mysteries that surrounded her return to her native land.

It was on the 16th of that month of February, that being again, with Lilia for her companion, on that terrace, vainly expecting the French steamer to enter the harbour from Malta, on its way to Marseilles, they discoursed on the kindness they had met with, and the edification given them both by clergy and laity at Naples. They spoke of the two dedicated daughters of their hostess, of her young son aspiring to the Priesthood, of the holy Alcantarina, and lastly of the Religious, celebrated throughout Italy by her works, which may be called miraculous, and the almost daily communications made her by the spirits of the just made perfect, by angels, and even by the Lord of all Saints and Angels, the Lord Jesus Christ. To this servant of God, who is the Mother-Superior of a Religious Community devoted to the instruction of poor girls, our English Pilgrims

were already known through mutual friends, and they had heard Mass, received Holy Communion, and visited the Holy "Maria Louisa" the day following their arrival in Naples. They had there seen the rooms devoted to the Princess Zeneide V. as benefactress to that Community, to which, a few weeks after, the two Princesses arrived from Rome, not fearing any personal danger but wishing to give a public testimony, as the Prince and Princess of Valmontone had done, of their fidelity to the Pope, and disapproval of the ungrateful rebellion of his Roman sons. After thus discoursing with Lilla, our elder Pilgrim walked alone in thought and prayer, recalling her visit to the cathedral of Saint Januarius, where are deposited the remains of Cardinal Acton; and then pondering on the various heavenly communications made to Sister Agnes, in connection with their religious Institute; when, as she gazed on the beautiful bay and mountains before her, there appeared, round the headland of the Campanella, the long desired steamer making its steady way into the bay and port.

"Eccolo!" exclaimed Lilla at the same moment; and remembering that four hours was the brief time for final preparation, they hastened to announce the good news to their Sisters and to Miss Graham.

A letter from Ferdinand Carrington awaited his sister on her return from the terrace, the contents of which were almost equally interesting to each English Pilgrim, and which commenced as follows:—

"My dear Sister,—I have just received a letter from my Father, reporting well of all the travellers, especially Lotitia; but I have not time to give you all his news,

as I have a piece of news of my own, which entirely occupies my mind, and has been a secret from all but Lilia, until I was certain of having my Father's permission to act as I wished. In this last letter just received he does give his consent, so here is my news. I have been left, independently of my Father, a certain property in London, which was once monastic, and can be restored to its original destination: Lilia will give you the details. The old cousin who has left me this property stipulates that I become of age at eighteen, of which I want only one year, and then I can formally make over to you this London Abbey, with its gardens, &c. Should I die in the interval, you will step in still more easily, as you are named in Mrs. Haggerstone Carrington's will as the next in succession, for she passed over my Father without ever mentioning why she did so. Well! I do not know that I have anything more to say, excepting that I have been staying at Sedgemoor Priory, with some other fellows of the neighbourhood, and had to make out my Catholic duty at Burnleigh as well as I could by myself, where I saw poor old Mrs. Moss, who kept me listening to long stories of old days now passed, and asked me where you were to be in England, as the time must be drawing near for your return. And tell Lilia that at Sedgemoor Lord Hungerford has three daughters, who are to be co-heiresses, and are all very pretty. The eldest is thought the handsomest, perhaps because she is to be, what they term, 'made an eldest son of,' and, besides having more fortune, will be Countess of Hungerford in her own right; but I, for my part, prefer Lady Anne, the second girl, who looks on

the ground just like Lilia, sings like her, has just the same figure, and showed me the other day a little crucifix which she wears concealed in her bosom. If she had but blue eyes!—but, however, poets have also sung of hazel, and, what is better, tradition relates that the blessed Virgin had hazel eyes.

“Well, I have only to mention that Fred Sinclair passed two days here at Elverton Hall; on his way to Saint Gregory’s College at Downside, for Lily has won him over to be not only a Priest, but a Benedictine Monk. I’m all for the Jesuits, and am very happy here with the tutors. And now good-bye to you all at present. Willy Sinclair and I are great friends.

“Your affectionate brother,

“FERDINAND CARRINGTON.”

While all were rejoicing and congratulating, the elder Religious, although deeply touched and gratified, had qualifying thoughts and fears with which she would not disturb the others. The Abbey chapel had, during many years, served a foreign mission, then had been ceded to the Vicar Apostolic and his Missionary Priests. Much, if not all, depended on a will not yet announced to her—the will of her new Bishop, to whom she was personally almost a stranger, and with whom, from her long absence in Italy, she had not yet formed the holy ties of Spiritual Father and Daughter.

It was sunset when our travellers left the Bay of Naples: by sunrise only were they before the port of Civita Vecchia, for they had cast anchor during some hours before Gaeta. On the fourth day of their coasting voyage, having stopped before Leghorn and Genoa, they en-

tered Marseilles, and proceeded partly by railway on the same day to Avignon, and thence without rest to Lyons. In that city all required repose, and for that purpose remained : yet this projected repose ended in the pilgrimage up the steep ascent to our Lady of Fourvières, and a visit (they dared not call it a pilgrimage) to the holy Lady of Lyons, Mademoiselle J., with whom two happy hours were passed in seeing and hearing enough whereon to meditate ; until, on the 26th of the month, our Pilgrims entered Paris. In Lyons they had also seen the holy Bishop Pompallier, just returned from Jerusalem, who gave to three of them rosaries cut from the olive trees of Gethsemane, to which are attached such great indulgences ; and also gave them the welcome intelligence that in three weeks he hoped likewise to be in London.

To be in Paris seemed to our travellers almost to be in England ; but illness again detained them, and of so depressing and weakening a character, that the hope and zeal attached to their undertaking seemed obscured. Some pious friends were seen, the principal churches and ecclesiastical dignitaries were visited ; but the malady hung about them, until, on the 9th of March, all being ready for their reception in London, our reviving travellers entered with thankful joy the steam-carriage for Boulogne and the steam-vessel for Folkestone, and in the evening of the third Saturday in Lent arrived at the terminus of the South-Eastern railway in the metropolis of their native land. The private carriages awaiting them, under the direction of a well-known acquaintance, their friend Miss Graham's former servant, John Todd, soon



conveyed them westward, on the south side of the Thames, to the destined spot whereon was gradually to be developed the vast resources of their Institute.

In the first court of London Abbey two valued friends in the priesthood, and several female inmates, came forward with lights and cheerful welcome; the two foremost being Mrs. Moss and her friend. Our Pilgrims were conducted forward to the inner court, now restored to its cloistral character, and, ascending a staircase, retraced their steps through a long corridor to the private entrance to the chapel. A thick curtain was now drawn aside, and they entered a beautiful and richly adorned choir, where, concealed from the pious congregation, but with a full view of the sanctuary and high altar of the chapel, they beheld themselves in the immediate presence of the Sacramental Mysteries, and in grateful adoration wept with joy. Was it indeed London! Could so exact a semblance of the Quarant' Ore of Rome be really the first devotion to give them holy welcome on their return from their pilgrimage!

"Yes," said their faithful friend, Mr. Terrison, when, after some time spent in adoration and thanksgiving, the Pilgrims and their new Sisters gave an hour to refreshment and recreation—"yes, dear ladies, you have returned, by the Allwise and Allmerciful Disposer both of events and of the hearts of men, exactly on the eve of the 'Forty Hours' devotion in this our very chapel. Tomorrow being the third Sunday in Lent, the adorable Sacrament will, after High Mass, be exposed as you have seen it to-night, but in still greater splendour. To give you welcome we, the Chaplains of the Abbey, hav-

ing already prepared the altar for to-morrow, placed the Sacred Host on high during one hour. Now it reposes in the tabernacle until the Adoration, being over in Spanish Place, will commence here. Yes," turning to the elder Nun, "yes, wearied Pilgrim, take your rest to-morrow in the immediate Presence of Him, who, after inspiring such ardent devotion towards this great mystery of love, vouchsafes to console you even here below. You have in your last letters remarked to me that your return to England suffered delays and contradictions which no one had willingly caused or could prevent; and it would seem that Divine Providence had determined on some one particular day for your arrival in London Abbey: now it is all made clear to you. During your absence from England great mental advance has been made; fervour has increased; and a vast genius holds the crosier of the London flock. Let me, in his words of exhortation, continue to give you consolation. 'The Spouse of Christ, ever wishful to rival the very deathless and sleepless watchfulness of those eyes that sparkle all over the Cherubim around the throne of God, has instituted at different periods modes of imitating the unfailing worship of Heaven. In early ages she taught her Religious, in desert and in monastery, to divide themselves into choirs that day and night kept up the praises of God in uninterrupted psalmody; and in our days—oh, happy and heavenly thought!—she has instituted this Perpetual Adoration of the blessed Eucharist—of Him whom in Heaven they so worship, with us present as truly as with them. But it is not your Saviour as "the hidden manna" of which you partake, that you have here so reverence and love; it is your Lord, your God, triumphant

over death for you, yet shrouding His overpowering glory, to whom you have to pay your open and solemn homage—not enshrined in His poor tabernacle, where, because unseen, He is often unhonoured; but enthroned as in Heaven above His own altar, Lord of His own sanctuary, centre of all surrounding splendour, challenging, with love, deep adoration. Around Him shall flame the hallowed tapers, by whose pure ray the Church symbolizes, however feebly, the bright spirits that shine around His heavenly throne. At his feet earth shall scatter its choicest flowers, as its graceful tribute to Him, that bloomed so fair from Jesse's root. On all sides shall be arrayed whatever of richness and splendour our poverty can collect, to adorn the chosen abode of Him who hath said, "the silver is mine, and the gold is mine," and does not disdain any token of our reverence.'

"Now it is that you will practise that angelic worship, lost and unknown out of the Catholic Church, the worship of pure Adoration. For, beyond her pale men may praise God or address Him, or perform other religious acts; but they cannot know or make that special homage which His presence, as we possess it, inspires: when, without word spoken, or sound uttered, or act performed, the soul sinks prostrate, and annihilates itself before Him; casts all its powers, and gifts, and brightest ornaments as worthless oblations before His altar, and subjects its entire being as a victim to his sole adorable will. When first, then, you approach the place where He is solemnly worshipped, as you humbly bend your knees and bow your heads, let this deep and silent adoration be your first act. Speak not in words, forget all selfish thoughts, repress even all eager longings of your hearts,

and receive the benediction of your mighty Lord in solemn stillness; while you, reputing yourself but dust and ashes at His feet, a nothingness before Him, tender Him the homage of loyal vassals, humbled as the clay before the potter, as the creature before its God. Then raise up your eyes, those keen eyes of faith, which through the vail of sacramental elements, see, as John did, in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one like to the Son of Man; yea, the adorable Jesus, the King of your souls, and there feast long your sight upon that sacred Humanity, which love hath given Him, and with it kindred and brotherhood, and ties of tenderest affection with you. And now speak to Him, but with outpoured souls, with the unrestrained familiarity of warmest friendship, face to face—no longer with the awful Lord, like Moses or Elias, on Horeb, but with them and Peter and John on Thabor, where you see Him radiant with His light, but mild and inviting love.

“Pray to Him now for your own salvation, and for that of all mankind. Pray for the exaltation of His holy Church, for the happiness and prosperity of its supreme Pastor, our dear and afflicted Pontiff. Pray for the propagation of the true faith and the conversion of all in error, and especially of our own dear country. Pray that God will mercifully remove from us the scourges and judgments which we have deserved by our sins, and remember no longer our offences, nor those of our parents, but rather show us mercy, and give to us His good gifts, but principally His grace, holiness of life, and perseverance in His holy service.

“And then, oh! never think of rising from before Him without thanking Him from your hearts for this

miraculous institution of his power and goodness, this sweetest pledge of His love. Adore Him now again as the treasure of your souls, the food of life, the living bread that cometh down from Heaven, your consoler, your strengthener, your sweet hope in life and death. Speak to Him of the kindness, the self-abasement, of the immense condescension which He here exhibits; of the untiring affection for poor man which He displays in bearing with so much coldness, ingratitude, and even sacrilege, as this blessed memorial of His death exposes Him to; of the still more incomprehensible excess of love which makes Him communicate Himself daily to us frail and sinful creatures, as our food, and thus brings our very hearts and souls in contact with His! And offer Him your humble tribute of reverence and love, in reparation and atonement for those scoffs, contradictions, and blasphemies to which He has long been and is daily subject in His adorable Sacrament, and nowhere so much as in this unbelieving land."

The morning of that memorable morrow rose, when the adorable Sacrament was placed on high, visible and in majesty over the altar of the Abbey chapel; and the full functions of that day of rest gave to our happily returned Pilgrims a foretaste of that perfect rest from their earthly pilgrimage, where all those who, with faithful, loving and patient hearts have here adored in mystery, shall rejoice in full knowledge and fruition around the throne of the Triune Deity for ever!

THE END.

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